BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

VOL. 1, NO. 6
OCTOBER
1929

In this issue:

Agatha CHRISTIE

Emil LUDWIG

The Earl of BIRKENHEAD

Warwick DEEPING

F. MATANIA, R.I.

Beatrice GRIMSHAW

Viña DELMAR

Storm JAMESON

Mollie PANTER-DOWNES

Elliott White SPRINGS

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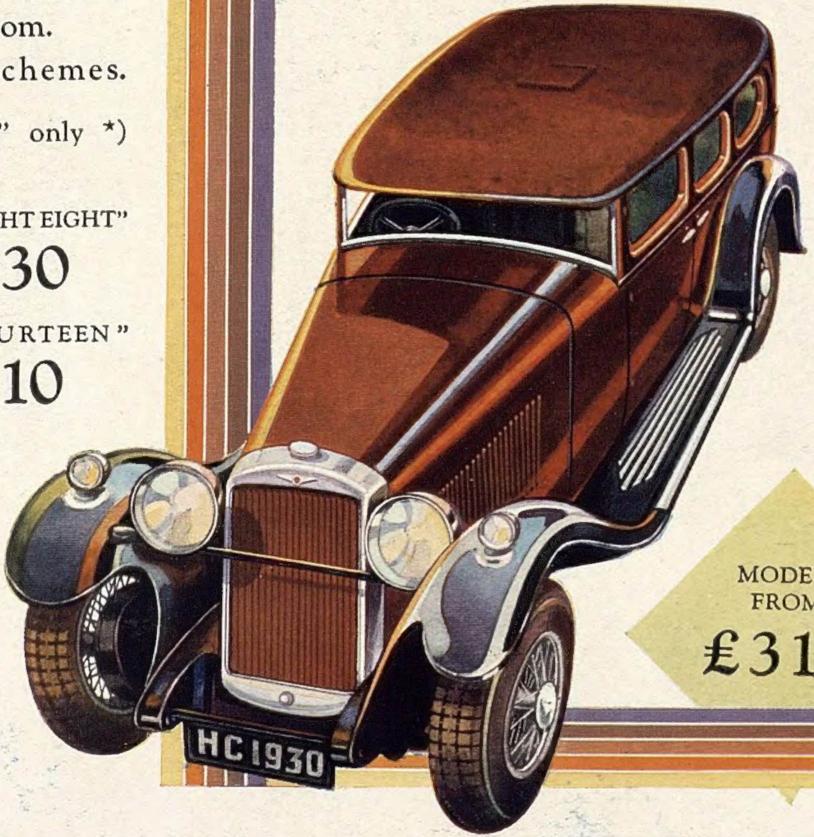

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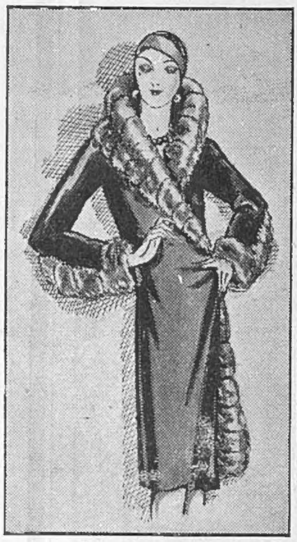

"yvette"

this very elegant model is developed in fine quality black cloth. it is exquisitely trimmed with natural musquash and lined with smoke brown crepe de chine. **39/-** monthly

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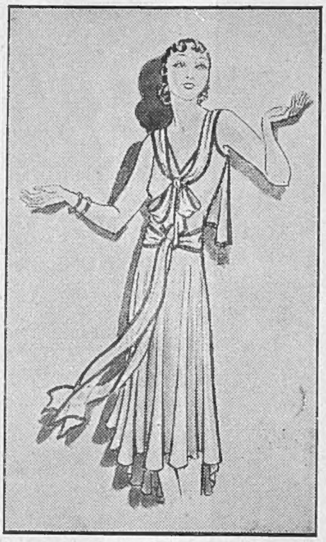

"pippa"

pale lemon georgette, bound with china blue, fashions the airy flowing lines of this charming gown. a delightful and becoming feature of which is a little cape drapery which fastens from the shoulders. this model can also be had in several other exclusive shades. **12/-** monthly

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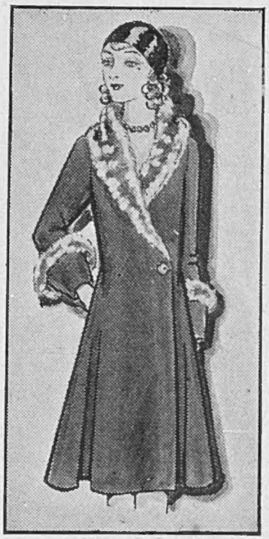

"dinah"

very smart and youthful is this perfectly tailored little model, fashioned in almond green face cloth with long roll collar and the edging of the snappy cavalier cuffs of opossum. beautifully lined throughout with crepe de chine. can also be made in several exclusive shades. **30/-** monthly

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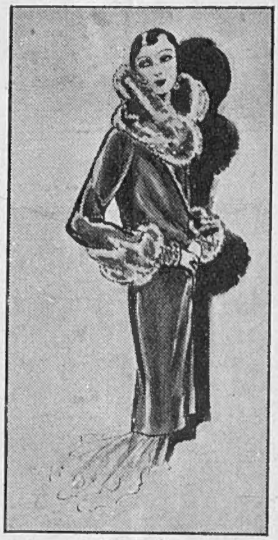

"cora"

here we have a delightful evening coat, fashioned in rich sapphire blue chiffon velvet, lined with moire silk to tone, and exquisitely trimmed with chinchilla lapin. this model can also be had in jade green and several other exclusive colours. **24/-** monthly

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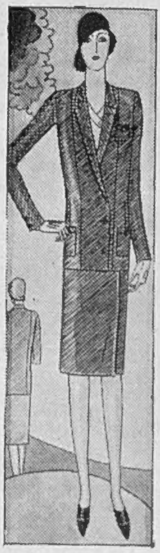

"ventnor"

perfect tailoring accentuates the slim lines of this well tailored suit in fine nut brown flecked with beige tweed. patch pockets and three button fastening on coat, and the well cut skirt has inverted pleat at side and is fashionably belted. **27/-** monthly

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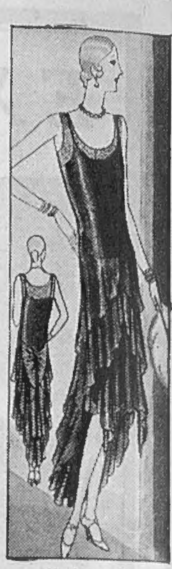

"aimee"

slenderising and graceful evening frock in black cire lace. particularly flattering is the lovely bow on back at hips and dipping hemline that reaches ankle-length at back. **24/-** monthly

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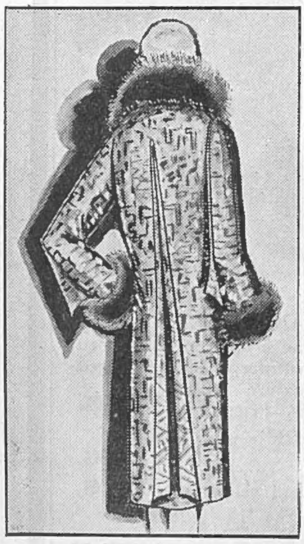
In several exclusive shades.



"aynek"

this elegant evening coat, expressed in red and silver grey damask brocade, is cut on the very latest lines. the "fin" shaped trimming on the sleeves and novel pleat effect in the back are very chic. a cosy collar and cuffs of rich brown lapin add a charming finish to this elegant model. **27/-** monthly

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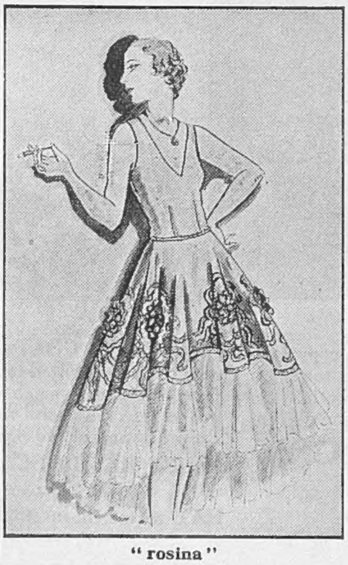

"rosina"

rose pink taffeta and net have been chosen to express this romantic little gown. the bodice is cunningly moulded to fit closely to the figure, and the full bouffant skirt, dipping a little at the back, is elaborately trimmed with taffeta roses placed on incrustations of net and elegant gold embroidery. **15/-** monthly

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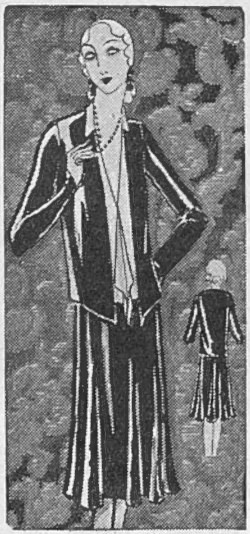

"eton"

this afternoon dress is in black art satin and lemon georgette. the bodice has a charming bolero effect, under which is the yellow georgette, and a soft little jabot, all piped with black satin, a circular skirt and long tight sleeves strike the final notes **13/6** monthly

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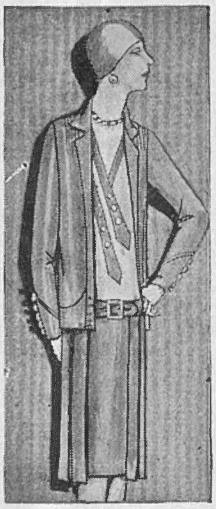

"inga"

here you see a chic and useful three-piece model. the coat and skirt are composed of jade green wool stockinette, while the little sleeveless jumper of the same material is in naturelle colour, trimmed with incrustations. a belt of the green makes a charming contrast. the coat is smartly finished with brass buttons. **9/-** monthly

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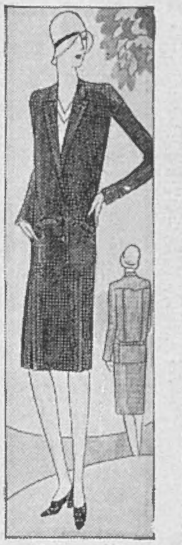

"moray"

a saddle back and unusual belt effect coming from pockets gives original smartness to this immaculately tailored, finely patterned brown and blue flecked tweed. the coat lined throughout with crepe de chine. the well fitting skirt has inverted pleats and is fashionably belted. **27/-** monthly

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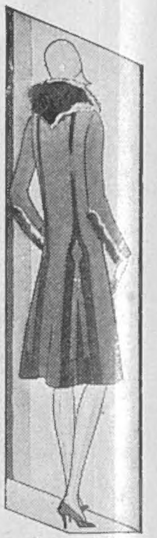

"marna"

the newest notes in the autumn mode are shown in the cleverly placed flared incrustations at the back of this smart brown face cloth coat. original treatment of baby lamb fur on sleeves and neck gives added chic to model that is lined throughout with crepe de chine. **28/6** monthly

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BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men and Women

OCTOBER, 1929

VOL. I—NO. 6

IN THIS ISSUE—SPECIAL FEATURES

Emil Ludwig's brilliant biography (continued) of Michael Angelo . . . . . .

The galaxy of women writers——Stories by Agatha Christie, Beatrice Grimshaw, Viña Delmar, Mollie Panter-Downes. Articles by Storm Jameson, Mrs. Patrick Macgill, Kathlyn Hayden, Lady Cynthia Asquith, etc.

Golf, Motoring, Art, Sport, Dogs, Drama, Films, Physical Culture, Health, Beauty, Housekeeping . . . .

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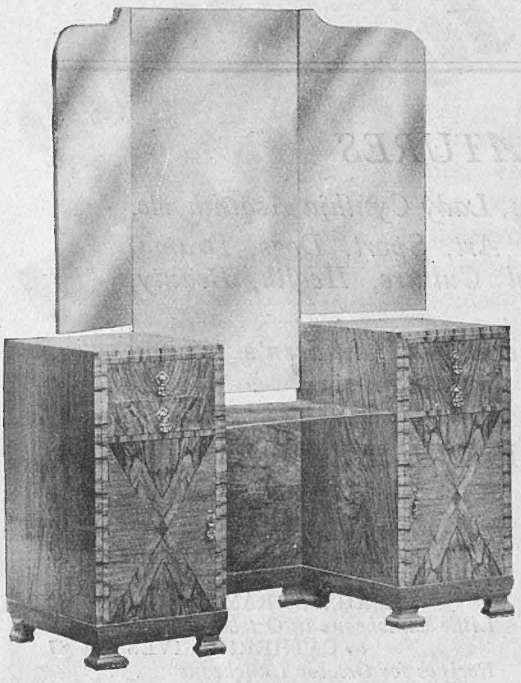
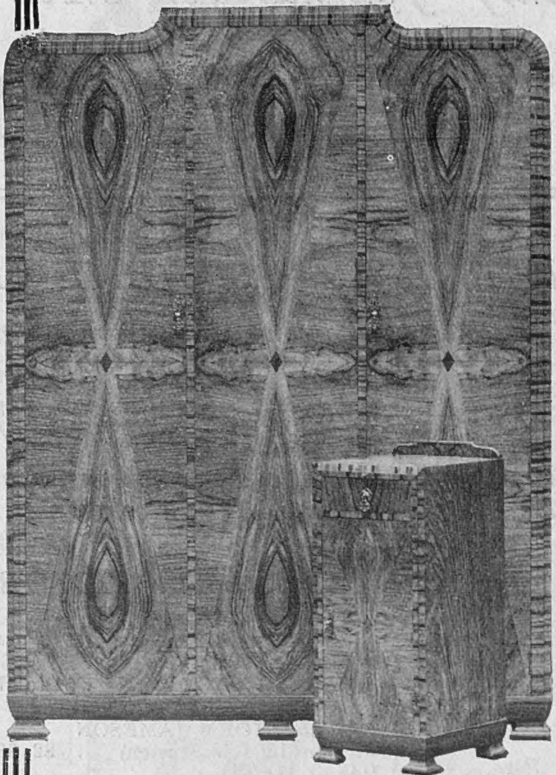
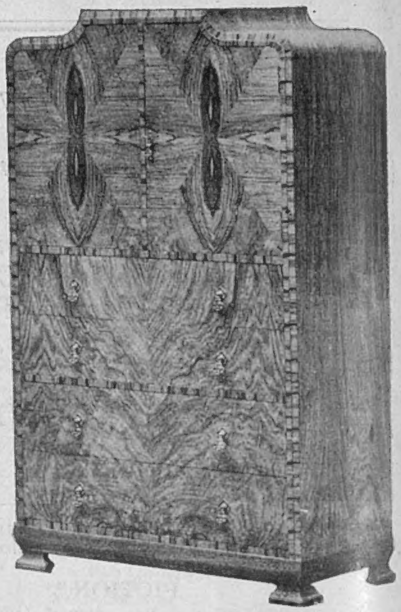
Separate Four-Page Supplement for Children

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, " Britannia and Eve," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to " Britannia and Eve " will be found in the " Index to Advertisers " on page 216. *The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.*

The Metropole BEDROOM SUITE







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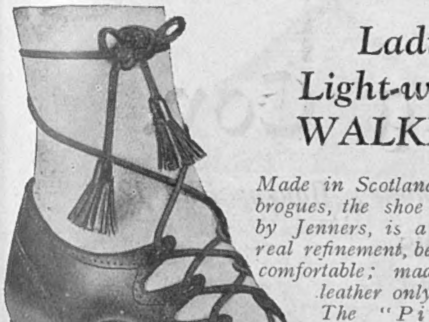

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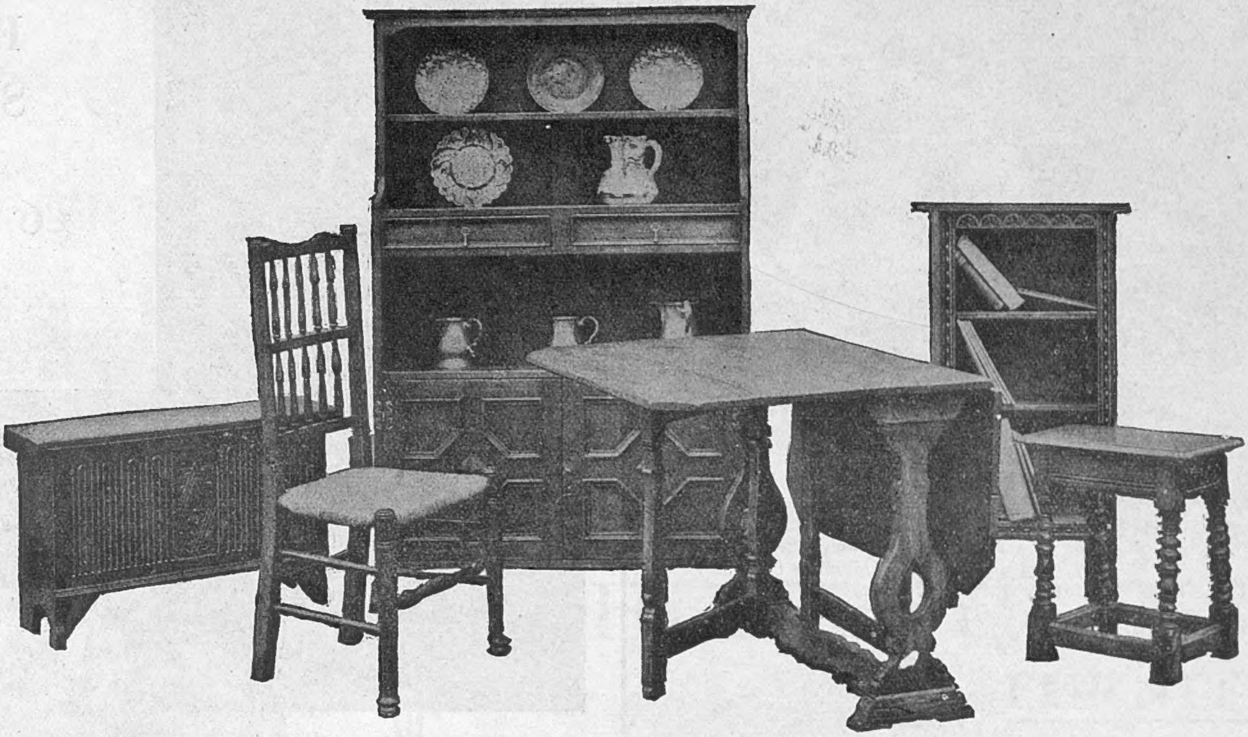

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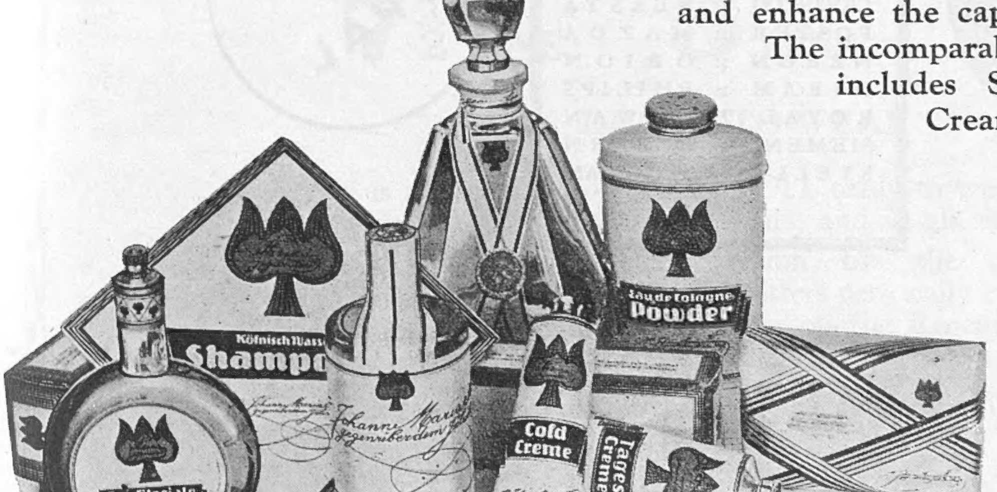

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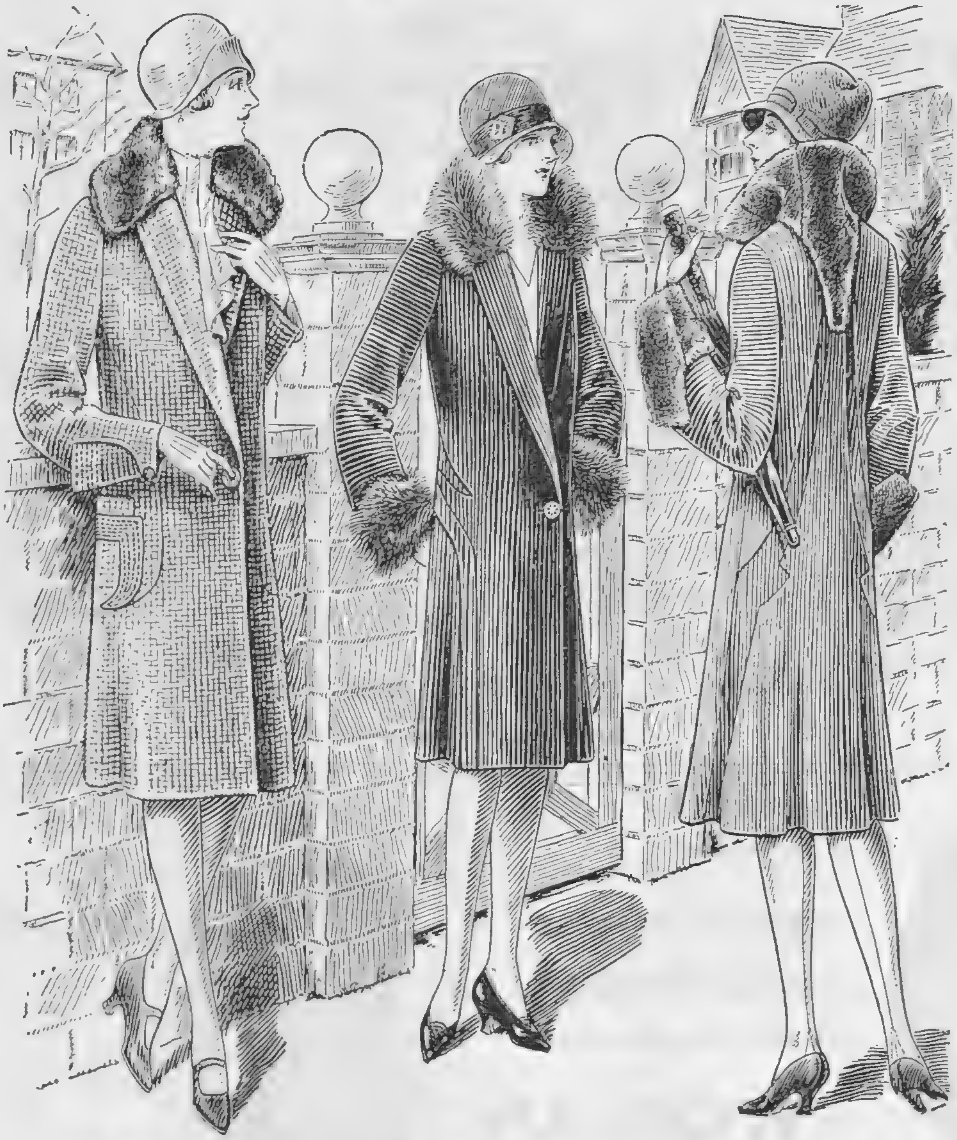

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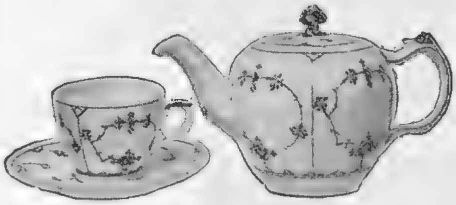

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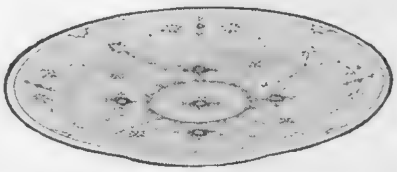
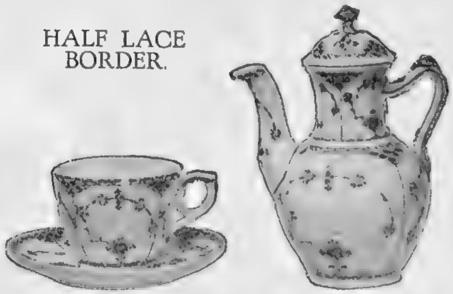
29-piece Breakfast Service ...	4	0	3

PLAIN BORDER.



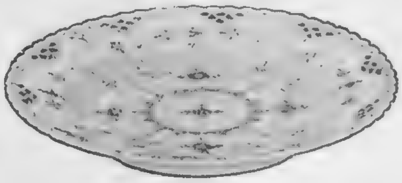
Meat Plate	£0	4	6
Pudding „	0	4	0
Cheese „	0	3	0
26-piece Dinner Service ...	6	17	9
64-piece Dinner Service ...	19	8	6

HALF LACE BORDER.



Coffee Pot, 1 pt.	£0	12	6
Breakfast Cup and Saucer ...	0	6	6
21-piece Tea Service	3	1	0
29-piece Breakfast Service ...	5	2	9

LACE BORDER.



Meat Plate	£0	9	6
Pudding „	0	8	0
Cheese „	0	7	0
26-piece Dinner Service ...	13	17	0
64-piece Dinner Service ...	37	10	0

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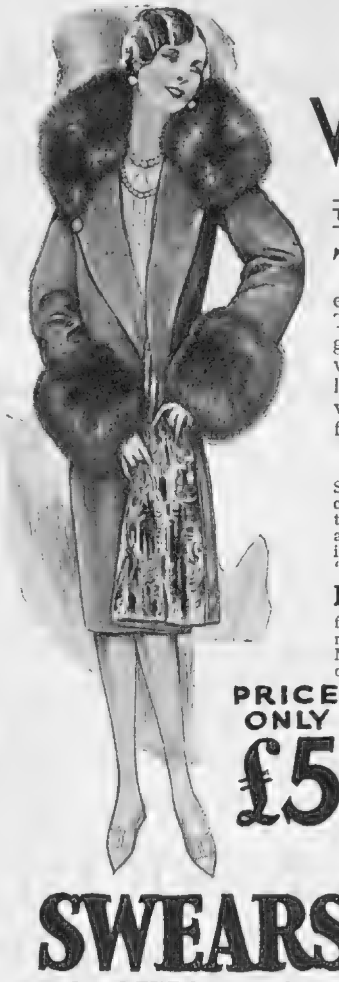

The 1930

WARMSTER

(Pat. applied for Prov. Spec. No. 23348/28.)

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in finely polished Oak, containing 12 Table Forks, 4 Table Spoons, 12 Soup Spoons, 12 Dessert Spoons, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Tea Spoons, 2 Sauce Ladles, 1 pair Sugar Tongs, 12 Table Knives, 12 Cheese Knives (Stainless Steel Blades), 1 pair Meat Carvers, 1 pair Game Carvers (Hand Forged Steel Blades), 1 Wheel Sharpener. Prince's Plate Spoons and Forks; 'Trustworthy' Cutlery with 'Tusca' (regd.) handles.

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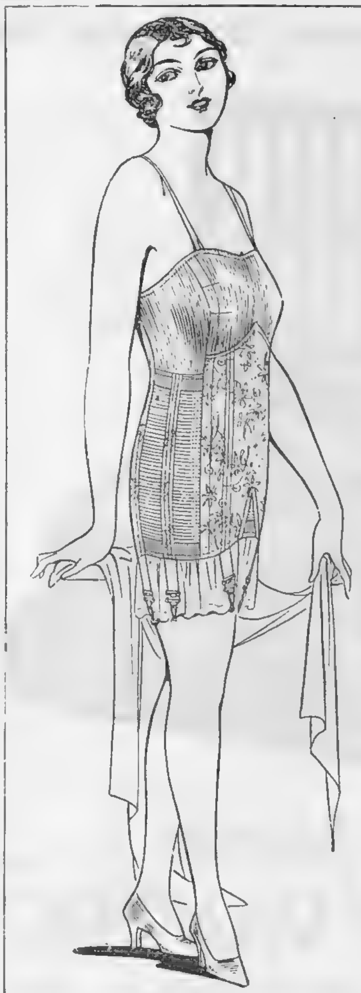

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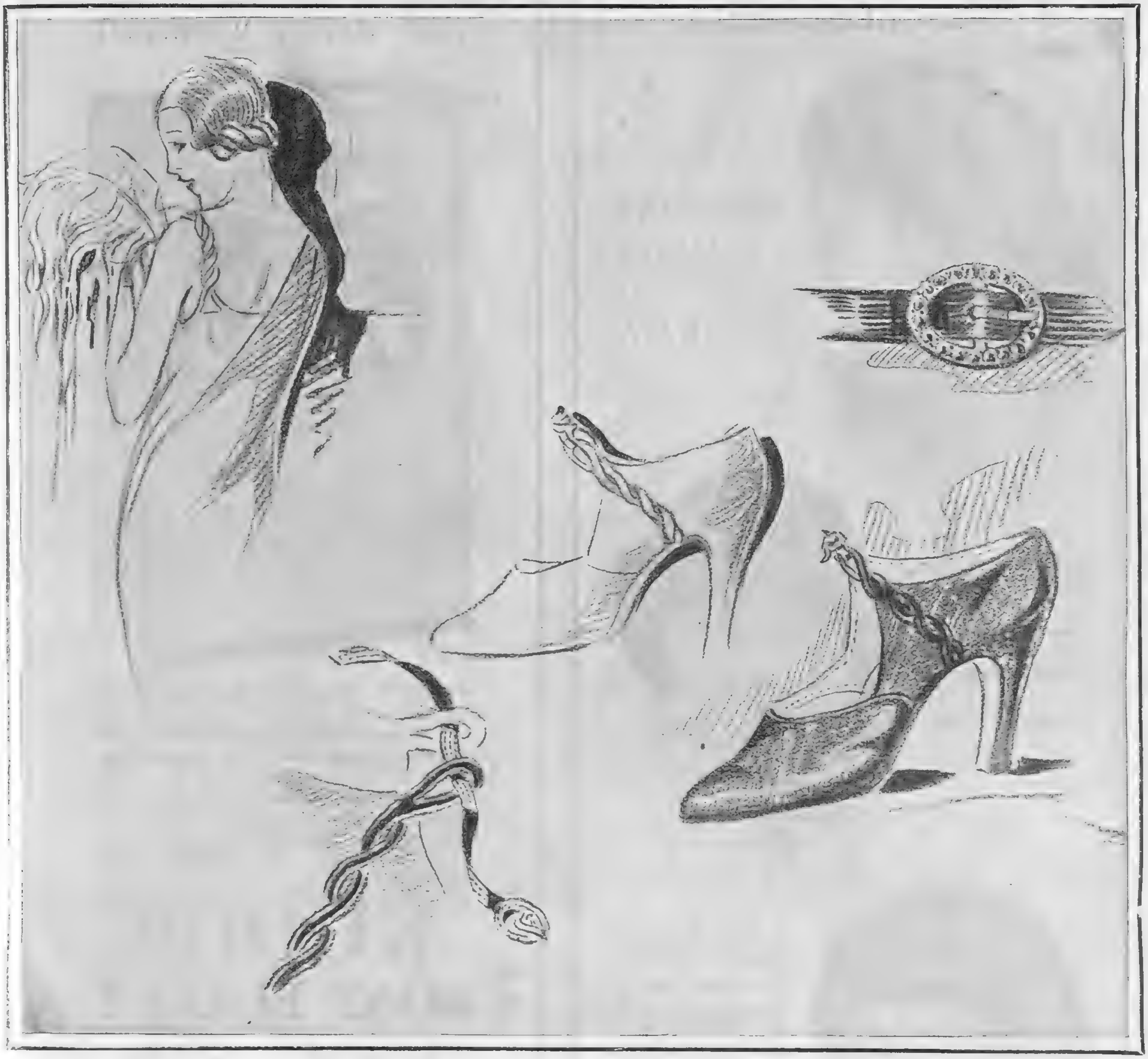

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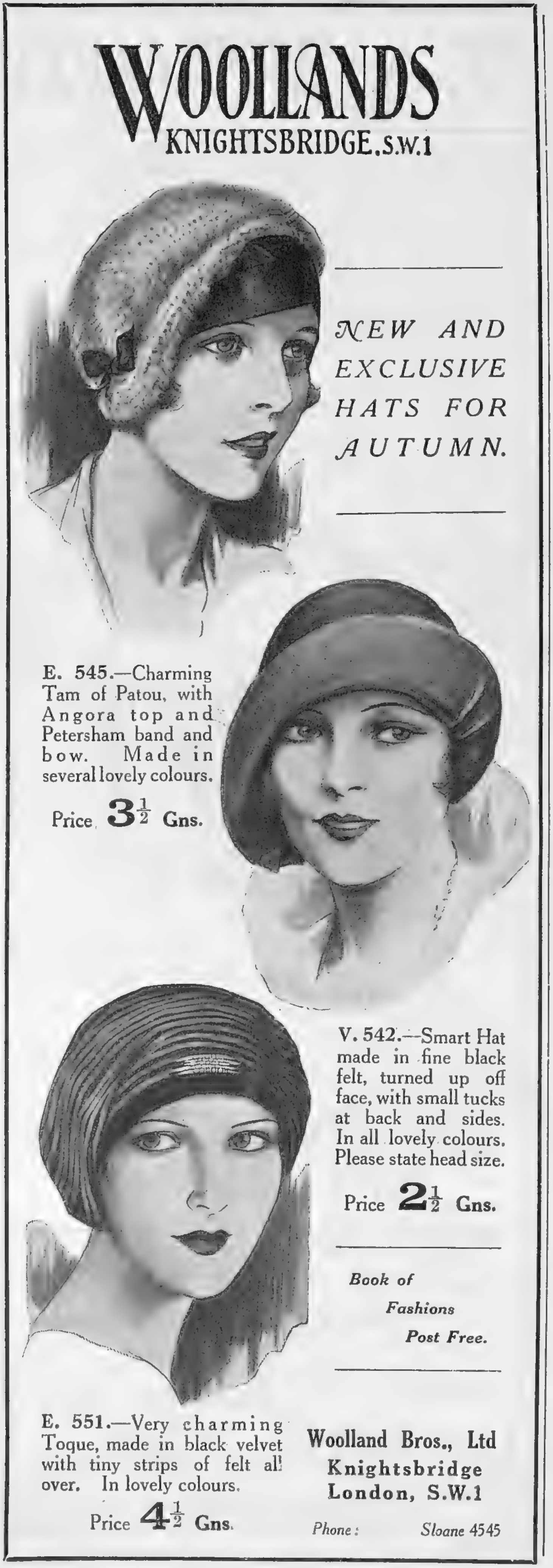

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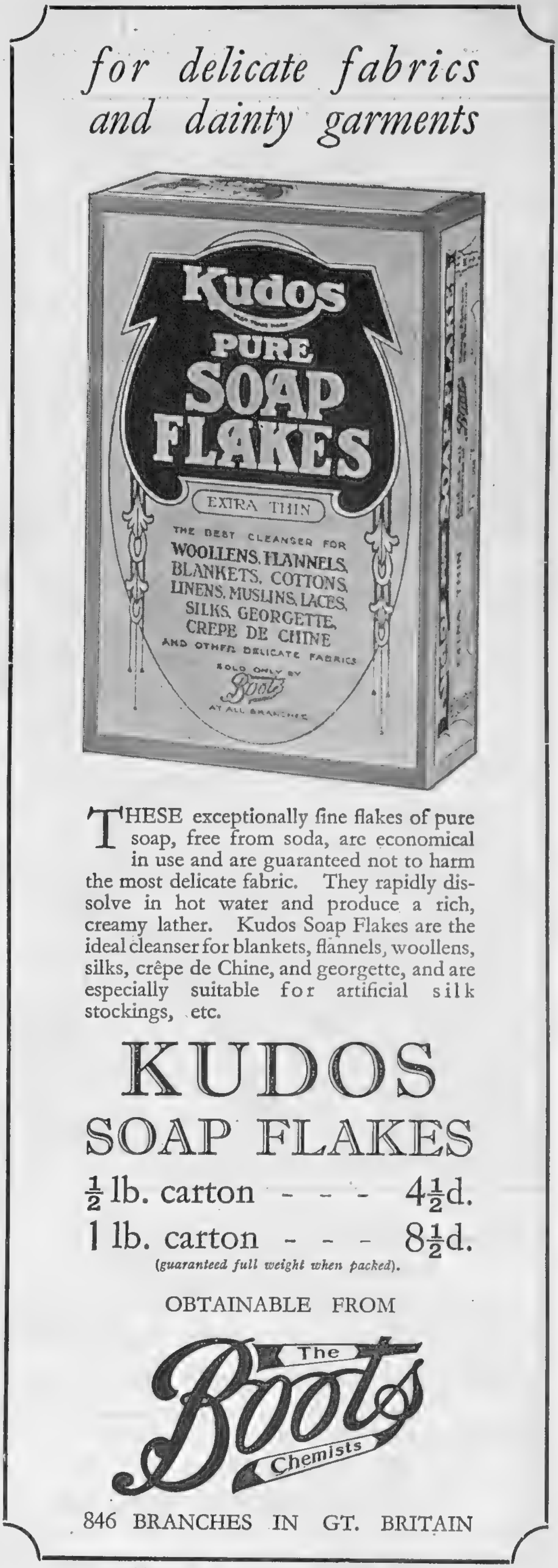
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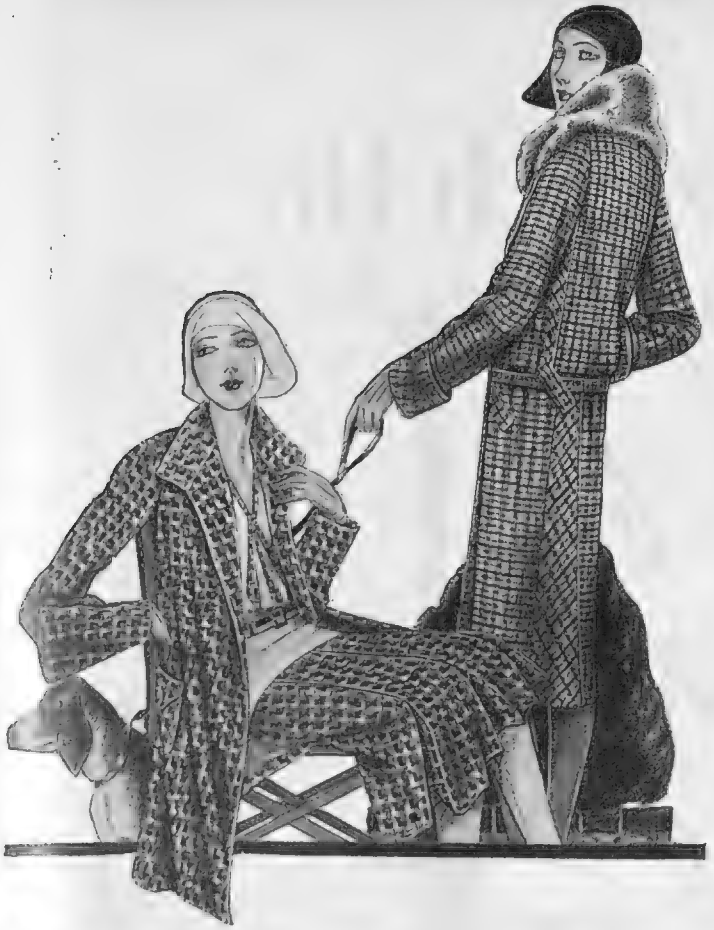

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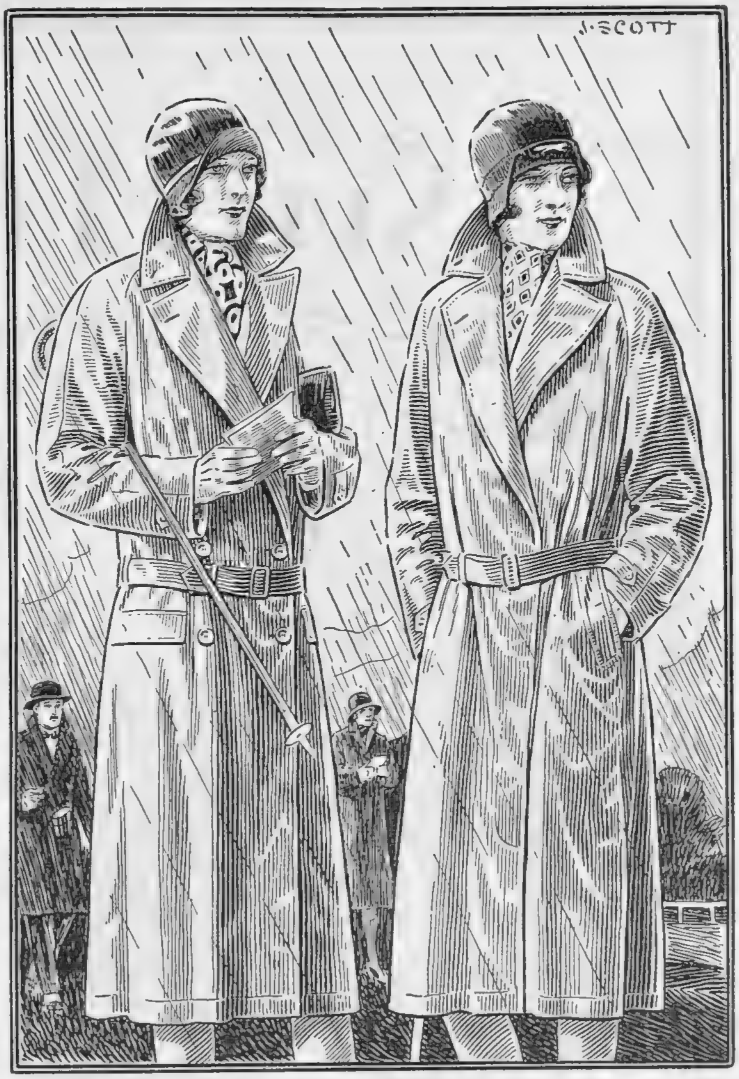

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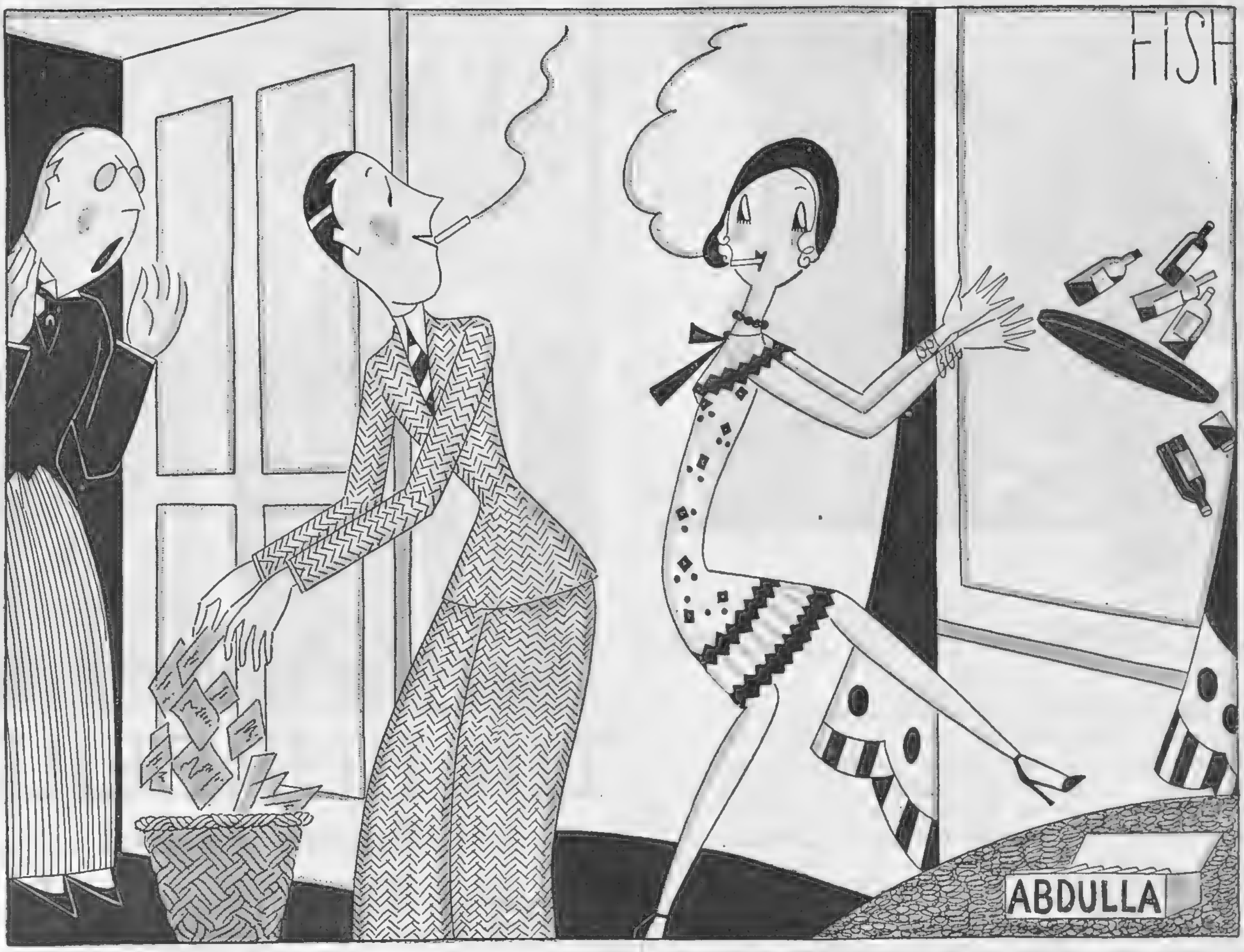
Cures by Abdulla



CURED FOR EVER

'Toss away Tonics and bury the Pills,
'Burn old prescriptions, and specialists' bills!'
Cry the Reformers in chorus:
'Humbugging Charlatans, Healers and Quacks
'Never again shall see more than our backs—
'Health and Long Life lie before us.'

'Run away, Doctor, your patients are cured!
'Gone are the days when we gulped and endured
'Doses depressing in colour:
'Since we discovered Abdullas alone
'Build up Vitality, Vigour and Tone
'*Our* Monkey-Gland is—Abdulla.'

F. R. Holmes.

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VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

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BRITANNIA & EVE

Vol. I. No. 6 · A Monthly Journal for Men and Women · OCTOBER, 1929

The MAN *from* the SEA

A curious romantic adventure in which a mysterious visitor acted as advocate for the repentant dead, and an old fogey played the part of prompter and producer in the tangled drama of two battered lives

By Agatha Christie

Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER. R.O.I.

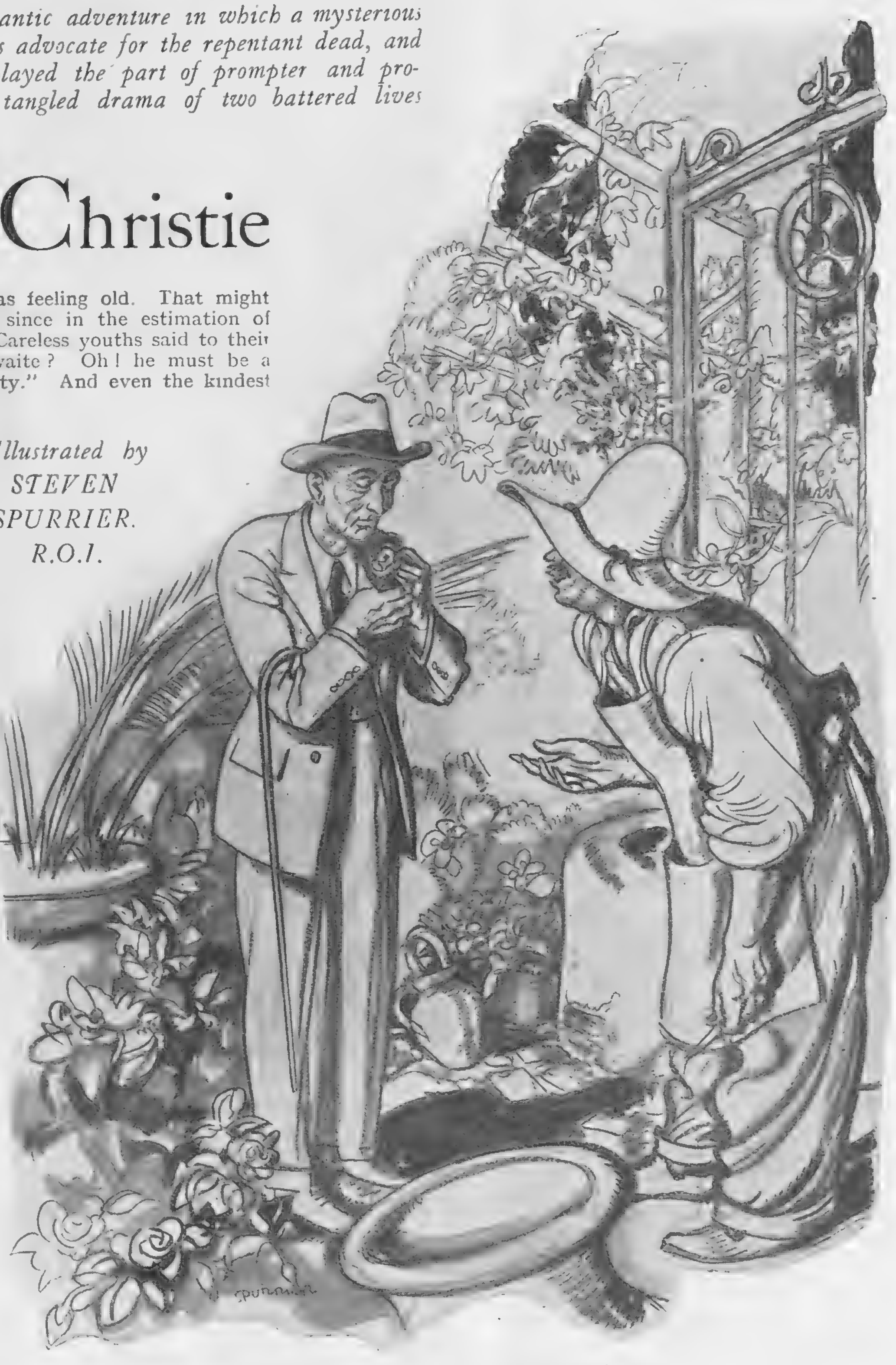
MR. SATTERTHWAITE was feeling old. That might not have been surprising, since in the estimation of many people he *was* old. Careless youths said to their partners: "Old Satterthwaite? Oh! he must be a hundred—or, at any rate, about eighty." And even the kindest girls said indulgently: "Oh! Satterthwaite. Yes, he's quite old. He *must* be sixty." Which was almost worse, since he was sixty-nine.

In his own view, however, he was not old. Sixty-nine was an interesting age—an age of infinite possibilities—an age when at last the experience of a lifetime was beginning to tell. But to feel old—that was different—a tired, discouraged state of mind when one was inclined to ask oneself depressing questions. What was he after all? A little dried up, elderly man, with neither chick nor child, with no human belongings, only a valuable art collection which seemed at the moment strangely unsatisfying. No one to care whether he lived or died. . . .

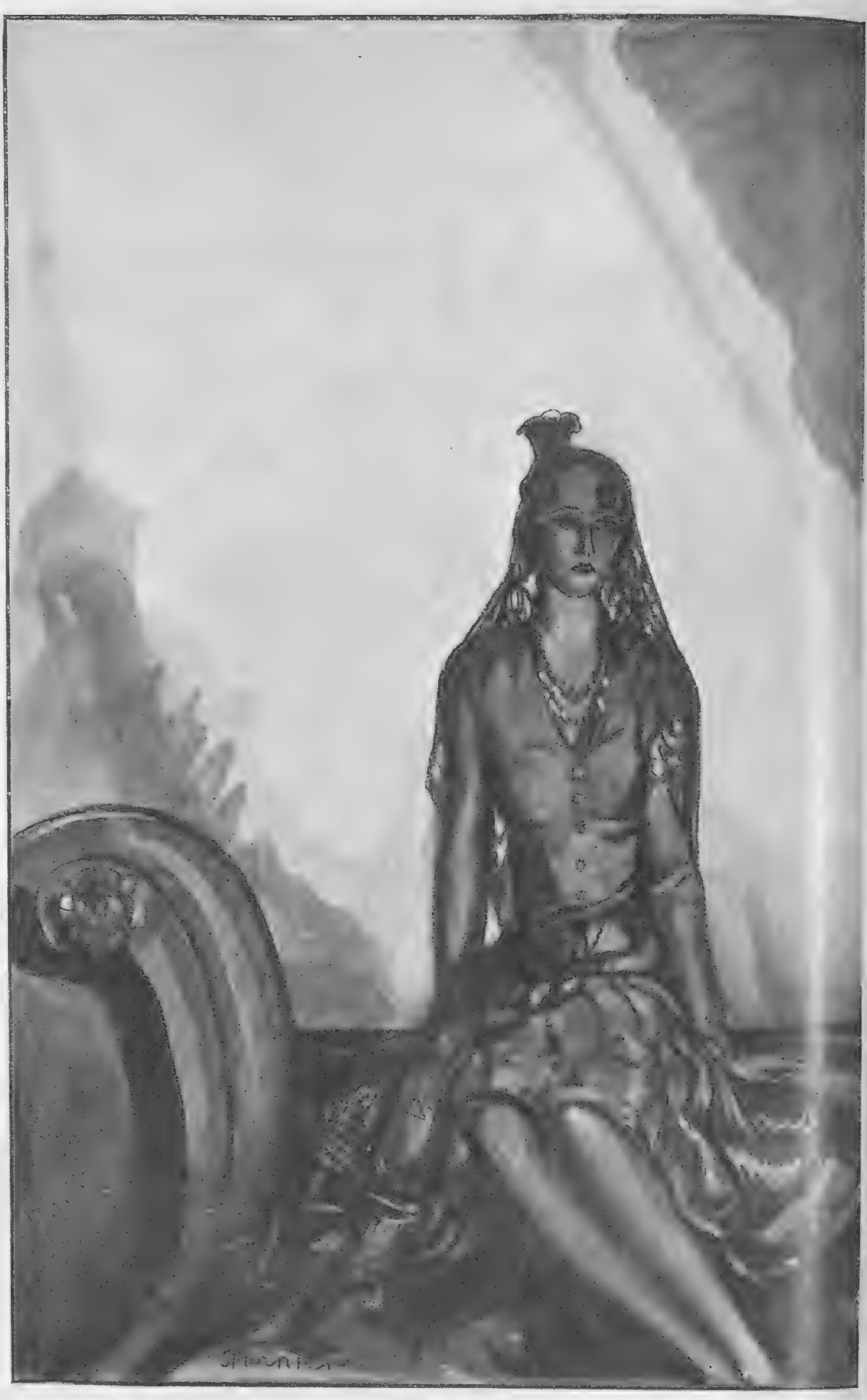
At this point in his meditations Mr. Satterthwaite pulled himself up short. What he was thinking was morbid and unprofitable. He knew well enough, who better, that the chances were that a wife would have hated him or, alternatively, that he would have hated her, that children would have been a constant source of worry and anxiety, and that demands upon his time and affection would have worried him considerably.

To be safe and comfortable said Mr. Satterthwaite firmly—that was the thing!

The last thought reminded him of a letter he had received that morning. He drew it from his pocket and re-read it, savouring its contents pleasurably. To begin with, it was from a duchess, and Mr. Satterthwaite liked hearing from duchesses. It is true that the letter



"Exchanging a few words with Manuel and graciously accepting an orange rosebud . . ."



'Then she returned and sat down

began by demanding a large subscription for charity, and but for that would probably never have been written; but the terms in which it was couched were so agreeable that Mr. Satterthwaite was able to gloss over the first fact.

"*So you've deserted the Riviera,*" wrote the duchess. "*What is this island of yours like? Cheap? Cannotti put up his prices shamefully this year, and I shan't go to the Riviera again. I might try your island next year if you report favourably, though I should hate five days on a boat. Still, anywhere you recommend is sure to be pretty comfortable—too much so! You'll get to be one of those people who do nothing but coddle themselves and think of their comfort. There's only one thing that will save you, Satterthwaite, and that is your inordinate interest in other people's affairs. . . .*"

As Mr. Satterthwaite folded the letter a vision came up vividly before him of the duchess. Her meannesses, her unexpected and alarming kindness, her caustic tongue, her indomitable spirit.

Spirit! Everyone needed spirit. He drew out another letter with a German stamp upon it—written by a young singer in whom he had interested himself. It was a grateful, affectionate letter.

"*How can I thank you, dear Mr. Satterthwaite? It seems too wonderful to think that in a few days I shall be singing Isolde . . . .*"

A pity that she was to make her *début* as Isolde. A charming, hard-working child, Olga, with a beautiful voice, but no temperament. He hummed to himself: "*Nay, order him! Pray understand it! I command it. I, Isolde!*" No, the child hadn't got it in her—the spirit—the indomitable will—all expressed in that final "Ich, Isolde!"

Well, at any rate, he had done something for somebody. This island depressed him—why, oh why had he deserted the Riviera, which he knew so well and where he was so well known? Nobody here took any interest in him. Nobody seemed to realise that here was *the* Mr. Satterthwaite—the friend of duchesses and countesses and singers and writers. No one in the island was of any social importance or of any artistic importance either. Most people had been there seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years running, and valued themselves and were valued accordingly.

With a deep sigh Mr. Satterthwaite proceeded down from the hotel to the small struggling harbour below. His way lay between an avenue of bougainvillaea—a vivid mass of flaunting scarlet, that made him feel older and greyer than ever.

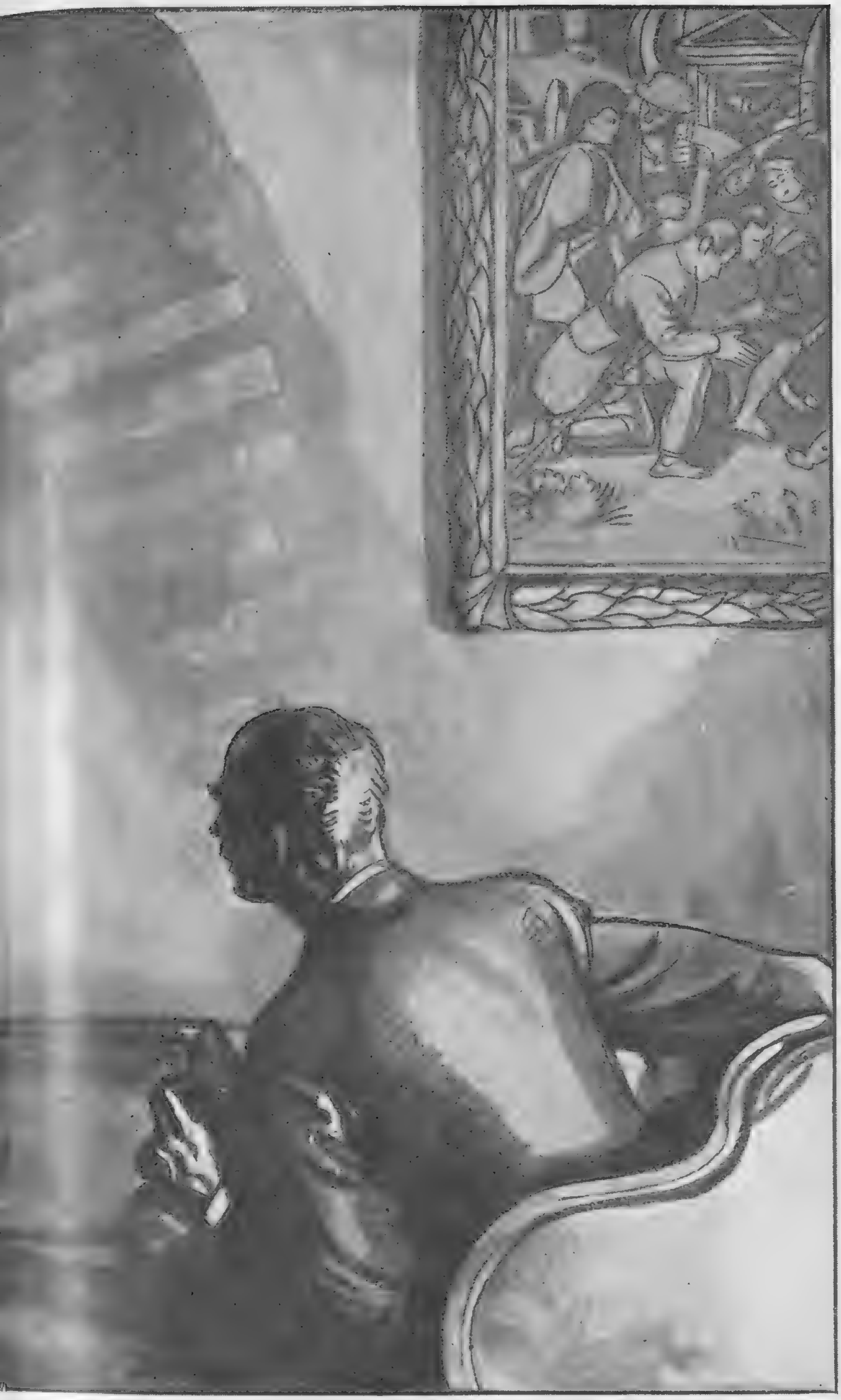
"I'm getting old," he murmured "I'm getting old and tired."

He was glad when he had passed the bougainvillaea and was walking down the white street with the blue sea at the end of it. A disreputable dog was standing in the middle of the road, yawning and stretching himself in the sun. Having prolonged his stretch to the utmost limits of ecstasy, he sat down and treated himself to a really good scratch. He then rose, shook himself, and looked round for any other good things that life might have to offer.

There was a dump of rubbish by the side of the road, and to this he went, sniffing in pleasurable anticipation. True enough, his nose had not deceived him! A smell of such rich putrescence that it surpassed even his anticipations! He sniffed with growing appreciation, then suddenly abandoning himself, he lay on his back and rolled frenziedly on the delicious dump. Clearly the world this morning was a dog paradise!

Tiring at last, he regained his feet and strolled out once more into the middle of the road. And then, without the least warning, a ramshackle car careered wildly round the corner, caught him full and square and passed on unheeding.

The dog rose to his feet, stood a minute regarding Mr. Satterthwaite, a vague dumb reproach in its eyes, then fell over. Mr. Satterthwaite went up to him and bent down. The dog was dead. He went on his way, wondering at the sadness and cruelty of life. What a queer dumb look of reproach had been in the dog's eyes. "Oh! World," it seemed to say, "Oh! Wonderful World in which I have trusted. Why have you done this to me?"



on a sofa opposite her guest"

MR. SATTERTHWAITE went on, past the palm trees and the straggling white houses, past the black lava where the surf thundered and where once, long ago, a well-known English swimmer had been carried out to sea and drowned, past the rock pools where children and elderly ladies bobbed up and down and called it bathing, along the steep road that winds upwards to the top of the cliff. For there on the edge of the cliff was a house, appropriately named La Paz. A white house with faded green shutters tightly closed, a tangled beautiful garden, and a walk between cypress trees that led to a plateau on the edge of the cliff where you looked down—down—down—to the deep blue sea below.

It was to this spot that Mr. Satterthwaite was bound. He had developed a great love for the garden of La Paz He had never entered the villa. It seemed always to be empty. Manuel, the Spanish gardener, wished one good morning with a flourish and gallantly presented ladies with a bouquet and gentlemen with a single flower as a buttonhole, his dark face wreathed in smiles.

Sometimes Mr. Satterthwaite made up stories in his own mind about the owner of the villa. His favourite was a Spanish dancer, once world-famed for her beauty, who hid herself here so that the world should never know that she was no longer beautiful.

He pictured her coming out of the house at dusk and walking through the garden Sometimes he was tempted to ask Manuel for the truth, but he resisted the temptation. He preferred his fancies.

After exchanging a few words with Manuel and graciously accepting an orange rosebud, Mr. Satterthwaite passed on down the cypress walk to the sea. It was rather wonderful sitting there—on the edge of nothing—with that sheer drop below one. It made him think of Tristan and Isolde, of the beginning of the third act with Tristan and Kurwenal—that lonely waiting and of Isolde rushing up from the sea and Tristan dying in her arms. (No, little Olga would never make an Isolde. Isolde of Cornwall, that royal hater and royal lover. . . .) He shivered. He felt old, chilly, alone. . . . What had he had out of life? Nothing—nothing. Not as much as that dog in the street. . . .

IT was an unexpected sound that roused him from his reverie. Footsteps coming along the cypress walk were inaudible: the first he knew of somebody's presence was the English monosyllable "Damn!"

He looked round to find a young man staring at him in obvious surprise and disappointment. Mr. Satterthwaite recognised him at once as an arrival of the day before who had more or less intrigued him. Mr. Satterthwaite called him a young man—because in comparison to most of the diehards in the hotel he *was* a young man, but he would certainly never see forty again and was probably drawing appreciably near to his half century. Yet in spite of that, the term young man fitted him—Mr. Satterthwaite was usually right about such things—there was an impression of immaturity about him. As there is a touch of puppyhood about many a full-grown dog, so it was with the stranger.

Mr. Satterthwaite thought: "This chap has really never grown up—not properly, that is."

And yet there was nothing Peter Pannish about him. He was sleek—almost plump, he had the air of one who has always done himself exceedingly well in the material sense and denied himself no pleasure or satisfaction. He had brown eyes—rather round—fair hair turning grey—a little moustache and rather a florid face.

The thing that had puzzled Mr. Satterthwaite was what had brought him to the island. He could imagine him shooting things, hunting things, playing polo or golf or tennis, making love to pretty women. But in the island there was nothing to hunt or shoot, no games except golf croquet, and the nearest approach to a pretty woman was represented by elderly Miss Baba Kindersley. There were, of course, artists, to whom the beauty of the scenery made appeal, but Mr. Satterthwaite was quite certain that the young man was not an artist. He was clearly marked with the stamp of the Philistine.

WHILE he was revolving these things in his mind, the other spoke, realising somewhat belatedly that his single ejaculation so far might be open to criticism.

"I beg your pardon," he said with some embarrassment. "As a matter of fact, I was—well, startled. I didn't expect anyone to be here."

He smiled disarmingly. He had a charming smile—friendly—appealing.

"It is rather a lonely spot," agreed Mr. Satterthwaite, and he moved politely a little further up the bench. The other accepted the mute invitation and sat down.

"I don't know about lonely," he said. "There always seems to be *someone* here."

There was a tinge of latent resentment in his voice. Mr. Satterthwaite wondered why. He read the other as a friendly soul. Why this insistence on solitude? A rendezvous, perhaps? No—not that. He looked again with carefully veiled scrutiny at his companion. Where had he seen that particular expression before quite lately? That look of dumb bewildered resentment.

"You've been up here before, then?" said Mr. Satterthwaite, more for the sake of saying something than for anything else.

"I was up here last night—after dinner."

"Really? I thought the gates were always locked."

There was a moment's pause and then, almost sullenly, the young man said:

"I climbed over the wall."

MR. SATTERTHWAITE looked at him with real attention now. He had a sleuthlike habit of mind and he was aware that his companion had only arrived on the preceding afternoon. He had had little time to discover the beauties of the villa by daylight and he had so far spoken to nobody. Yet, after dark, he had made straight for La Paz. Why? Almost involuntarily Mr. Satterthwaite turned his head to look at the green-shuttered villa, but it was as ever, serenely lifeless, close-shuttered. No, the solution of the mystery was not there.

"And you actually found someone here then?"

The other nodded.

"Yes. Must have been from the other hotel. He had on fancy dress."

"Fancy dress? ..."

"Yes. A kind of Harlequin rig."

"What?"

The query fairly burst from Mr Satterthwaite's lips. His companion turned to stare at him in surprise.

"They often do have fancy dress shows at the hotels, I suppose?"

"Oh! quite," said Mr. Satterthwaite. "Quite, quite, quite."

He paused breathlessly, then added.

"You must excuse my excitement. Do you happen to know anything about catalysis?"

The young man stared at him.

"Never heard of it. What is it?"

Mr. Satterthwaite quoted gravely: "*A chemical reaction depending for its success on the presence of a certain substance which itself remains unchanged.*"

"Oh!" said the young man uncertainly.

"I have a certain friend—his name is Mr. Quin, and he can best be described in the terms of catalysis. His presence is a sign that things are going to happen, because when he is there, strange revelations come to light, discoveries are made. And yet—he himself takes no part in the proceedings. I have a feeling that it was my friend you met here last night."

"He's a very sudden sort of chap then. He gave me quite a shock. One minute he wasn't there and the next minute he was! Almost as though he came up out of the sea."

MR. SATTERTHWAITE looked along the little plateau and down the sheer drop below.

"That's nonsense, of course," said the other. "But it's the feeling he gave me. Of course, really there isn't the foothold for a fly." He looked over the edge. "A straight clear drop."

"If you went over—well, that would be the end right enough."

"An ideal spot for a murder, in fact," said Mr. Satterthwaite pleasantly.

The other stared at him, almost as though for the moment he did not follow. Then he said vaguely: "Oh! yes—of course. . . ."

He sat there, making little dabs at the ground with his stick and frowning. Suddenly Mr. Satterthwaite got the resemblance he had been seeking. That dumb, bewildered questioning. *So had the dog looked who was run over.* His eyes and this young man's eyes asked the same pathetic question with the same reproach. *"Oh! world that I have trusted—what have you done to me?"*

He saw other points of resemblance between the two, the same pleasure-loving, easy-going existence, the same joyous abandon to the delights of life, the same absence of intellectual questioning. Enough for both to live in the moment—the world was a good place, a place of carnal delights—sun, sea, sky—a discreet garbage heap. And then—what? A car had hit the dog. What had hit the man?

THE subject of these cogitations broke in at this point, speaking, however, more to himself than to Mr. Satterthwaite.

"One wonders," he said "what it's all for?"

Familiar words—words that usually brought a smile to Mr. Satterthwaite's lips, with their unconscious betrayal of the innate egoism of humanity which insists on regarding every manifestation of life as directly designed for its delight or its torment. He did not answer and presently the stranger said with a slight, rather apologetic laugh:

"I've heard it said that every man should build a house, plant a tree and have a son." He paused and then added: "I believe I planted an acorn once. . . ."

Mr. Satterthwaite stirred slightly. His curiosity was aroused—that ever-present interest in the affairs of other people of which the duchess had accused him was roused. It was not difficult. Mr. Satterthwaite had a very feminine side to his nature, he was as good a listener as any woman, and he knew the right moment to put in a prompting word. Presently he was hearing the whole story.

Anthony Cosden, that was the stranger's name, and his life had been much as Mr. Satterthwaite had imagined it. He was a bad hand at telling a story, but his listener supplied the gaps easily enough. A very ordinary life—an average income, a little soldiering, a good deal of sport whenever sport offered, plenty of friends, plenty of pleasant things to do, a sufficiency of women. The kind of life that practically inhibits thought of any description and substitutes sensation. To speak frankly, an animal's life. "But there are worse things than that," thought Mr. Satterthwaite from the depths of his experience. "Oh! many worse things than that." This world had seemed a very good place to Anthony Cosden. He had grumbled because everyone always grumbled, but it had never been a serious grumble. And then—*this.*

HE came to it at last—rather vaguely and incoherently. Hadn't felt quite the thing—nothing much. Saw his doctor, and the doctor had persuaded him to go to a Harley Street man. And then—the incredible truth. They'd tried to hedge about it—spoke of great care—a quiet life, but they hadn't been able to disguise that that was all eyewash—letting him down lightly. It boiled down to this—six months. That's what they gave him Six months.

He turned those bewildered brown eyes on Mr. Satterthwaite. It was, of course, rather a shock to a fellow. One didn't—one didn't somehow, know what to *do.*

Mr. Satterthwaite nodded gravely and understandingly.

It was a bit difficult to take in all at once, Anthony Cosden went on. How to put in the time. Rather a rotten business waiting about to get pipped. He didn't feel really ill—not yet. Though that might come later, so the specialist had said—in fact, it was bound to. It seemed such nonsense to be going to die when one didn't in the least want to. The best thing, he had thought, would be to carry on as usual. But somehow that hadn't worked.

Here Mr. Satterthwaite interrupted him. "Wasn't there," he hinted delicately, "any woman?"

But apparently there wasn't. There were women, of course, but not that kind. His crowd was a very cheery crowd. They didn't, so he implied, like corpses. He didn't wish to make a kind of walking funeral of himself. It would have been embarrassing for everybody. So he had come abroad.

"YOU came to these islands? But why?" Mr. Satterthwaite was hunting for something, something intangible but delicate that eluded him and yet which he was sure was there. "You've been here before, perhaps?"

"Yes." He admitted it almost unwillingly. "Years ago, when I was a youngster."

And suddenly, almost unconsciously, so it seemed, he shot a quick glance backward over his shoulder in the direction of the villa.

"I remember this place," he said, nodding at the sea, "*One step to eternity!*"

"And that is why you came up here last night," finished Mr. Satterthwaite calmly.

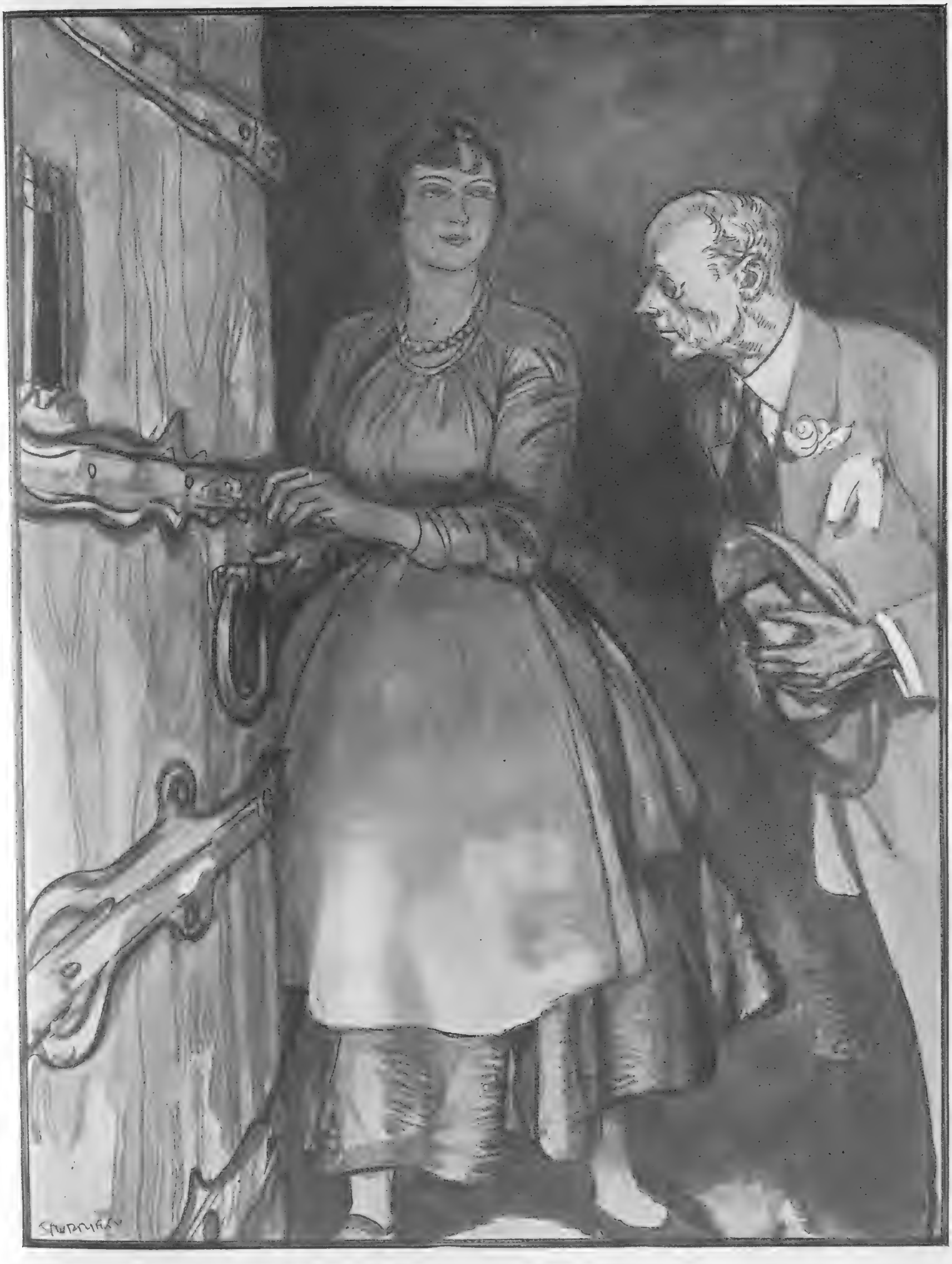
Anthony Cosden shot him a dismayed glance.

"Oh! I say—really——" he protested.

"Last night you found someone here. This afternoon you have found me. Your life has been saved—twice."

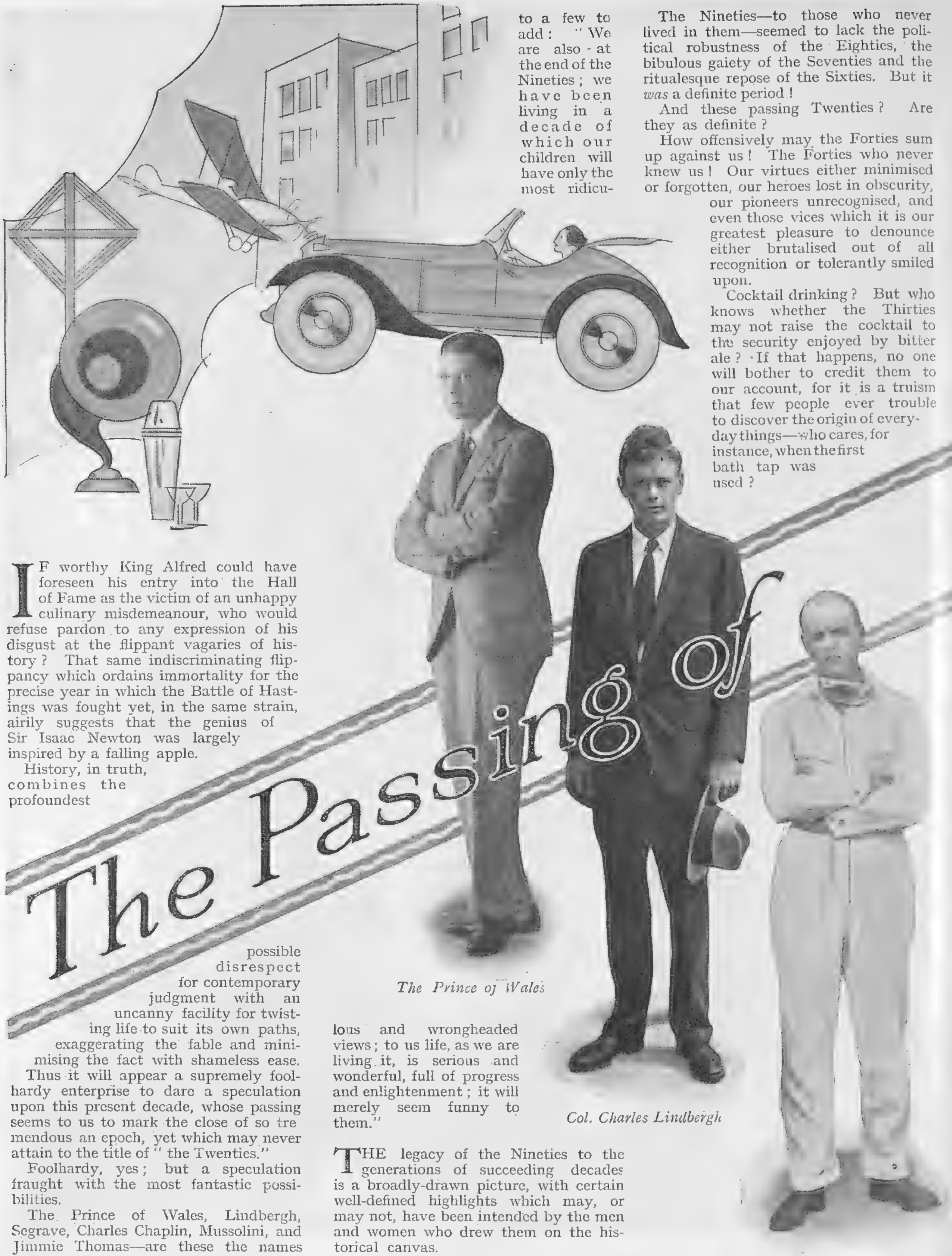
"You may put it that way if you like—but, damn it all, it's *my* life. I've a right to do what I like with it."

(*Continued on page* 156)



"He made rather an embarrassed exit. The stalwart Spanish girl met him in the passage and opened a side door for him, staring curiously at him the while . . ."

The Passing of



The Prince of Wales

Col. Charles Lindbergh

Sir Henry Segrave

IF worthy King Alfred could have foreseen his entry into the Hall of Fame as the victim of an unhappy culinary misdemeanour, who would refuse pardon to any expression of his disgust at the flippant vagaries of history? That same indiscriminating flippancy which ordains immortality for the precise year in which the Battle of Hastings was fought yet, in the same strain, airily suggests that the genius of Sir Isaac Newton was largely inspired by a falling apple.

History, in truth, combines the profoundest possible disrespect for contemporary judgment with an uncanny facility for twisting life to suit its own paths, exaggerating the fable and minimising the fact with shameless ease.

Thus it will appear a supremely foolhardy enterprise to dare a speculation upon this present decade, whose passing seems to us to mark the close of so tremendous an epoch, yet which may never attain to the title of "the Twenties."

Foolhardy, yes; but a speculation fraught with the most fantastic possibilities.

The Prince of Wales, Lindbergh, Segrave, Charles Chaplin, Mussolini, and Jimmie Thomas—are these the names which popular history will link to the Twenties?

Thirty years ago people were saying to each other: "We are on the eve of a new century." But it must have occurred to a few to add: "We are also at the end of the Nineties; we have been living in a decade of which our children will have only the most ridiculous and wrongheaded views; to us life, as we are living it, is serious and wonderful, full of progress and enlightenment; it will merely seem funny to them."

THE legacy of the Nineties to the generations of succeeding decades is a broadly-drawn picture, with certain well-defined highlights which may, or may not, have been intended by the men and women who drew them on the historical canvas.

There was Sir Henry Irving, Whistler, the Empire Music Hall, Lily Langtry, the full flower of Kipling's patriotic prose, and the decline of the orchidaceous Oscar Wilde group.

The Nineties—to those who never lived in them—seemed to lack the political robustness of the Eighties, the bibulous gaiety of the Seventies and the ritualesque repose of the Sixties. But it *was* a definite period!

And these passing Twenties? Are they as definite?

How offensively may the Forties sum up against us! The Forties who never knew us! Our virtues either minimised or forgotten, our heroes lost in obscurity, our pioneers unrecognised, and even those vices which it is our greatest pleasure to denounce either brutalised out of all recognition or tolerantly smiled upon.

Cocktail drinking? But who knows whether the Thirties may not raise the cocktail to the security enjoyed by bitter ale? If that happens, no one will bother to credit them to our account, for it is a truism that few people ever trouble to discover the origin of everyday things—who cares, for instance, when the first bath tap was used?

The Forties might accept the cocktail and jazz as we accept port, sherry, or waltzes. Already the surprise occasioned by the woman who first mixed wine with spirit is wearing off.

No; it is almost impossible that we can be known as the "Cocktail Twenties."

Of the talkies?

Yet are these not *already* in the possession of the Thirties, so swiftly must their progress be exploited in the next five years? Assuming, of course, that the Thirties don't cry: "Hold! Enough!"

Broadcasting?

Forgotten, perchance, in the excitement of the photo-telegraphy, the "seeing-in" that the Twenties seem just to have missed.

"An age resplenaent with mass genius and conflicting ideals, few great leaders and fewer personalities, of doubtful achievements and artistic poverty—the Muddled Twenties!"

the Twenties

By Gordon Beckles

PERHAPS, however, it will prove to be the things that pass with the passing of the decade itself that will most characterise these ten years; some little trifle, unrecognised to-day; the falling off in the consumption of spirits, "a phase which opened in the Twenties"; some courtesy, or manner; the decline in the habit of offering a seat to a lady in a bus.

We may be adjudged a most chivalrous decade; or mannerless, for all I know.

But I defy anyone to base a logical anticipation upon the varied personalities that have emerged from the group movements and mechanised organisations of the day.

Charlie Chaplin

Mussolini

TRY to compile a Hall of Contemporary Fame yourself. It will prove a task both complex and unsatisfying; the Twenties have been resplendent with mass genius, but singularly devoid of the flaming variety which can enlighten not only a decade, but a whole century.

At the outset of this article I wrote down the first six names that came into my head. Alas, that I have found it incredibly difficult to enlarge upon that list!

I wrote, first of all, the name of the Prince of Wales, not only the most popular young man in England, but the most popular and best-known young man in the world.

He symbolises his own generation to an extent which Royalty is rarely privileged—yes, it is a privilege!

Tolerant, sport-worshipping, handsome in a way which might not have been much admired in the be-whiskered Sixties, but which is representative, to an almost phenomenal degree, of the standard of clean-shaven good looks prevailing to-day.

He is sincerely democratic, finding relaxation in easily assimilated pleasures; rather shy; interested in, but not hypnotised by, the attraction of foreign countries and exotic thought. Not overmuch interested in music, painting or art generally, but not ashamed to admit his disinterest. A determined, energetic young man.

The Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P

Yet there is one thing which may rob the Twenties of the glamour of his personality; *he is the Prince of Wales.*

Some day he will be King, and the prowess of his youthful career will be submerged in the glory of kingship; how can it help but be thus?

King Edward enjoyed a memorable lifetime as heir to the throne. He stood out above his contemporaries—through many of the very qualities which have won the nation to his grandson.

Even to-day his fifty-nine years as Prince seem to dominate his nine years as Sovereign; but can we safely claim that this other Edward, Prince of Wales, will be identified with the Twenties to their ultimate glory?

AND may we not be robbed, too, of credit of having evolved the great political phase which has brought a Socialist Party into office?

Save for that brief period in 1924, 90 per cent. of these Twenties will have been passed under a Conservative Government—and for four long years a phenomenally strong one at that!

Yet there are certain figures with whom we should be identified. Who will deny that Mr. J. H. Thomas, with his carefully dropped

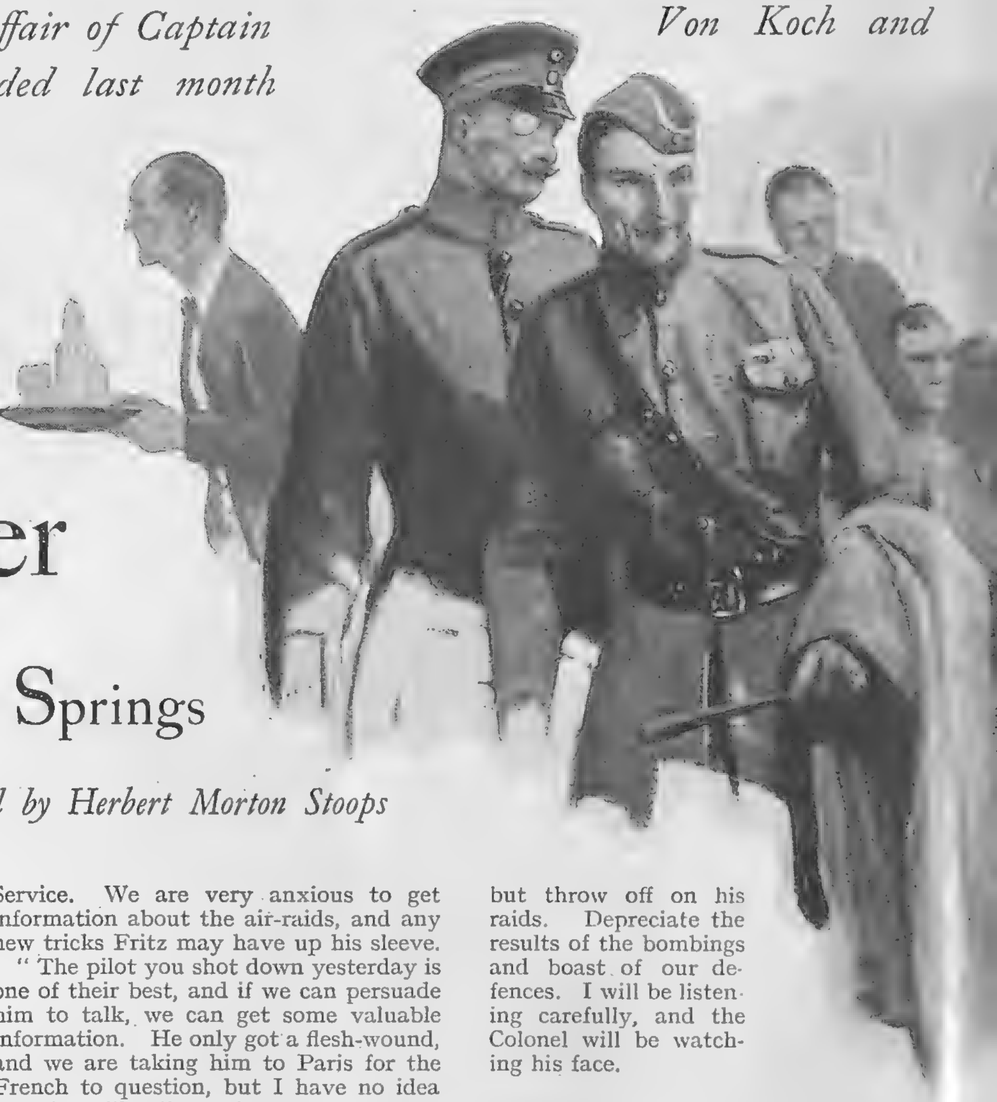
(Continued on page 148)

Lady Diana Duff Cooper

Viscountess Astor, M.P

Professor Einstein

Another Adventure of Carol Banks, pilot and cocktail-shaker-extraordinary, being the Paris sequel to the affair of Captain Von Koch and the five-lens camera recorded last month



The One who was Clever

By Elliott White Springs

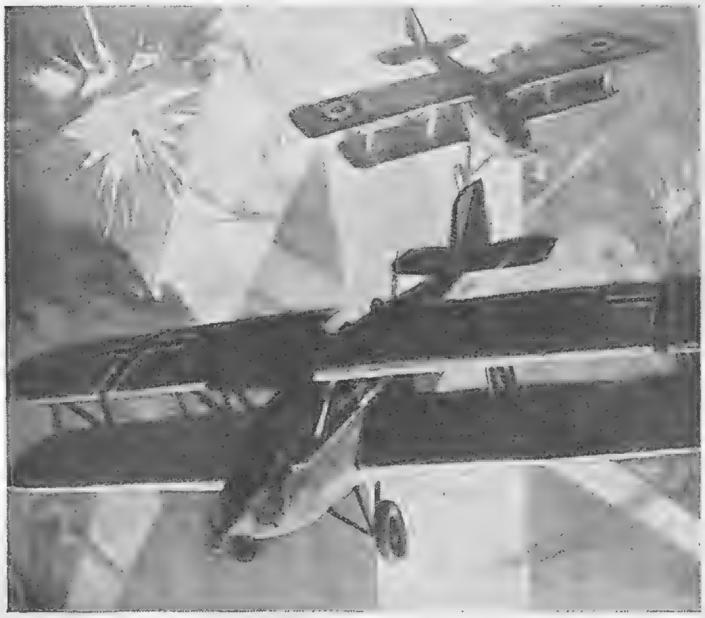
Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

CAROL BANKS was shaving after breakfast when an orderly came in with a message that he was to get ready to go to Paris by motor for four days. In an hour the Colonel's car came for him. The chauffeur brought his orders.

"I might as well tell you," the chauffeur explained to him, when they had stowed his musette-bag in the tonneau and started for the wing headquarters, "that I am really a captain in the Intelligence Service, formerly of Scotland Yard and the Imperial Secret Service. We are very anxious to get information about the air-raids, and any new tricks Fritz may have up his sleeve.

"The pilot you shot down yesterday is one of their best, and if we can persuade him to talk, we can get some valuable information. He only got a flesh-wound, and we are taking him to Paris for the French to question, but I have no idea that he will talk to them. We haven't been able to get a thing out of him so far. He's very clever. So we are going to try different tactics. Here's where you come in. He feels very grateful to you for sparing his life and taking him to a hospital after he landed. Also he lived in America for several years. He won't deliberately give you any information, but he may talk with you and compare notes. He asked to see you again before he was sent to the prison camp.

"We want you to be very friendly with him and discuss your fight yesterday freely. You are off on a holiday, and naturally you will want to do some drinking. Get him to drink with you. He seems fond enough of drink. Make no effort to quiz him, but throw off on his raids. Depreciate the results of the bombings and boast of our defences. I will be listening carefully, and the Colonel will be watching his face.

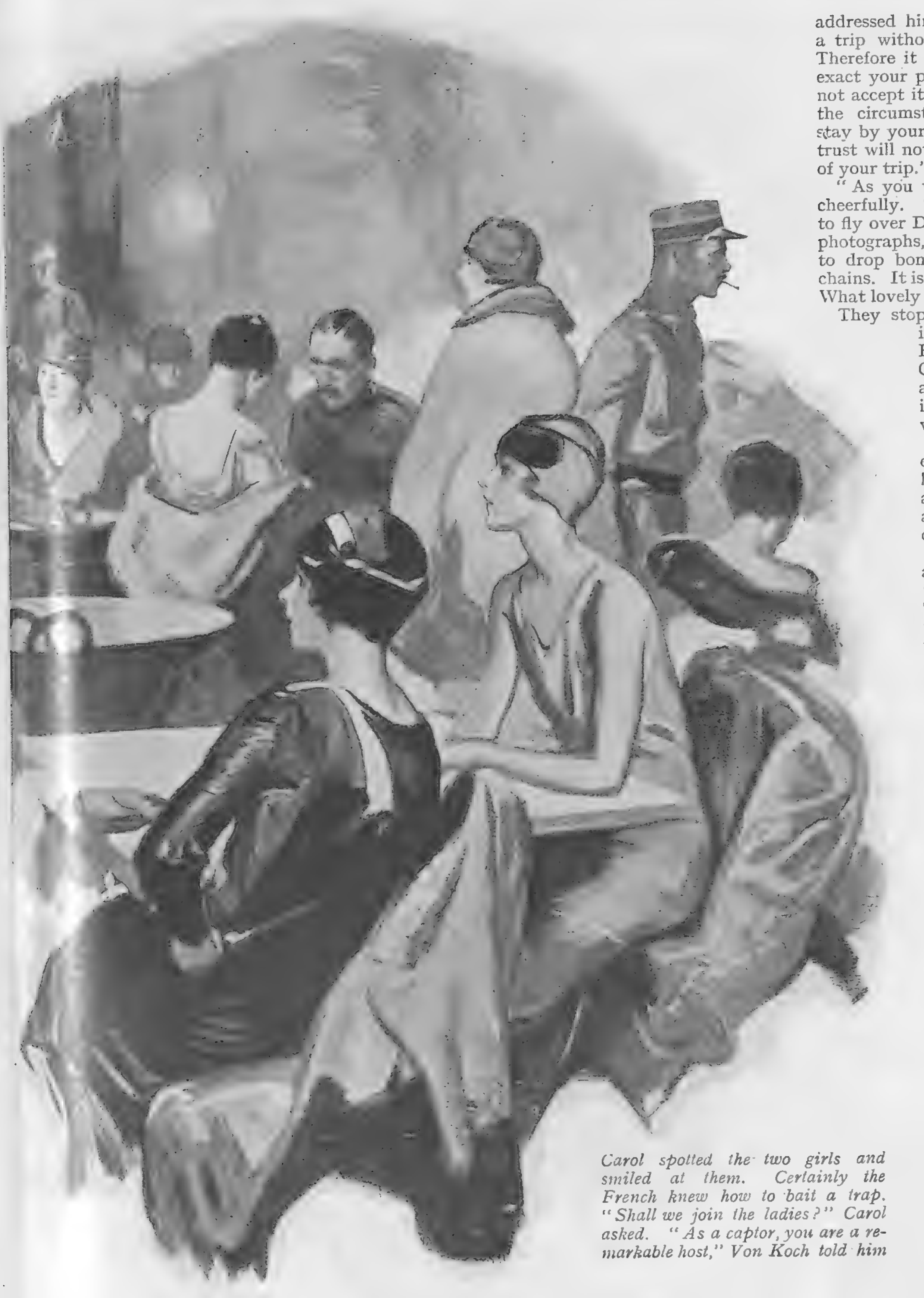


They weren't fifty feet apart now. Carol closed in gradually. . . . . Von Koch apparently sensed his purpose, for he started to turn

"WE want to find out what their greatest obstacle is. We are more than anxious to find out anything we can about the coming offensive, but I doubt if Von Koch knows about it officially. He may know something about the concentration of troops in certain areas. He must have seen the troop-trains from the air, indicating where the concentration is taking place. So boast about our infantry, and throw off on their March offensive, and tell him they blundered, and we are going to push them back next month. Perhaps he will retort when he has had enough to drink.

"He will be guarded by an armed sergeant who is really another Intelligence officer. One of us will always be near you to listen and watch.

"Your cue is always to want a drink. We will stop often to give you the opportunity to get one. Don't force any on Von Koch, but always offer him one. As captor and captive, you might work up a little rivalry in the matter. When we get to Paris, keep it up. The longer we can keep him drunk, the better chance we have of obtaining information. The French will co-operate with us and put as many of their secret service at our disposal as we wish. They will detail their best women operatives to assist us. Get as drunk as you like, provided he is drinking with you. We will stay in Paris as long as is necessary. First you must get his confidence. Don't try to draw him out.



Carol spotted the two girls and smiled at them. Certainly the French knew how to bait a trap. "Shall we join the ladies?" Carol asked. "As a captor, you are a remarkable host," Von Koch told him

Don't try to ingratiate yourself with him. Swear at him occasionally and abuse him good-naturedly. Under no circumstances ask him any question. The Colonel will do that. Do you understand your rôle?"

"Perfectly," Carol assured him. "I might have written the part myself. All I have to do is share my drink with the squarehead and play with two French girls and pretend I like it. I can stay drunk until I wake up and find out it's just the dope that makes me feel that way, and I'm really in a German hospital with a broken back. But tell me this: aren't female spies always very, very beautiful, and very, very kind? Well, these better be up to the standard specifications. If you double-cross me about that, I'll quit the party cold."

THEY picked up the Colonel and Captain von Koch at wing headquarters. An armed sergeant took his place beside the chauffeur and set a mirror so that he could watch his prisoner constantly.

Von Koch had been provided with clean linen and a razor, and expressed himself as being very comfortable.

"Captain von Koch," the Colonel addressed him, "we are taking you on a trip without consulting your wishes. Therefore it is not proper that I should exact your parole. It is not that I will not accept it, but I will not ask it under the circumstances. The sergeant will stay by your side as a formality which I trust will not interfere with the pleasure of your trip."

"As you will, sir," Von Koch agreed cheerfully. "As long as I do not have to fly over Dunkirk this morning to take photographs, or over London to-night to drop bombs, I would not object to chains. It is a beautiful day for pictures. What lovely weather to be shot!"

They stopped at Boulogne for lunch in a private room at the Hotel Folkestone. The Colonel presented Carol with a bottle of rum. He mixed it into a cocktail after advising with Henri in the bar.

"This rum," Carol explained to Von Koch, as he handed him a glass, "came from an anti-aircraft battery. It is very appropriate that we should drink a toast to Archie in it."

"Certainly," Von Koch agreed, much pleased with the present programme. "There are not two men in the world with better title to drink such rum. Sir, I give you Archie, who frightens only beginners and reassures the women and children, but to brave men gives only a laugh."

He drained his glass.

Carol drank his and filled the glasses again.

"Then you don't fear our little playfellow?" the Colonel asked him.

Von Koch drew himself up to his full height and patted his chest.

"Fear him?" he repeated. "I have laughed at Archie over Russia, France, Italy and England. My mother has twenty-two fragments as souvenirs that I have picked from my planes. You, Lieutenant Banks, are the first gunner to bring me down. But for you I would collect souvenirs forever. This time, your health!"

They drank again, and Carol made another shakerful. This was going to be an easy job.

"But what about the barrage over London and Paris?" the Colonel asked Von Koch.

He smiled. He was on his guard in spite of the rum.

"That remains to be seen," he replied after a little hesitation.

They had a pleasant lunch and drove on to Beauvais for tea. Carol varied the drinks, and Von Koch continued to express his delight with the trip. They arrived in Paris in fine spirits.

A LARGE apartment had been reserved for them at a small hotel off the Champs Elysées, and they had a late dinner there. Von Koch voiced his appreciation of the meal and kept Carol company with the champagne, which flowed freely.

"It is such a delight to look forward to a soft bed to-night instead of a hard seat in the cockpit," he confessed.

"I don't blame you for not wanting to go bombing," Carol told him. "It would make me nervous, too. Particularly when we're bringing down so many of your planes."

"A brave man does not anticipate old age," Von Koch told him. "I have already lived beyond my time. Now I am safe. Can you blame me for being satisfied with my lot?"

"No. And you'd be sure to get killed pretty soon. The defences of London are getting better all the time. That's probably why your raiders pick on a soft spot like Dunkirk."

"The ways of the Staff are inscrutable," Von Koch told him.

It was quite evident that this German wasn't giving anything away while he was conscious.

After dinner Carol and Von Koch got very drunk. Still, Von Koch would not open up with any information. He answered all questions good-naturedly and always in the affirmative. He agreed eagerly with anything Carol would say.

Carol was beginning to like this German. He sang drinking songs well and was full of humour about the war in general. Even the Colonel enjoyed the evening, in spite of his disappointment, and Carol noticed that the guard was frequently unable to suppress a smile.

Von Koch told them many things, but somehow it was always something that they knew already.

NEXT morning Carol breakfasted in bed and went out to make some purchases. Then he wandered around to the University Union to see who was in town. He returned with an assortment of choice liquor in time to load up Von Koch with cocktails before lunch.

After lunch they drove to the French Bureau of Information. On the way the Colonel said to Von Koch:

"You are a prisoner of war, and as such we cannot force you to give us any information. But the French are very anxious for you to talk freely to them. If you do, I am authorised to assure you that your captivity will be pleasant."

Von Koch smiled.

"I am a prisoner, as you say," he replied, "and I am grateful for your courtesy. I would gladly repay you for your kindness, but I could not surrender your respect by giving more information to my enemies than you yourself would give in my place."

"As you please," the Colonel told him. "I am not advising you. I am simply putting the proposition before you. We will take you to Rouen to-morrow unless you care to answer the questions the French put to you—in which case you will be sent to South America on parole."

"I thank you," Von Koch said, a little sadly. "I love South America, but I am sure I shall enjoy the coming season in Rouen."

At the Bureau the Colonel and Von Koch went into a private room and left Carol and the guard outside. The chauffeur motioned him aside.

"Our prisoner has been too clever for us," he admitted to Carol. "Now we will be too clever for him. You have done splendidly. Our failure is not due to any fault of yours. Just continue as you are. On the way back from the hotel we will drive past the New York Bar. You will explain when you see it, and ask the Colonel if you may take Captain Von Koch into the bar for a drink to that city. He will agree, and you will go in without escort. The place will be closely watched. In the rear at a table will be two girls. They will have blue hats with gunmetal ornaments, and will permit you to accost them. Join them for a drink, and remain with them until the Colonel comes for you in anger. Then ask the Colonel if you may bring the girls to the hotel. He will agree, and you will follow us in a taxi with the girls. Treat the girls just as you would any women of the streets. They are the best operatives of the French Secret Service and will act their parts well."

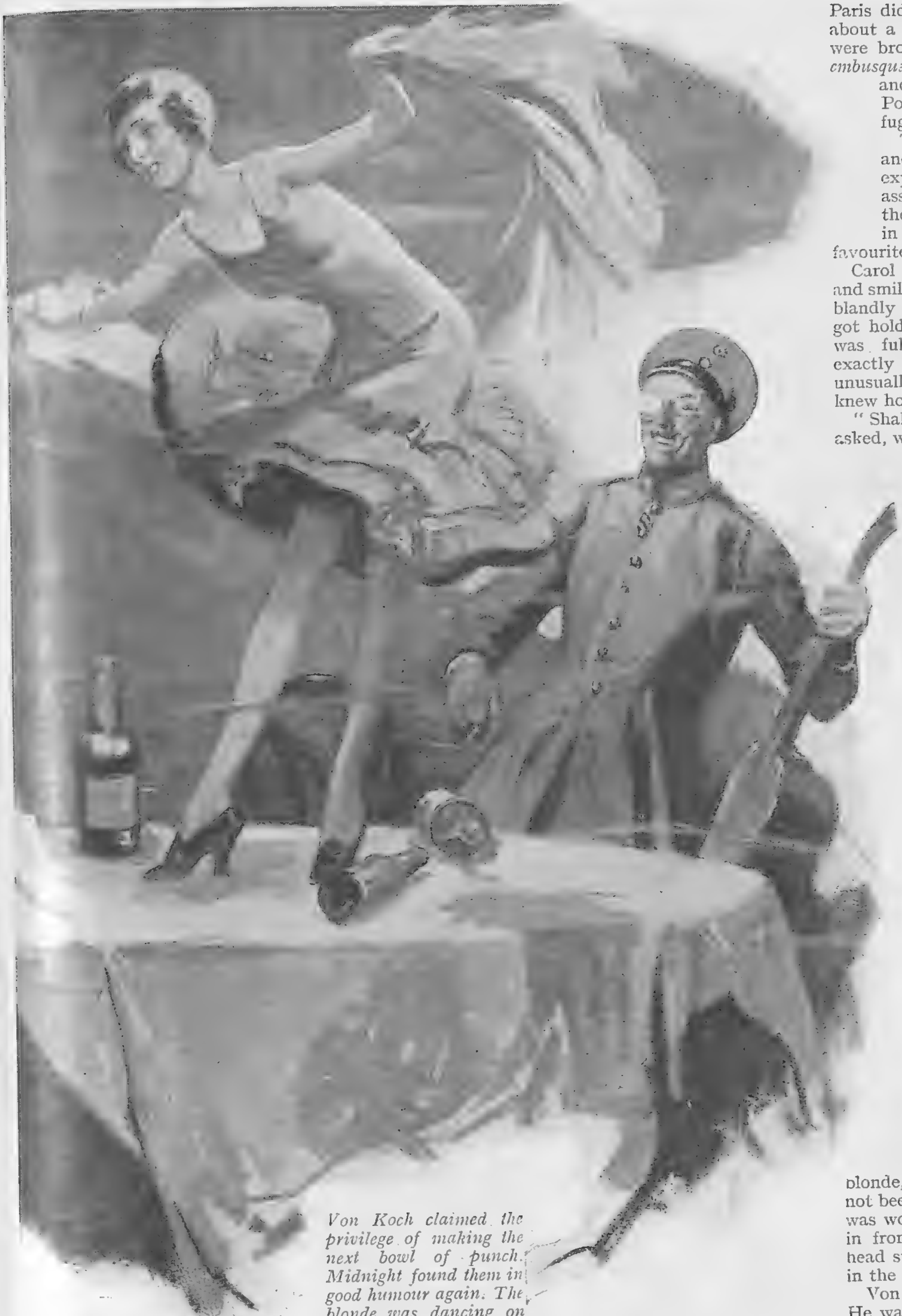
"Say," expostulated Carol, "how far is this thing going to go?"

"The girls have orders to remain with you and Captain von Koch until they get the information they require."

"Well, I hope that squarehead knows how to keep his mouth shut," Carol remarked fervently.

The conference at the Bureau did not last long. The Colonel came out registering disgust, and they all got into the car.

"I'm sorry, Colonel," Von Koch apologised. "But I could not do other-



Von Koch claimed the privilege of making the next bowl of punch. Midnight found them in good humour again. The blonde was dancing on the table.

wise than refuse to betray my comrades. Your trip has been in vain, but I can assure you that I appreciate your kindness. Anything but information I will give you."

They rode on in silence. It was Carol's turn now. He saw the New York Bar ahead of them.

"Colonel, I wonder if you would let me stop at that bar and give Captain von Koch a farewell drink in honour of his enemies across the sea?" he asked. "It would be quite a sensation for me to show up with a captive, and I think the boys would get quite a kick out of it."

"All right," agreed the Colonel, "but only for a moment. I will not embarrass Captain von Koch with his guard."

"I thank you, sir," said Von Koch "Not even the Emperor could command me to leave your company now."

IN the New York Bar no one paid any attention to them. The boys around Paris didn't believe any of the rumours about a war. They thought the bombs were brought by a stork. None of the *embusqués* there had ever seen a German, and they thought Von Koch was a Polish Légionaire or a Portuguese fugitive.

They had an excellent Bronx and toasted Manhattan. Von Koch explained that he had been an assistant consul in America before the war, and had been six months in New York. He mentioned his favourite bars and cafés.

Carol spotted the two girls in the rear and smiled at them. They smiled back so blandly that Carol was afraid he had got hold of the wrong pair. The place was full of them. They all looked exactly alike, except these two were unusually pretty. Certainly the French knew how to bait a trap.

"Shall we join the ladies?" Carol asked, with a wink to Von Koch.

"As a captor, you are a remarkable host," Von Koch told him. "Pray proceed. Yesterday I wooed the Three Fates. To-morrow my cell will be haunted by Joan of Arc in Rouen. To-day I would worship Venus."

They sat down at the table with the girls and ordered a round of drinks.

Carol's French was poor and the girls spoke no English, so Von Koch was forced to interpret for his captor again. It was explained to the girls that they were having the honour to drink with a victor and his victim. They acclaimed the idea and were quite excited about the details of the fight. Von Koch expanded and described the battle. He paid tribute to Carol's valour and made a good story of it.

The Colonel wrathfully appeared after half an hour, and Carol got his request approved. Von Koch almost fell on the Colonel's neck.

Carol brought the two girls back to the hotel in a taxi. He was sorry they were masquerading, but the chauffeur's words gave him hope that there might yet be a pleasant evening ahead of them. One girl was a decided blonde, and Carol felt that the war had not been waged in vain. A face like that was worth ten years of spearing greasers in front of any Troy. If that squarehead started to talk, he'd paste him one in the eye.

Von Koch awaited them impatiently. He was ready to tell the world anything he knew. Tea was ordered, and Carol made some champagne punch.

DINNER was a riot. Carol had fallen violently in love with the blonde. He had forgotten about Von Koch and the war and was playing Post Office. He knew that she was only doing her duty by France and he mustn't really take advantage of her, but all the patriotism from the trenches to the Pyrenees couldn't heat lips like that. Well, Lafayette had another visitor. *Vive la France!*

(*Continued on page* 170)

My Châlet

An Idyll of Swiss

When I am very old, and my children, grown to womanhood, shall ask me, "What is your most vivid memory, Mother ?" I am certain that it will not be of the world's great cities, of time spent in conscientious visits to famous churches, picture galleries, and museums, but of the two years spent with themselves and their father in this little Alpine village of dreamlike loveliness, set on the side of the Dent du Midi, 5,000 feet above sea level, looking down the magnificent Rhône valley, filled on misty days with a vivid blueness which is beautiful until it begins to hurt the eyes. Just at present, however, it spreads before one like a carpet in which the colours are blended by a master hand. The gold of miles of kingcups and cowslips, the blue of countless gentians, the purple of the wild daphne, and the pale yellow of the Alpine primevere make a sight more fit for the eyes of gods than men.

A street in the village of Leysin

THE name of our village is Leysin, the famous place of "Beau-Soleil," and it is even more cosmopolitan than London. Greece, America, France, Portugal, Africa, India, Japan, China, and even far-off Iceland are represented in this little place of seemingly eternal sunshine. From the time of rising until the Alps dress themselves for the evening in the wonderful pink light known as the "Alpine glow" the sun never hides his happy face from those who come to be gently and painlessly cured of all forms of tuberculosis by merely basking like the ancients in the healing, life-giving light which was their religion, the object of their most fervent worship.

Leysin village, set in the side of the Dent du Midi, 5,000 feet above sea level

The Sun-curers are not allowed to reside in châlets but are housed in great clinics above the village itself, and it is like living in the age of the miracles wrought in Biblical times to see the poor, white-faced, hopeless and helpless cripples arrive, many of them on stretchers, not having moved for sometimes as long as fifteen years, grow brown and strong in the sun; then comes the wondrous day when a single step is taken with the aid of crutches, and a watchful, sympathetic nurse in attendance. Six months sees the crutches a thing of the past, and two sticks take their place. Finally, one stick is all that is needed, and generally two years sees the formerly helpless cripple striding down the mountain path towards the little station, sun-burned and bright-eyed, an ardent worshipper of the sun, no matter what other religion may also be the solace of his spiritual being.

The babies, naked, except for a loin-cloth, tumble about all day in the sun

OUR first introduction to the place was in mid-February. All around was the snow, and over that

in the ALPS

Sunshine and Happiness

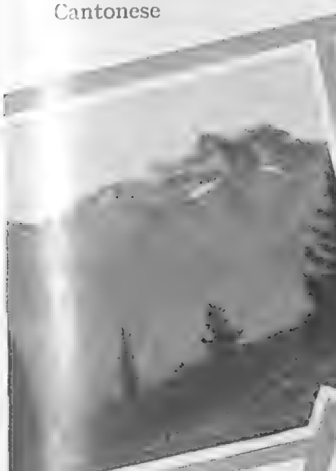
By MRS. PATRICK MACGILL

The wife of the famous Poet

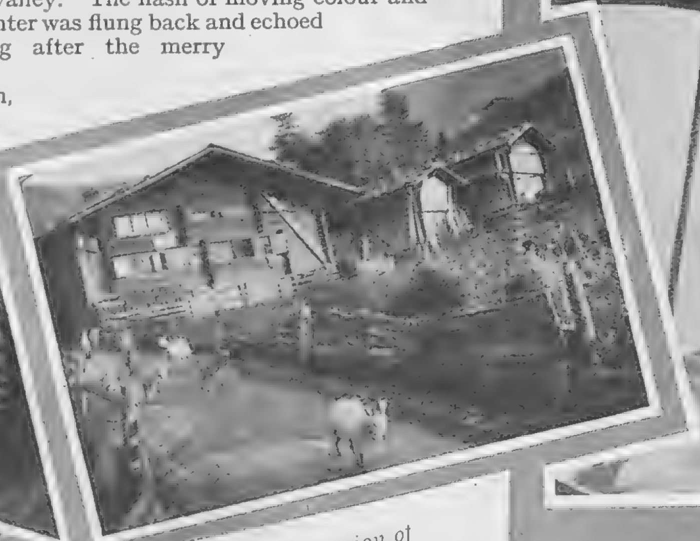
the deep blue, crystal-clear arch of the sky. A charming sight met our eyes when we were flung out at the tiny make-shift station with our three babies, their nurse, and our sixteen pieces of luggage. A bob-sleigh, full of little peasant children, was tailing from the village of Véyge through Leysin down to Aigle, which lies in the valley. The flash of moving colour and riotous, high-pitched laughter was flung back and echoed by the mountains long after the merry procession had passed.

Our châlet, with its clean, clear-eyed, placid Cantonese maid, was one of the oldest in the village, and bore the carving of its builder, Jacques Favre, who had apparently brought his bride to it in 1599, for two hearts and a circle of daisies were intertwined with the figures, and "Marie" was carved beneath the "Jacques."

Mrs. Patrick Macgill off for a run on skis



Dent du Midi and Mont Blanc



A procession of milk-white kids

Mrs. Patrick Macgill's three children, Ursula and Priscilla (twins) with their younger sister, Sheila, on a bob-sleigh at Leysin.

THE rough but efficient structure of the place had not been changed through the long years of its use, and these Swiss mountain châlets have to be well built to withstand the onslaught of the mighty winds that sweep down from the heights in the winter with an echo like that of a thousand wolves wild with hunger. The bottom part of "Mon Désir" (the châlet from which I am writing) consists of a long, low room raftered with larch, with polished pine settles around the walls, and great beams supporting the roof. A rudely carved wooden staircase leads up to the bedrooms, and on the south side, catching the early morning sun, is a wide gallery, where the babies, naked, except for a loin-cloth, tumble about all day in the sunshine like playful, mischievous puppies, and sometimes our Swiss maid, who never leaves the dishes on the table without a pleasant "Bon appétit, Madame et Monsieur," or, if we are going for a walk, "Une bonne promenade," joins them, and for a while becomes as they, such is the charming simplicity of the Swiss character where it is unspoiled.

IT feels as if one is taking part in a Hans Andersen fairy tale when, down the rugged path past the châlet door each morning comes a quaint procession of milk-white kids, little bleating lambs, fine, large dogs, beautifully kept, drawing light milk carts, and peasant girls with calm, steady, blue eyes, and the unhurried gait of those to whom cities, with their time tables and artificial means of locomotion, are things unknown. A market is held under our châlet window once a week, and the peasants, who sometimes walk all night over the most perilous mountain paths in order to be in time with their little home-made baskets, carved toys, and beautiful embroideries, possess a keen

(Continued on page 96)

Hollywood

Madder than ever is this community of film folk—a veritable topsy-turvydom of economic values—as witness the waitresses who come to work in their own motor cars while posts of tremendous responsibility command (relatively) tiny salaries

Ruth Chatterton. Highest paid of any of Hollywood's new women stars, Miss Chatterton is now hard at work on her tenth talkie

Kate Corbaley. Through her hands passes all the story material for endless films. She is paid less than a "star's" personal maid

"Mother" Coulter, wardrobe mistress and miracle worker! How she remodels a star's "creation" six different times is her own jealously guarded secret

IT is said—and truthfully—that not one of the famous authors who have tried to put the real Hollywood between book covers has succeeded. The fault lies not so much with the writers as with the factory system of standardisation from which—in Hollywood—there is almost no possibility of escape. The more eminent the writer is the less chance he has of being allowed even to suspect the truth.

The Wampas make it their business to see that visiting and resident publicists obtain only that kind of information which the film factory heads wish to have disseminated. (The Wampas are film press agents banded together as the Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, their chief claim to distinction being their annual selection of thirteen Wampas' Baby Stars.) Until the Wampas have scrutinised and approved your credentials, you have virtually no chance of getting past the front gate of any studio in Hollywood. Once, however, they accept your *bona fides*, there is, seemingly, nothing you can want to know which they will not tell you—to the tune of hundreds of pages of foolscap fresh from the mimeograph machines. Interviews with studio executives, directors and stars are arranged for you almost as fast as you make the requests.

And when your carefully conducted tour of investigation is at an end, you will have "discovered" only what everyone of those who have preceded you has been permitted to learn!

Having had ten years in Hollywood film factories—in various subordinate positions prior to my "arriving" as a scenarist—I knew most of the tricks of the trade and was able, therefore, to dodge the spoon-feeding process to some extent. Moreover, my one evening at the Haunted House Club had awakened me to the fact that its membership constitutes a cross-section of the real Hollywood about which very little has ever been written—those tens of thousands of poor devils of both sexes who are as wickedly underpaid as the few hundreds of the lucky ones are ridiculously overpaid. As a result of that visit, I determined to delve deeply into the secrets of the Hollywood that *is*.

As a start, consider the case of Natalie Bucknall.

through the Looking Glass

By Kathlyn Hayden

Natalie Bucknall. In charge of an important Hollywood research department, this gifted Russian woman is responsible for the authenticity of every detail of every production made at that studio

Ruth Harriet Louise. A self portrait of the clever woman who turns out an annual average of five thousand photographs of a famous film company's stars and lesser lights

Charlotte Wood. Once upon a time Miss Wood was a film actress of decided promise. Now she is one of the workers in one of the biggest publicity departments in Hollywood. She specialises in "feminine fashion" publicity

Mrs. Bucknall, wife of an officer in the British Navy, is research director at one of the biggest of the film factories. To this position—of supreme importance as regards every detail of production of period films and films with foreign settings—Mrs. Bucknall has brought a wealth of culture and knowledge. A Russian by birth, she speaks, reads and writes eight languages perfectly. She carries the Russian medal of the Order of Saint Anne, as well as the medals of the Order of the British Empire and the Order of St. John.

During the Revolution in Russia she was arrested by the Bolsheviks and sentenced to be shot. How she escaped and made her way to England are secrets. Knowing her as well as I do, I should not think of enquiring into these matters. One instinctively feels reluctant even to remind her of the terror through which she lived.

For three years, Mrs. Bucknall has been in charge of this research department. In this period she has been responsible for the correctness of the sets, furnishings and costumes of such films as *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *Old Heidelberg*, *West of Zanzibar*, *The Cossacks*, *The Red Mill*, and scores of others calling for research work.

She has built up a reference library, combining both ancient and modern data, as amazingly comprehensive as it is intensely practical. Every day in the year come to her the world's illustrated periodicals—every article and every picture in which is cut out and pasted on cardboard of uniform size, to be filed away under its proper heading.

FOR every film produced by this factory, twenty-five copies of the scenario are typed. Mrs. Bucknall always receives copy No. 3—the first two going respectively to the director and the star. Before the rough sketches of the sets are drawn, the head of the production department—himself a noted architect—confers with Mrs. Bucknall. Follow conferences with the director, the star, the wardrobe mistress and—in many instances—the wig-maker.

As part of her preliminary work on *The Trail of '98*, she furnished the director of that film with 1,500 photostatic copies of that number of pages of the San Francisco newspapers of 1898—with their crude reproductions of photographs despatched from the Yukon.

Mrs. Bucknall's weekly wage is seventy-five dollars (£15). On her shoulders rests the responsibility for the authenticity of films whose total production cost exceeds, in the course of a year, two million pounds!

She is far too intelligent not to appreciate the incongruity of the situation. On the other hand, it is only when her salary is contrasted with the £1,500 a week which, for example, Clarence Brown receives that it might be regarded as inadequate. And a woman with such a keen sense of humour as she has must derive a vast amount of satisfaction from the fact that executives, directors and the studio technicians invariably accept her pronouncements as authoritative. It helps to account for the fact that I have never heard her express dissatisfaction with her lot.

ALL the same, Mrs. Bucknall was as keenly interested to learn all I could tell her of conditions in British film studios as were most of those with whom I talked. In her case, of course, there are obvious reasons for her longing to return to England. But she will probably continue indefinitely in her present post at her present salary. For assurances have been given to her that one day—if she proves herself fitted for the job—she will become the world's first woman director of a talkie!

Then there is Mrs. Bert Terrill—the Englishwoman who has the keys to the dressing rooms of the women stars of

Doris Hill. A Wampas baby star who has abundantly proved the press agents' wisdom. Critics say that her performance in the Studio Murder Mystery is exceptional

another studio, and to their hearts as well. Her job is to mother these temperamental ladies whose annual salaries resemble some astronomical total. She sees that they are curled and frilled and on time on the set—that their rooms are filled with fresh flowers daily—are warm in winter and cool in summer. Does Miss Garbo or Miss Davies or Miss Shearer arrive out of sorts and disinclined to work, it is up to Mrs. Terrill to revive their drooping spirits. And this she never fails to do! Nobody can guess how many tens of thousands of dollars this charming old lady has saved her employers—but almost any imaginable figure would be hardly too big. When a star's salary works out at forty pounds an hour—and this is by no means a top figure—the importance of making them happy and zestful for their work needs no stressing!

Mrs. Terrill's salary is thirty-five dollars a week—less than one-half as much as many of these stars pay to their personal maids.

Blanche Sewell, the frail little girl who "cuts" all the big he-men pictures, including the Lon Chaney films, is the highest paid woman film editor in the business. Miss Sewell has been with one company ever since it was organised. The front office thoroughly appreciates her superlative skill as a cutter. The executives know they can safely leave in her tiny hands the fate of stars and lesser actors. Upon her critical judgment depends how much of any of them remains in the picture or is consigned to the cutting-room floor.

Viewed by any standards other than those of a Hollywood film factory, Miss Sewell's salary would seem to be large—but there are a half-dozen *men* cutters at this especial plant who receive wages from one-third to one-half greater than hers, for all that, they edit considerably fewer pictures in the course of a year than she does.

FIFTEEN years and more ago, "Billy" Bitzer—D. W. Griffith's protégé who received all the credit for the photography in *The Birth of a Nation*—drew a salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars (£150) a week. To-day in Hollywood there are several camera men under long term contracts whose salaries exceed this figure. Such a camera man feels that he has done a hard year's work if in that period he "grinds" on as many as four films.

By way of a stunning contrast, consider the case of Ruth Harriet Louise.

Miss Louise makes every "still" photograph of every *male*—from executives to office boys—on one of the biggest of Hollywood's "lots." (Curiously enough, it is a man photographer, Clarence Bull, for whom all the *women* at this studio sit.) Every year Miss Louise turns out more than 5,000 portraits. It is only when one considers the tremendous difference, photographically speaking, between a Ramon Novarro and a Lon Chaney, a William Haines and a John Gilbert, a Lionel Barrymore and a Nils Asther—that one can faintly appreciate how really great an artist this youthful and intelligent woman is.

Miss Louise receives a salary which is less than that paid to more than one *assistant* camera man employed at the same studio!

"Mother" Coulter, in charge of the wardrobe department of one of the big plants, remembers when Irving played in *The Bells* in New York—as well as being able to name all the laces and dress materials ever made. Herself an old-time actress, she knows all there is to know about back-stage life in the American theatre since chorus girls first showed their curves and stepped out with stage door Johnnies for nine-course dinners. Of greater importance is her ability to take a creation especially designed for, say, Baclanova and worn by her once in one film—and so re-model it as to permit its next being worn, in another film, by an actress of lesser standing. Following this first transformation, the gown comes back to Mother Coulter, who again—in some mysterious fashion—alters its appearance sufficiently for it to be worn in a third film by an actress of lesser importance than wearer number two. Eventually this one gown—now completely unrecognisable—adorns some extra woman. On occasions, Mother Coulter has performed the miracle of making a single gown appear to be six different ones!

A greater miracle—never once has the original wearer of the dress been able to discover it in any of its subsequent re-incarnations! Nobody knows how many tempestuous scenes Mother Coulter's cleverness has spared the front office!

As wardrobe mistresses go, her salary would not be considered niggardly, but—for Hollywood—she is grossly underpaid.

KATE Corbaley, so-called "Story Editor," is in charge of the reading department of one of the big producing companies. With an assistant editor and three secretaries, Mrs. Corbaley keeps fifty men and women readers busy. The department turns out synopses of not less than the equivalent of 300 full-length novels each week—an average of a novel a day per reader! Mrs. Corbaley's chief task is to read each of these synopses and submit it to the director or star who, in her opinion, might accept it for production. She has had nearly twenty years of experience in the business.

Her salary is one hundred dollars (£20) a week!

FINALLY, there is Charlotte Wood, one of the half-score members of the publicity department of another of the film factories. Miss Wood's specialty is " feminine fashion publicity." Her annual output is to be counted in terms of miles of printed columns anent the gowns and hats and shoes and " undies " which grace the ladies of her lot. Also she arranges the business details connected with those testimonials which stars give to face creams and eye-lash beautifiers—a profit-making arrangement for her studio, let it be added.

Miss Wood's ability as a writer and as *a news-maker* would enable her to command a salary at least twice as big as her present wage—in any first-class newspaper office. But she evinces no desire to make the change which would so considerably increase her income.

Why ?

The answer is not simple. But the reasons influencing all of these women have several points in common.

(*Continued on page* 150)

RAQUEL TORRES.
MARY BRIAN.

RAQUEL TORRES.

Daughter of Paul Osterman, a Los Angeles merchant, she is not nearly so Spanish as her nom de théâtre would suggest. Specifically chosen to play the lead in "White Shadows in the South Seas"

MARY BRIAN.

They call her the "sweetest girl in Hollywood"—and even Hollywood sometimes hits it right! If you remember her Wendy in "Peter Pan," you will be glad to know that she has made a big hit in a new talkie

Miss Joan Harben, who played the part of Sweet Ann Page in "Merry Wives." She is the daughter of Mary Jerrold.

Sasha

Miss Mary Grew (below) is Mr. Dennis Neilson Terry's leading lady in "Typhoon."

Janet Jevons

The Stage of Today

Sasha.

Miss Margaret Bannerman, who has returned to the London stage after her Australian tour.

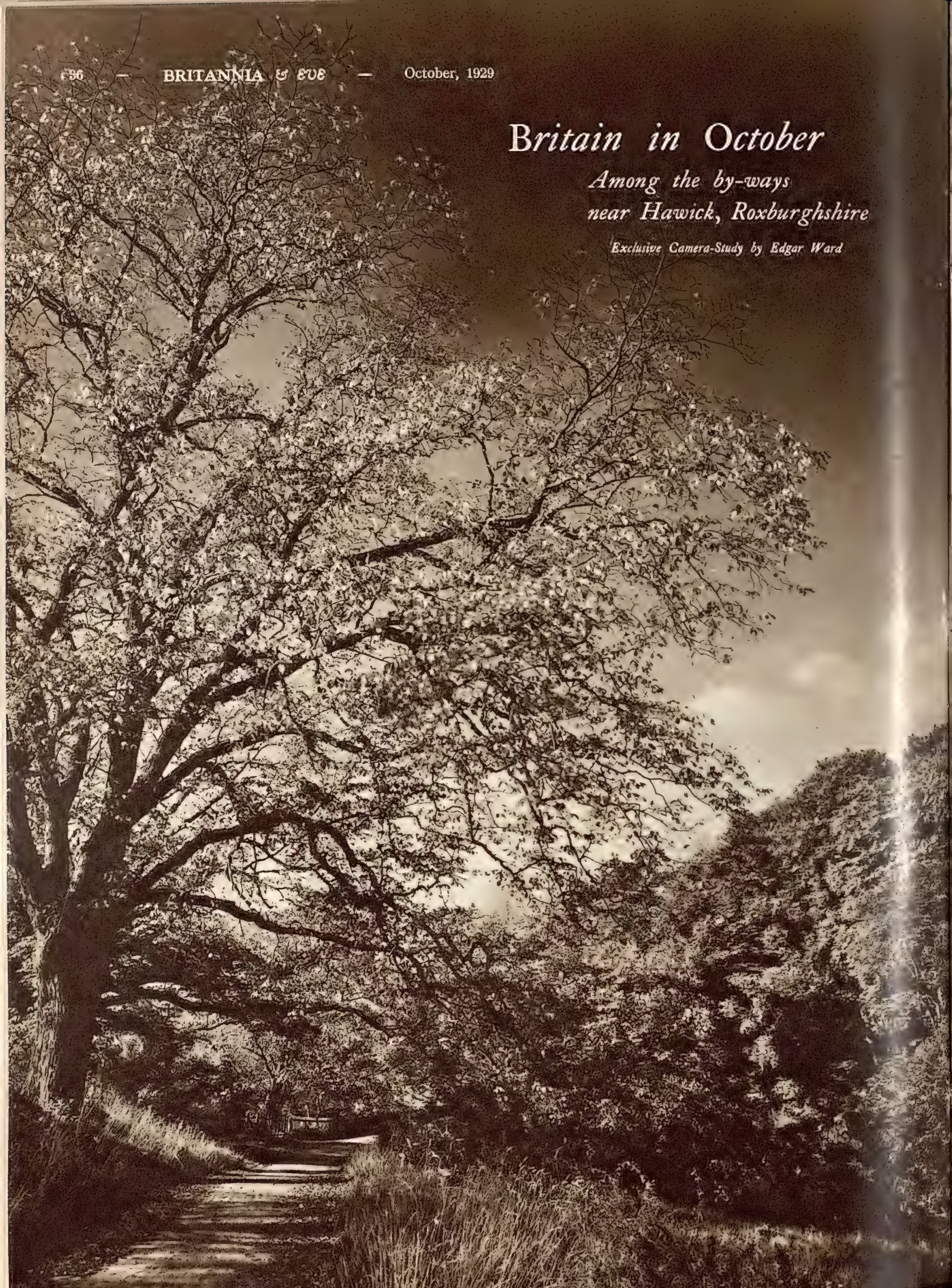
Miss Peggy Wood is leading lady in Noel Coward's latest success, "Bitter Sweet."

Sasha.

Miss Peggy Fremantle

Who contributes to this number, is the younger daughter of Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, G.C.B., M.V.O., and Lady Fremantle. Sir Sydney, who has had a distinguished naval career, was recently invested with the G.C.B., thus making the fourth consecutive generation of his family to receive this honour and to attain the rank of Admiral. Whilst serving as a Rear Admiral in the Mediterranean during the war he was responsible for the successful evacuation of Cape Helles (Gallipoli). Miss Fremantle's grandfather, the late Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., was a brother of the late Lord Cottesloe.

Dorothy Wilding



Britain in October

Among the by-ways
near Hawick, Roxburghshire

Exclusive Camera-Study by Edgar Ward

MICHAEL ANGELO

The Colossus of Art : Part II

Continuing the life story of one of the greatest artists in the history of the world, by the eminent German biographer of The Kaiser Wilhelm II, Napoleon, Goethe, and The Son of Man (Jesus Christ)

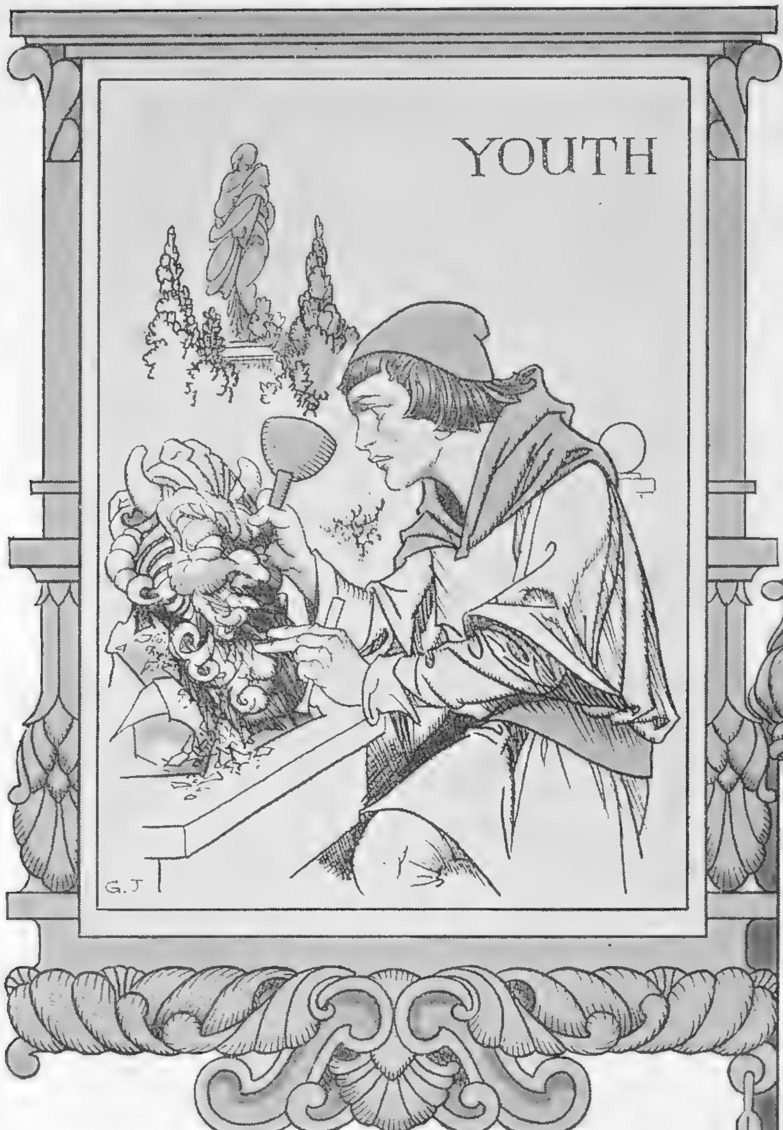
EMIL LUDWIG

WHILE the Master was standing on the scaffolding and creating again the great world, the little world around him was all upside down. It would have been a matter of indifference to him whether the Emperor and the Pope were enemies or allies, or whether the Vice-King of Naples was leagued with or opposed to the King of France. But if the name of Florence came to his ears he was all attention, for these were his own people, driven or hindered by every turn of events in their personal fate. Now, when he was stretching his half-cramped limbs at home in the evening, and was thinking out what profile or what *putti* carrying the plinth would have to be painted in the morning, he received the news that danger was threatening in Florence: Lorenzo's banished sons, with whom he had been brought up, had taken advantage of the conflict in which Julius was involved, for he was angry with the city for its favourable treatment of the Schismatics.

Synopsis of Part I

The genius of Michael Angelo, the fourteen-year-old son of a Florentine merchant, is recognised by Lorenzo de Medici, and it is while still under his patronage that he receives from a fellow worker the blow in the face that disfigures him for life. Three times he visits Rome: at the age of twenty-one—by the request of Pope Julius the Second, to return disillusioned to his native city, after coming into conflict with the arrogance of His Holiness—and yet again when commissioned by the Pope to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel

Yes, just as the work was nearing completion, the Master heard the alarming news that a Spanish army had destroyed the Prato. The frightened Florentines the next day deposed Soderini, who, they thought, had been in power too long. The friends of the Medici had gained the upper hand, and Lorenzo's sons, first the handsome Giuliano and then Giovanni the Cardinal, surrounded



by four hundred armed men, had entered and made themselves masters of the city, swearing at the same time that they would remain ordinary citizens

WHAT a conflict in the mind of Michael Angelo! The love of freedom and of the liberty of the city allowed him to feel with those who had now again lost power; the destruction of the Prato and the deposition of Soderini angered him, but, at the same time, memories and gratitude drew him to the side of the Medici. Wisdom prompted him first to counsel his father and brothers to flight, and then again to remain; but in a letter to Giuliano he begged that the position and property of his people might be respected, for they seemed to be losing both. And did not his own existence as an artist depend on the life of the Pope, and on the choice of his successor, whom people imagined to be the Cardinal Medici?

The times were out of joint. A short time before the troops of Bologna had again captured their city; the mob had torn the statue of the Papal despot from the portal of the cathedral, and, as he crashed, the bronze Julius had burst into pieces. When the Pope had entered the city as a victorious general, he had ordered that the cannon of the defeated troops should be used for his bronze statue. Four years later the bronze Pope was again turned into a cannon, which was christened " Julia " in mockery.

Bitter must have been the feelings of the sculptor when he thought how unwillingly he had begun this work and in what anger he had finished it.

But Michael Angelo's nature could not for long regard the past: the forty figures still stood before him, and demanded their existence. The ceiling was three-quarters finished when the Master again began to talk of the tomb. Julius, beset by dangers, and uncertain how much time remained to him, did not say no, and raised the hopes of the worried artist by agreeing that he should arrange his house for the work of carting in marble and should look for assistants. Also, in his will, he wrote that the tomb should be carried out according to the plans and the contracts. Suddenly, four months after the completion of the Sistine Chapel, death smote the Pope in the midst of fresh combats. Giovanni Medici became Pope, and took the name of Leo the Tenth.

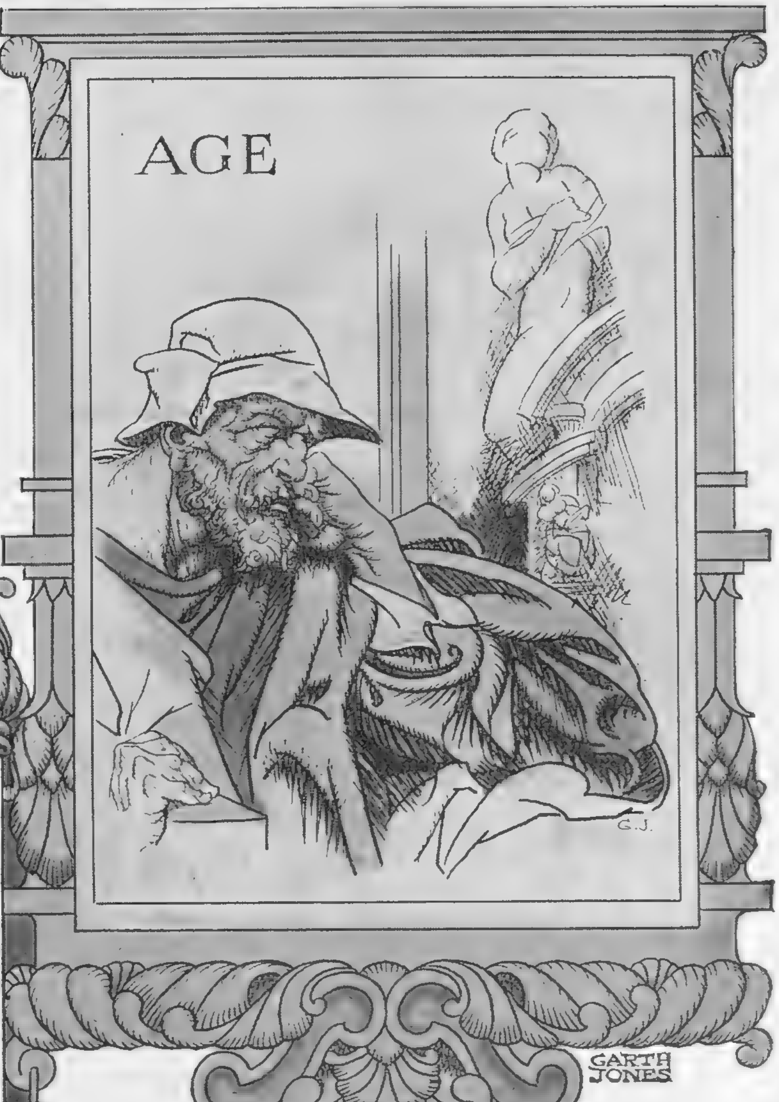
Leo was a lesser man than Julius, and the golden age which had been anticipated on his accession proved to be merely gilded. He gave a great deal of work to artists, and was fortunate enough to be able to adorn himself with the greatest names of the Renaissance. Musical, witty, and highly educated by his father, he was more uncertain than his predecessor, and conspicuous for nothing but his ability as a diplomat.

Bramante and Raphael both appealed to his nature, but premature death robbed him of both. Michael Angelo did not so appeal; it is certain that Leo was afraid of him, respected him, and left him in peace; this suited the Master: to be left in peace to build the tomb for Julius. A new contract with the heirs of Julius changed the plan of the erection, but everything of importance was left; it increased the dimensions of the structure, gave him seven years for its execution and a rich monthly income.

FOR three years everything went well; at that time, from his thirty-ninth to his forty-first year, life for the Master flowed

Night, by Michael Angelo. One of the figures just as he would wish. There he sat in his marble fortress near the Capitol, and was destined to spend the rest of his life there. In these three years he created three figures. Moses, who was to be one of the colossal figures on the superstructure of the tomb, was a sort of idealised Julius. He seems to belong to the race of Prophets who look down from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and, in comparing the two, the sculptural origin of Michael Angelo's painted figures is more clearly realised. But still more wonderful than this fighting prophet are the nameless figures which are the fulfilment of his symbolic art. As he created one portrait only in both marble and oil, both of which are lost, so that the likeness is unknown; as he never worked from a model and only occasionally from a dead body, and always created the heads out of his own brain, so the swarms of his figures in marble and in paint have no counterpart among living men. In this respect his works recall the antique, but only in this respect.

Most of the figures are of prisoners. In their glance is sadness, in their very grasp lies a question, and because they are naked they seem to be an expression of the primæval world, the realisation of which marked out the Master from his own period and from his fellow men. The two slaves are, therefore, symbols of the nature of the Master, and more powerful because we received them as fragments. As lonely figures they are nameless, and whether they were intended to represent the arts or provinces is to-day an unnecessary controversy.



in the Chapel of the Medici at Florence

They both stand bound to rocks; the first tries to free himself, the second endures the constraint; the one, as he tugs at his cords, looks up into heaven as if in entreaty, the other, with head thrown back, has closed his eyes and is looking into his own soul.

TO Michael Angelo the world gave no peace. The Master, undisturbed by the claims of Pope Leo during the three years in which he had lived next to him in Rome, was worried by the Pope in Florence. The change of work, allied to political and family reasons, led the Master for the next few years to alternate his residence between Rome, Florence and Carrara. When the Pope visited his father's grave, and found the church as simple as Lorenzo himself had been, he decided to erect a wonderful façade to the glory of the Medici. Raphael, the two Sansovinos, and others laid plans before him. Michael Angelo was also asked to submit a plan, and, without thinking of the consequences, he did so.

At first his desire was only to make several statues for San Lorenzo; then, however, he refused to work with the others and made fresh enemies. He again made a grandiose contract: in eight years he was to erect eighteen statues in San Lorenzo, besides reliefs and brickwork, and was to receive forty thousand ducats. But, as if the first project wished to revenge itself on the second, the two began to get intermingled: the blocks which he got in Carrara for the tomb began, for his eyes, to assume double faces; they took on the aspect of those figures which he intended for the memory of Lorenzo, not of Julius. Leo now ordered him to come to Rome, as Julius had once done; he and none other should make the figures for the façade. And, meanwhile, what of the old contract? The heirs of the former Pope bring pressure to bear on the new one, until at last he permits the artist to work on both undertakings simultaneously. A new contract—the third—for the tomb was the result; instead of forty figures it comprised twenty only. The artist, as his contemporaries report, wept over the disappearance of the old work, but, at the same time, he writes of the new undertaking: "I have the courage to make the façade of San Lorenzo such as to be for all Italy a mirror of all architecture, and sculpture. Only the Pope and the Cardinal must decide quickly whether they want me to do it or not." In this dissension he began the new work.

The Pope's feelings also were doubtful: "When he speaks of you," a friend writes to the Master, "it is as if he speaks of a brother; almost with tears in his eyes. He has told me that you were brought up together . . . . but you excite fear in everyone, even in the Pope." On another occasion Leo said of him: "He is great, but terrible; one cannot live with him." So there was distrust between the two, and even the bond which united the Master with Julius in anger and in devotion to art did not exist between himself and Leo. Marble is marble, and it was inevitable that there should be difficulties in the business involved by the two undertakings. More than twenty years after these complications, Michael Angelo wrote to a priest: "I will confess a misdemeanour to you. When at that time I stayed thirteen months in Carrara on account of the tomb, and required money, I expended a thousand ducats on marble blocks for this work, which Pope Leo had given me for the façade of San Lorenzo, or, rather, to keep me occupied. I had words with him and made difficulties only out of love for that first work, and now fools who were not then born afflict me with the name of thief and usurer."

IN addition, the craft itself presented difficulties, which were enhanced by the selfishness of his patrons, their agents, and their bankers. "It is a risky matter," he writes from Carrara, "particularly with such large stones as I require, and in the good condition that I need. One which I had hewn suddenly showed certain veins in the direction of the grain of the mountain, which could not have been foreseen, so that I have lost two pillars and have half thrown my money away." And suddenly the order was given that he should no longer go for marble to Carrara, when he knew every quarry in the mountains: he was to go to the quarries of Seravezza, in the working of which the Pope, the Cardinal and the City of Florence had an interest. He protested, pointing to the difficulty of quarrying, but in vain.

Finally, when he is ready to begin the work, and has bought a house in Florence, Cardinal Medici sets on foot a fresh quarrel, on the grounds that he does not work quickly enough and is too despotic. In the wildness of his mood, the Master himself now presses for the dissolution of his contract for the façade: the Pope is satisfied: the expenses are regarded as cancelled; no accounts are demanded, and he is free. But three years have been lost. Worry of all kinds followed and a breakdown of the hitherto healthy man of forty-five was the consequence. He lay inactive, troubled and despairing. Must he not harbour strange thoughts, seeing that one tomb after another is offered to him and then is torn away? Was not death all the nearer to him, since he worked constantly for the memory of the dead? However, when the Florentines at this time petitioned the Pope to be allowed to transport Dante's remains, he added beneath his signature: "I offer myself for the erection of a tomb for the divine poet which shall be worthy of his person, in a place of honour in this city." At this time he also made for the Roman citizens a standing naked figure of Christ, but, beset by troubles and duties, on this occasion, to the great detriment of the work, he sent off the statue unfinished, with an assistant, who had to finish the fingers, toes, and beard, who did not understand much, and erected the statue badly.

The King of France asked for something from his hand, but he sent nothing. But for the Medici, who demanded everything from him when it suited them, he designed window shutters of open-work metal. In spite of this, however, he was described at the Vatican Court as being exceptionally egotistic, breaking all contracts to humour his own whim. But Leo soon died, and Michael Angelo, as old as he, was to outlive him by more than forty years.

BRITANNIA & EVE'S

£1,000 Film Competition

The Editor regrets that, owing to an unavoidable delay in the judging of the entries, he is obliged to postpone the result of the Competition until the November issue

At this time he is supposed to have overcome his shyness and to have drawn a portrait of himself, for a special reason. A friend of his youthful days with Ghirlandajo, with whom he had learnt to paint frescoes, a passable painter of sound character and kindly heart, who chattered freely and who wished to earn some money, came to Michael Angelo and confided to him that he was to draw him for one of the Medici to whose son Michael Angelo had recently stood as godfather. They feared, however, that he would again refuse. Then he took his pen and made for his old friend a drawing from which the portrait was painted.

SINCE the time when, as a fifteen-year-old wondering boy, he set foot for the first time in Lorenzo's palace, his fate seemed to have been bound up with that of the Medici, even though he tried to avoid them and the whirl of circumstances divided their paths. Tied as he was by the claims of ancient duties, and at the same time prompted by reason to serve the mighty, Michael Angelo had to submit to the moods of Lorenzo's heirs, and thereby lost ten years.

The young Giulio, nephew of Leo, who, after a short interval, wore the tiara as Clement II, piled up plans for the Master, whom he immediately summoned to Rome, and then threw over these plans for fresh ones. But, amongst them all, both serious and ludicrous, the shade of Pope Julius appeared again, like a ghost haunting the whole course of Michael Angelo's life to demand his tomb. Julius's heirs now threatened litigation, and demanded back the money which the sculptor had received years before, and he, at his wits' end, hoped for the Pope's intervention, and finally did what might be expected of him—fled from the quarrel.

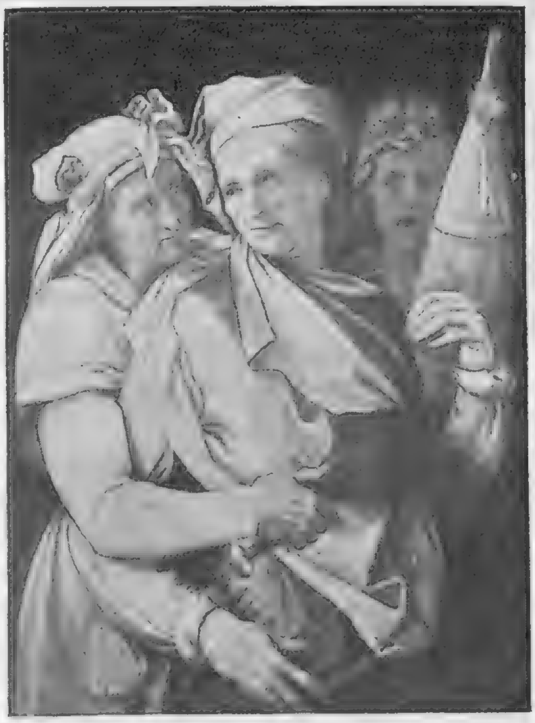
In the midst of much depression, which weakened him and made him feel that he was old, since for one day's work he required four days' rest; in the midst of this fear of a soul that felt the world as strange and therefore got more deeply involved in it, he was relieved by a plan which the new Pope had discussed with him when he was still a Cardinal, and which now took a clearer form. Once again it was a tomb.

Instead of the glittering façade, he was to erect tombs for the Medici inside the church: first it was to be four structures in the round, then four let into the walls, then six, so that the two Medici Popes could lie next each other, and finally it was agreed on two only, for the two Dukes, and therefore not for the Popes nor for Lorenzo.

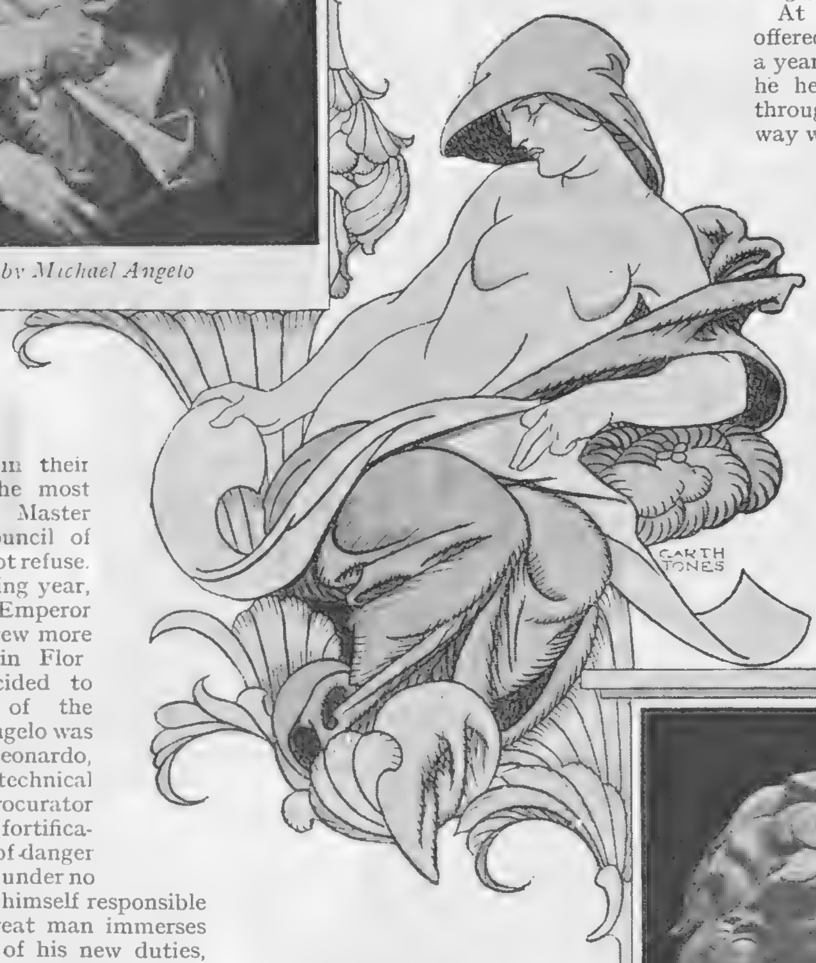
MICHAEL ANGELO worked at the seven figures for these two tombs from his fiftieth to his sixtieth year. In these ten years, when he lived mainly in Florence, he was oppressed by many troubles; war and politics, illness, the loss of his people, danger to his life, separation from a beloved person, the never ending conflict with his old duties—everything flowed together to increase his depression.

Again it was the Medici who were the source of fortune and disaster for him. Rome fell into the hands of a Spanish-German army, and was plundered, and the Pope was prisoner in the castle of Ste Angelo. That was the signal for the restless Florentines to drive out the two Medici who lived in Florence, and again to found a Republic in the spirit of Savonarola. Should Michael Angelo alone oppose the revolt in his own city? What did these decadent heirs matter to him? Alessandro, who had set himself up as the Lord of Florence, was the illegitimate great-grandson of Lorenzo—a wild, pleasure-loving man; would this man continue the tomb of the Medici, while, in the town, the people were raging against the family, and his patron was a prisoner in Rome? How long would the freedom last this time?

At first he tried carefully to hold himself back. He refused a small position, and counselled his brothers to follow his example. His small possessions he hid in the vestry of San Lorenzo. In this way the church of the tomb of his paternal friend, which he had begun to adorn with his art, became a secret cellar for linen and pots, and if Lorenzo's ghost roamed about this vault, he might greet the changed times with a philosophic smile. The times had become dark. The plague was raging in Florence, and Michael Angelo's favourite brother died in his arms.



The Fates by Michael Angelo



The City fathers in their istress sought for the most ble citizen, and the Master as called to the Council of ne. This he could not refuse.

When, in the following year, he Pope and the Emperor ecame friendly, it grew more enacing than ever in Flor ce, and it was decided to pose the forces of the mperor. Michael Angelo was ominated, for, like Leonardo, e was credited with technical nowledge, to be procurator nd governor of the fortifications. In the moment of danger nd need, when he was under no ne's orders, and was himself responsible r everything, this great man immerses himself in the round of his new duties, sees them and them only, carries out what is required of him, and keeps thinking how it could be bettered. With all speed to Pisa and to Livorno, to give the necessary instructions, back to Florence to regulate the Arno, throwing up bastions and breastworks, strengthening the fortress of San Miniato, around which the battle was to rage most fiercely; then to Ferrara, to study the fortress of the friendly Duke, where he refused to live in the castle or with the Ambassador, and remained below in the inn; then quickly back home, and untiringly the whole summer carrying on this new work, which is far removed from the Muses.

THUS this proud character held itself in the only manner possible to the man. It must have been convenient for him to display himself as defender of the Republic against the vanished Medici, just at the moment when his work for them had placed him under suspicion to his enemies in the town; but at the revolution he might have fled to Rome and entrusted himself to the Medici Pope, while he awaited the trend of events in Florence. He remained, and fortified the town, giving his entire attention to the work; he refused a salary, and even lent the city a thousand scudi.

And yet in those times of outstanding talents, it was usual to seek only one's own profit. The leaders of the army, who were hired for money in the same manner as the soldiers, held these views and made the game of force still more unscrupulous; and now also the fate of Florence was to be decided by the selfish betrayal of a *condottiere*.

Long before this happened rumours of it came to Michael Angelo's ears. He laid it in confidence before the city council, and warned them of the danger, but was reproved, and, since his distrustful nature was well known, he was not believed One day in September he received an urgent and mysterious warning from an unknown man, who spoke to him before the gates on the bastion and counselled him to fly. "I did not know," he said later, "whether this advice came from God or from the devil." At all events he decided that the betrayal of the leader of the army and the surrender of the town were imminent, and so he did what he had twice done before; he fled instead of fighting; and with a servant, a friendly goldsmith, and the man who had warned him, he rode that same evening to one of the gates, ordered it to be opened and shortly came to Ferrara. In vain they urged him to return; he continued with his servant on the road to Venice.

VENICE at that time was, perhaps, the most brilliant city in the world. The town, the nobility and the citizens came to honour the Master, but he retired to the Giudecca, and, without marble, with a commission, accustomed to lonely work, he designed, at the request of the Doge, a bridge over the Rialto.

At this time the French Ambassador offered him the princely salary of £12,000 a year to go to France. When, however, he heard that he would have to pass through German territory, and that the way was difficult and not without danger, he asked an art-dealer to go with him: "Give me an answer quickly, I beg you, for I am consumed with the wish to go."

It is certain that at this time he read in the Latin tongue of the outlawry of thirteen Florentine burghers, of whom he was the eighth; also that the Venetian Ambassador had heard from Florence that they would rather burn the town than surrender. Finally, he heard that they needed him and that in an indirect way they were inviting him home. Twice he was left out of the

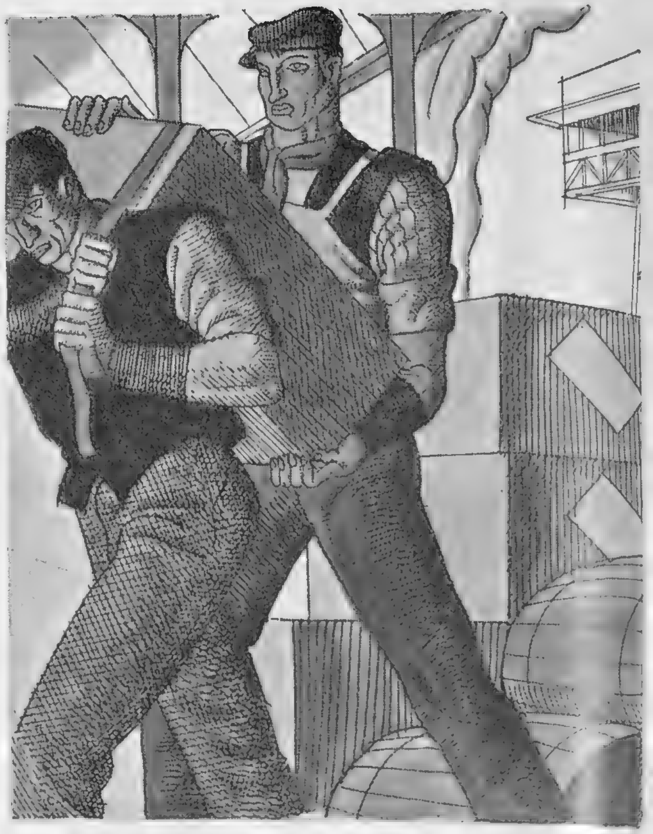
(*Continued on page* 152)

Head of David, by Michael Angelo

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead

conducts a dispassionate examination of the case

FOR *and* AGAINST Empire Free



ANY examination of the recent proposals for "Empire Free Trade" associated with the name of Lord Beaverbrook must be prefaced by one or two remarks. In the first place, it must be understood that there has never been any *fundamental* antagonism between the theories of Free Trade and Tariff Reform, as originally proposed by the late Joseph Chamberlain. In both cases the ideal aimed at has been the same—namely, to establish reciprocal Free Trade between all parts of the world. The most ardent Tariff Reformer has never suggested that a protected tariff had any other than two aims: first, to check and neutralise unfair foreign competition—whether by foreign tariffs or by dumping; secondly, to assist infant or accidentally endangered home industries from overwhelming foreign competition. It was never intended that protective tariffs should be permanent, or regarded as ideals in themselves. They were, so to speak, weapons in an industrial conflict, and, as is ever the case where England is concerned, weapons rather of defence than of attack. Thus, the curious Liberal notion that Free Trade and Tariff Reform were essentially as different as black and white is false; tariffs have been always, to the supporter of the Tariff Reform programme, expedients and not ends.

WE have, for instance, the McKenna duties as an excellent example of a tariff imposed by an acknowledged Free Trader for immediate purposes: in America it is especially the Trade Unionists who demand and support tariff walls against foreign imports. It is quite possible that before the next decade ends a large, perhaps a predominant, section of English labour will have been converted to such views; the incidents at King's Norton during the recent election show which way the wind may blow.

The other prefatory remark which I wish to make is that, by some peculiarity of the English temperament, many people are strangely apt to lose sight of the predominant part which our overseas Dominions and Colonies play in our industrial affairs. It is criminal to forget that these parts of the Empire take, on an average, more than one-half of all our manufactures; they are not merely our most willing, they are our best customers. It cannot be made too plain that, in matters of trade, the Colonies are all-important to us, much more important to us, indeed, than we are to them. The fanatical Free Trader always overlooks this. Accustomed to a narrow outlook of competitive buying and selling, he seems to have no conception of the truth.

LET me take the case of Australia and New Zealand. These countries have a total population of barely seven and a half million people, less than that of Greater London. In 1925, the last year whose full figures are before me, they imported altogether goods to the value of £135,500,000. Among these were many articles, like petrol, for example, which are not produced in England, and which must necessarily be bought from outside. Nevertheless, of the total imports, more than half — £69,000,000 — were imported from Great Britain, against £66,000,000 worth from the whole of the rest of the world.

Last year England sold goods to the value of £75,000,000 to the seven and a half million inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand, an average of £10 a head. Let us see how this compares with our trade with other parts of the world.

THE whole of non-British America, both North America and South America, with a population of at least 130,000,000, bought only £51,000,000 of British goods, an average of just under 8s. a head.

In Central Europe the 150,000,000 people who inhabit Germany, Poland, Austria, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia bought less than £52,000,000 of British goods, an average of less than 7s. a head.

In Western Europe the 115,000,000 inhabitants of France, Belgium, Italy, Spain and Portugal bought less than £70,000,000 of our goods, an average of just over 12s. a head.

Thus Australia and New Zealand buy goods at an average rate of £10 a head, against 12s. of our wealthy European neighbours, 7s. in Central Europe, and 8s. in America.

It is well that people in this country should ponder these facts, before they decry the principle of Imperial Preference. The figures speak for themselves.

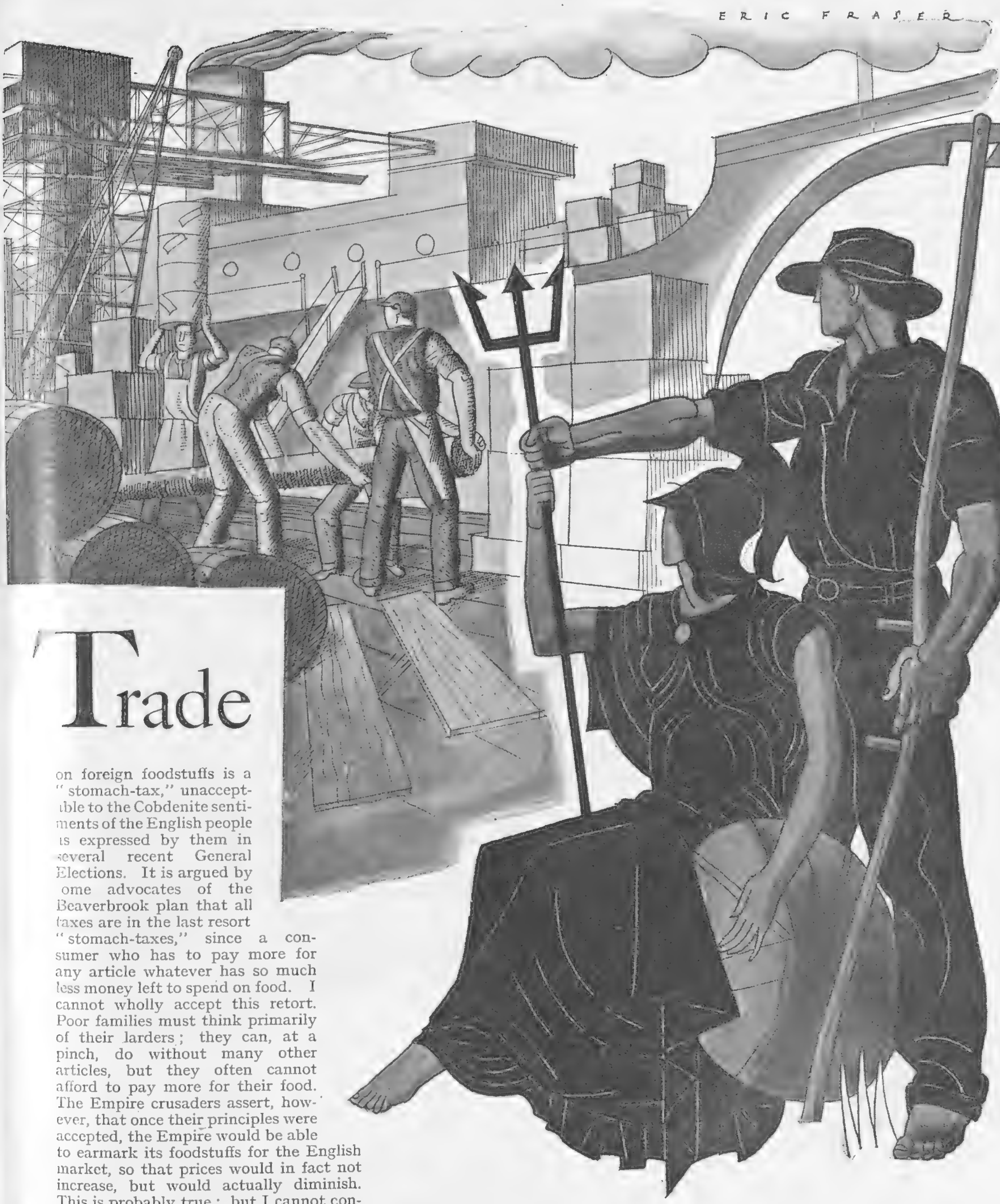
Lord Beaverbrook's suggestions remove the whole fiscal controversy to a new plane. One might say that he is endeavouring to instil into English minds the sentiments which so largely influence the Dominions. That we should be sympathetic to such a crusade—as it is not improperly entitled—goes without saying. There was no Englishman during the War who did not thrill at the thought that every section of our far-flung Empire had sent its men to lay down their lives in a quarrel whic only indirectly concerned themselves. I would be a blot to our honour if we wer now to settle down, so soon after the Wa into the old insular forgetfulness.

Briefly, Lord Beaverbrook's suggestio is that the whole British Empire shoul unite in a single fiscal unit; that ever part of it should be prepared to give tari advantages to all other parts of t Empire; that England should impo from the Empire the foodstuffs up which she depends, paying for them wit her manufactures; that, to ensure thi preferences, amounting as far as possib to a complete absence of duties, should be reciprocally accorded, with a tariff wal against foreign products; that, finally, the enormous resources of the Empire—its markets, its monopolies, and its tariffs—should be pooled to cement prosperity within the Empire, and to secure the utmost advantage in negotiations with the outside world.

On sentimental grounds the plan is unexceptionable. It provides an ideal towards which statesmen of every party in every section of the Empire may work. The arguments presented against it on all other grounds than those of expediency can be set aside as narrow, frivolous and bigoted.

THE practical side of the plan, however, confronts us with very many difficulties, some more acute than others. I will mention a few of them in the order in which they occur to me.

First, there is the argument that a tax



Trade

on foreign foodstuffs is a "stomach-tax," unacceptable to the Cobdenite sentiments of the English people as expressed by them in several recent General Elections. It is argued by some advocates of the Beaverbrook plan that all taxes are in the last resort "stomach-taxes," since a consumer who has to pay more for any article whatever has so much less money left to spend on food. I cannot wholly accept this retort. Poor families must think primarily of their larders; they can, at a pinch, do without many other articles, but they often cannot afford to pay more for their food. The Empire crusaders assert, however, that once their principles were accepted, the Empire would be able to earmark its foodstuffs for the English market, so that prices would in fact not increase, but would actually diminish. This is probably true; but I cannot conceive that, in our day and in our present political conditions, an electorate debauched by universal suffrage and the indecent class-appeals of Socialist demagogues can be sufficiently educated to obtain for the policy an adequate parliamentary majority. It is, I think, hopeless to anticipate the conversion of large sections of local politicians, especially of the Liberal and Socialist parties, to the support of Lord Beaverbrook's scheme.

SECONDLY, assuming that England were to decide to feed herself exclusively from Empire sources, the foreign countries which to-day sell us their wheat would adapt their production to other markets and other crops. Should, however, some catastrophe of Nature overtake the Canadian prairies in any year, we might well be unable, even by temporarily opening our tariff wall, to obtain sufficient foreign wheat to feed us.

Thirdly, many British firms of national importance, employing English capital and English labour, are wholly dependent upon foreign countries for their raw materials—for example, our frozen meat and meat-extract interests in the Argentine, our woodworkers' interests in Scandinavia. It is hard to see how their welfare can be reconciled with the new scheme.

Fourthly, we must not overlook—though I do not think the objection is

(*Continued on page* 166)

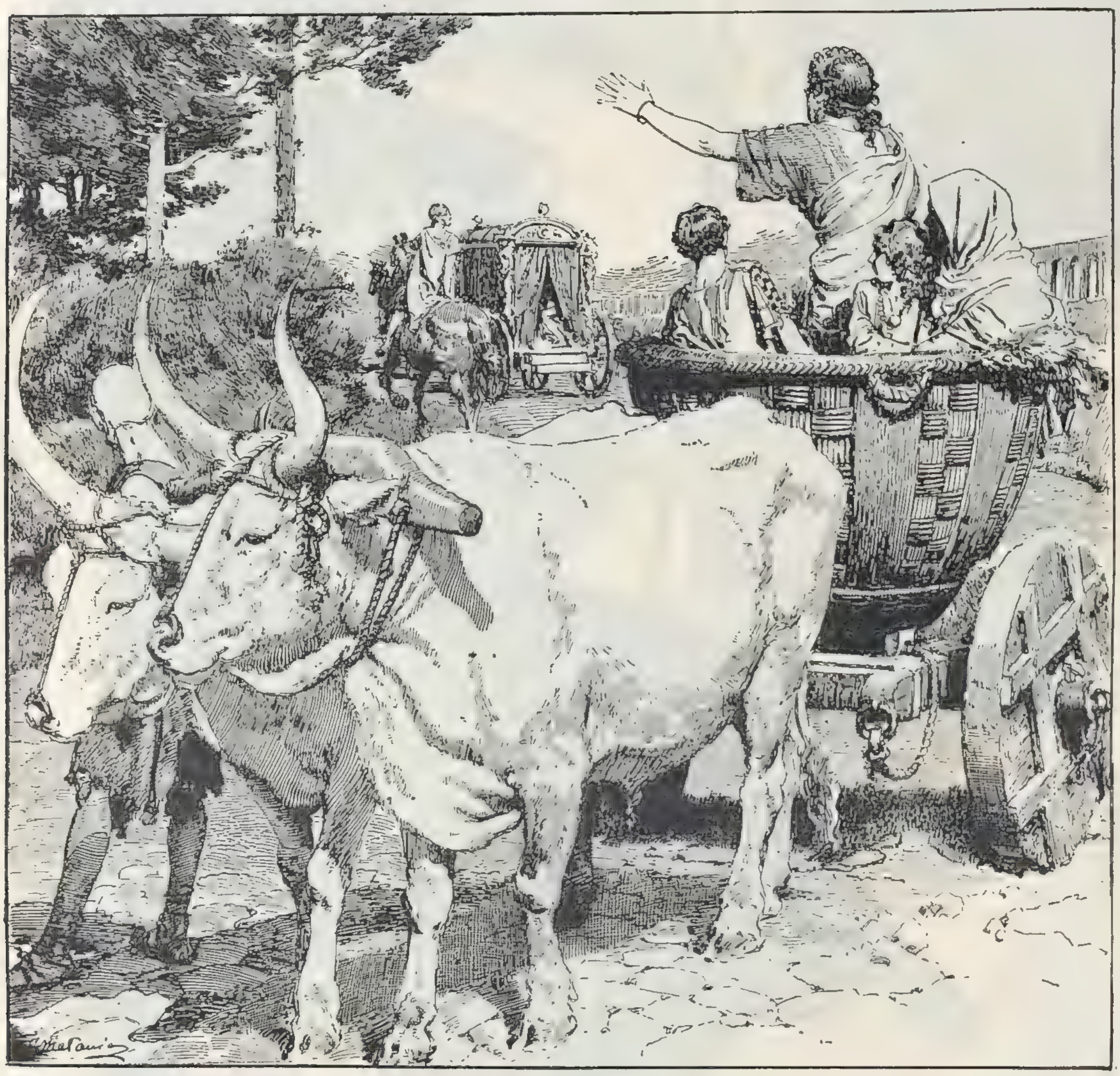
Described by

Famous Women

No. 6

MESSALINA:

CASSIUS CHÆREA, tribune of a Roman Prætorian cohort, had a shrill woman's voice. This misfortune the Emperor Caligula, as his pleasant manner was, made the occasion of obscene merriment at Cassius's expense. The tribune determined to be avenged. While he still hesitated, a whisper got about the court that Caligula would do well to "beware of Cassius." The Emperor, alarmed, ordered the execution of the proconsul of Asia, Cassius Longinus. But before he could arrive to meet his fate, Caligula was dead. Chærea and a confederate Sabinus came up behind the Emperor one day as he was talking to the members of a choir of noble youths from Asia, who had arrived in Rome to perform at the Palatine Games. Sabinus asked the Emperor for the password of the day, and as, turning his head, he gave it as "Jupiter," Chærea shouted "Then take what Jupiter sends you," and with one blow severed Caligula's jaw. As the Emperor lay on the ground screaming "I live, I live," with cries of "Again, again" the conspirators did him to death with thirty wounds. "It soon appeared," as Gibbon says, "that while the Senate deliberated, the prætorian guards had resolved." The first idea of this formidable body was to plunder the palace, but as they hurried through its glittering chambers, one of them happened to see, below some door hangings, a pair of protruding feet. His curiosity aroused, he pulled aside the curtain. The owner of the feet, thus disclosed, fell on his knees, and embracing those of his discoverer, pleaded for mercy. On being asked who he was, he then admitted that he was the late Emperor's uncle, Claudius, the brother of Germanicus, the great-nephew of Augustus. The soldier was impressed and told his fellow plunderers, who put Claudius in a litter and carried him off, still shivering with terror, to their camp. The Senate, meanwhile, were still wondering whether the Emperor's death could be made to mean the resurrection of the Republic, and before their deliberations had reached a conclusion Claudius had recovered his spirits sufficiently to allow himself to be proclaimed Emperor by the prætorians, thus bringing the senatorial hesitation to an abrupt end.



Messalina with her two children, Britannicus and Octavia, plays her last card. "She crossed the whole city on foot, and at the gate towards Ostia, was fain to get a lift in a cart which was removing garden rubbish. It was then that she met the carriage in which the Emperor and Narcissus were proceeding to Rome . . ."

SO, in the year A.D. 41, the husband of Messalina became lord of the world. He was in his fiftieth year, and had already divorced two wives and begotten three children before he married the fifteen-year-old daughter of Messala Barbatus, a member of a great Roman family, the Valerii. Messalina's mother was Claudius's own cousin, Domitia Lepida, like him descended from Mark Antony. In the first days of his accession to the Empire, she bore him a son, who was later to be given, in celebration of the chief conquest of his father's reign, the name of Britannicus. Messalina remained the Emperor's consort for less than seven years, and cannot have been much more than twenty-three when she died. She was succeeded by the ferocious Agrippina, whose diary, now lost, seems to have provided her historians with a good deal of their material. It seems unlikely that Agrippina would have given her the benefit of the doubt in any matter reflecting on her character or her achievements. It should also be remembered that the historians of the early Empire whose works have survived are all either satirists or scandal-mongers. Both types no doubt found just what they wanted in Agrippina's memoirs, and there is some reason to think that Claudius and his entourage have suffered as, for instance, Queen Elizabeth would have suffered, if the story of her reign had to be pieced

KENNETH BELL

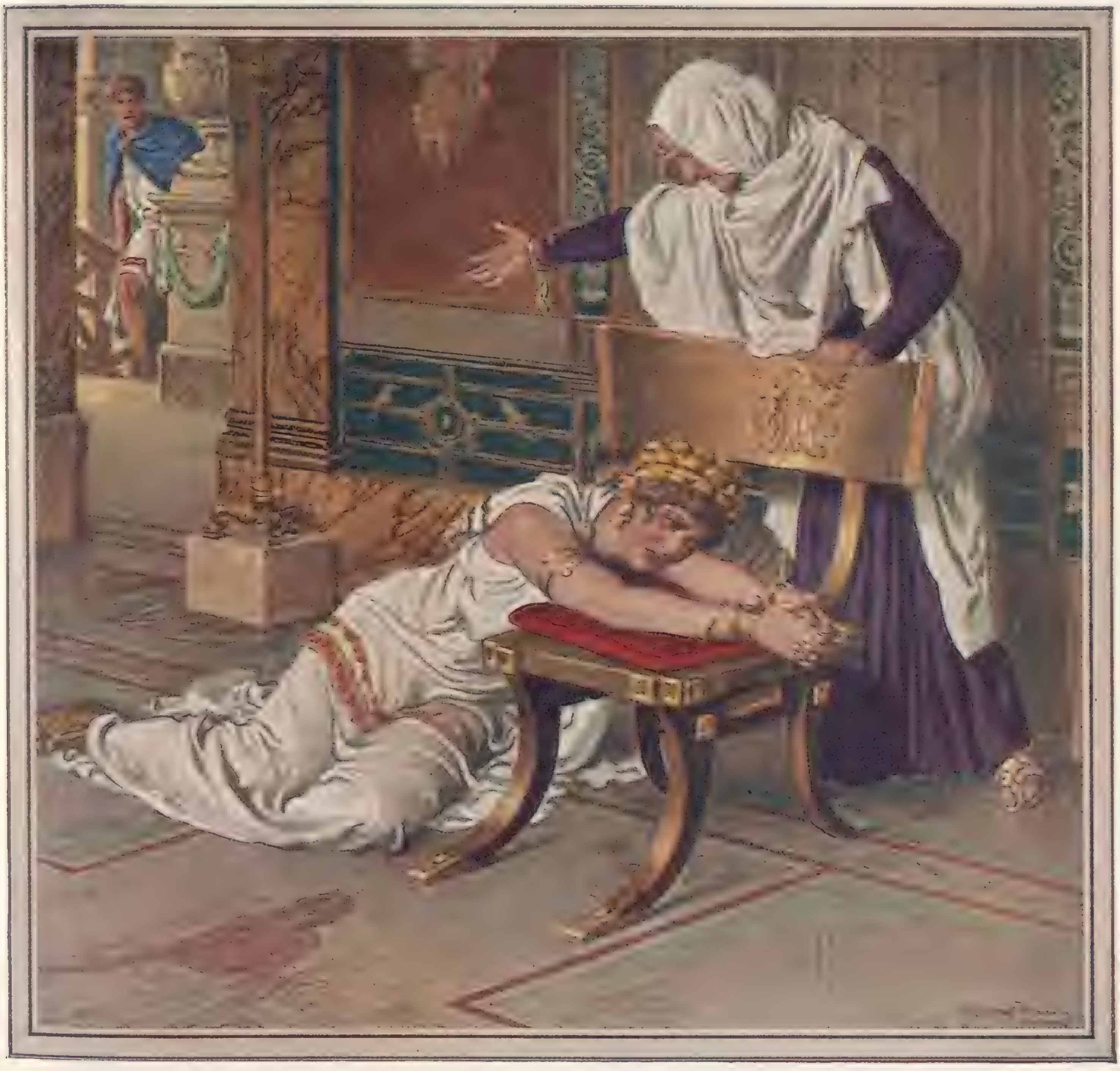
Painted by F. Matania, R.I.

# of History

The avaricious and unscrupulous wife of the Roman Emperor, Claudius

together from the letters of the Spanish Ambassadors at her Court and the outpourings of Puritan zealots among her subjects. It is worth remembering, too, that each time an anecdote is repeated by different authorities, it does not necessarily become the more credible. A formidable consensus of opinion could, for example, be collected to show that Elizabeth deliberately starved the men who fought the Armada, but the basis of fact on which this inverted pyramid rests is none the less both exiguous and insecure

LET us examine, however, the brief for the prosecution. Tacitus, most formidable of "leaders," only intervenes towards the end of the case, for his account of the reign of Claudius has come down to us in a mutilated condition. That part of the Annals which dealt with the ten years between the death of Tiberius and with the middle of the year A.D. 47 has disappeared, so we shall probably never know what he thought of Caligula or of the first six years of Claudius Imperator. The first surviving sentence of the eleventh book lacks a



Messalina's last moments. The Emperor was showing signs of clemency, in his cups, so Narcissus hurried troops to the Lucullan gardens with orders to end the Empress' life. They found her with her mother, now reconciled after many quarrels, urging her to suicide, but she was still weeping and wailing when the door was burst open subject for its first verb, but it is clear that the missing word is Messalina. " For Messalina believed that Valerius Asiaticus, who had twice held the consulship, had been one of Poppæa's lovers, but she also coveted his gardens." Here is the authentic Tacitean note, and, before the episode is closed, there is not much left of the character of the accused. Valerius Asiaticus had greeted with enthusiasm the murder of Caligula, whom, in spite of insults, he had continued to serve; both Dio and Josephus tell us that when asked by the crowd outside the palace who had done the deed, he answered that he wished it had been he. But the generous amnesty of Claudius had included his name, and having acquired the famous gardens of Lucullus, the conqueror of Armenia, which beautified the Pincean Hill, he had aroused the jealousy of the Empress, who was simultaneously annoyed with the supremely beautiful daughter of the great proconsul Poppæus Sabinus, because that lady was conducting an intrigue with a pantomime actor called Mnester. This gentleman had had the impertinence to repel the Empress's advances, so she had evolved an ingenious plan for killing three birds with one stone by accusing Valerius of conspiring against the Emperor in collusion with Poppæa. Thus Mnester would lose his lady-love, Valerius his gardens, and Poppæa her ascendancy, without either Mnester or Messalina being endangered.

Famous Women of History

In our next issue Mr. Matania will present the passionate love story of Cleopatra. Other famous women which have already appeared in this series, are Sappho, Judith, Boadicea, and Helen of Troy.

EVERYTHING went splendidly. Claudius was seized with one of his panics, Valerius was arrested at Baiæ and carried to Rome in chains, the case was heard *in camera* by the Emperor and his colleague as consul, Vitellius, a dexterous courtier who is said to have carried one of Messalina's sandals about with him for the purpose of kissing it at intervals. An informer set on by Messalina accused Asiaticus of tampering with the soldiers, of conspiracy, and of adultery with Poppæa. His defence greatly affected Claudius, and Messalina herself wept, but as she left the room to wipe away her tears she whispered to Vitellius " not to let the accused give them the slip." As soon as she had recovered from her emotion she took steps to frighten Poppæa to suicide. Meanwhile the Emperor showed Vitellius that he proposed to acquit the accused, whereupon the consul, cleverly assuming that Claudius's clemency was more limited in scope, begged him, for the friendship both he and his victim had borne the Emperor's brother, to allow Valerius to choose his own death. Whereupon the facile Emperor fell in with the suggestion and graciously consented. So Valerius, scorning to gamble on a change of the imperial mind by choosing starvation, opened his veins in his bath, having previously arranged to have his pyre moved to prevent injury to the trees of the gardens, which were shortly afterwards given to the Empress. Several other people to whom Messalina objected were subsequently removed on a charge of being involved in the conspiracy, including one distinguished knight who tried to buy off the informer with a bribe, but finding he was still to be charged, went home and threw himself on his sword.

AT the end of the same book of the Annals, Tacitus returns to the charge, to tell how the Emperor, who had meanwhile constituted himself *censor morum* of the Roman world, woke up at last to the fact that there was something requiring investigation in his own household.

Messalina had found him so easy to fool that she was growing satiated. Her latest lover, a patrician and consul-designate called Silius, who had divorced his wife at her demand, then hit on a scheme for strengthening his hold over her and making an end of a dangerous situation. Why wait for the Emperor to die! Silius had neither wife nor child, Claudius was as slow to suspect as he was swift to wrath. Let the guilty pair get ceremoniously married and confront the Emperor with a *fait accompli*. Messalina agreed. Not that she proposed to give herself a master, but, we are assured, because the greatness of the scandal whetted her jaded appetite: the Emperor had gone to Ostia, it would be a delicious insult to him to divorce him without his knowledge, and a splendid triumph if she could bring him to her feet.

Tacitus sees that this account of the escapade needs some defence. " I am well aware how fabulous it will appear that in a city where everything is known, everything talked about, any person whatsoever, not to say a Consul-designate, should have been so foolhardy as on an appointed day, before duly summoned witnesses, to unite himself to the Emperor's consort as if for the purpose of rearing children; that she should have listened to the augur's words, gone through the ritual, and sacrificed to the Gods, that the two should have taken their places at a banquet, indulged in kisses and embraces, and finally have passed the night together with all the freedom of man and wife. Yet this is no story made up for marvels' sake: I shall but relate what was heard and recorded by my elders."

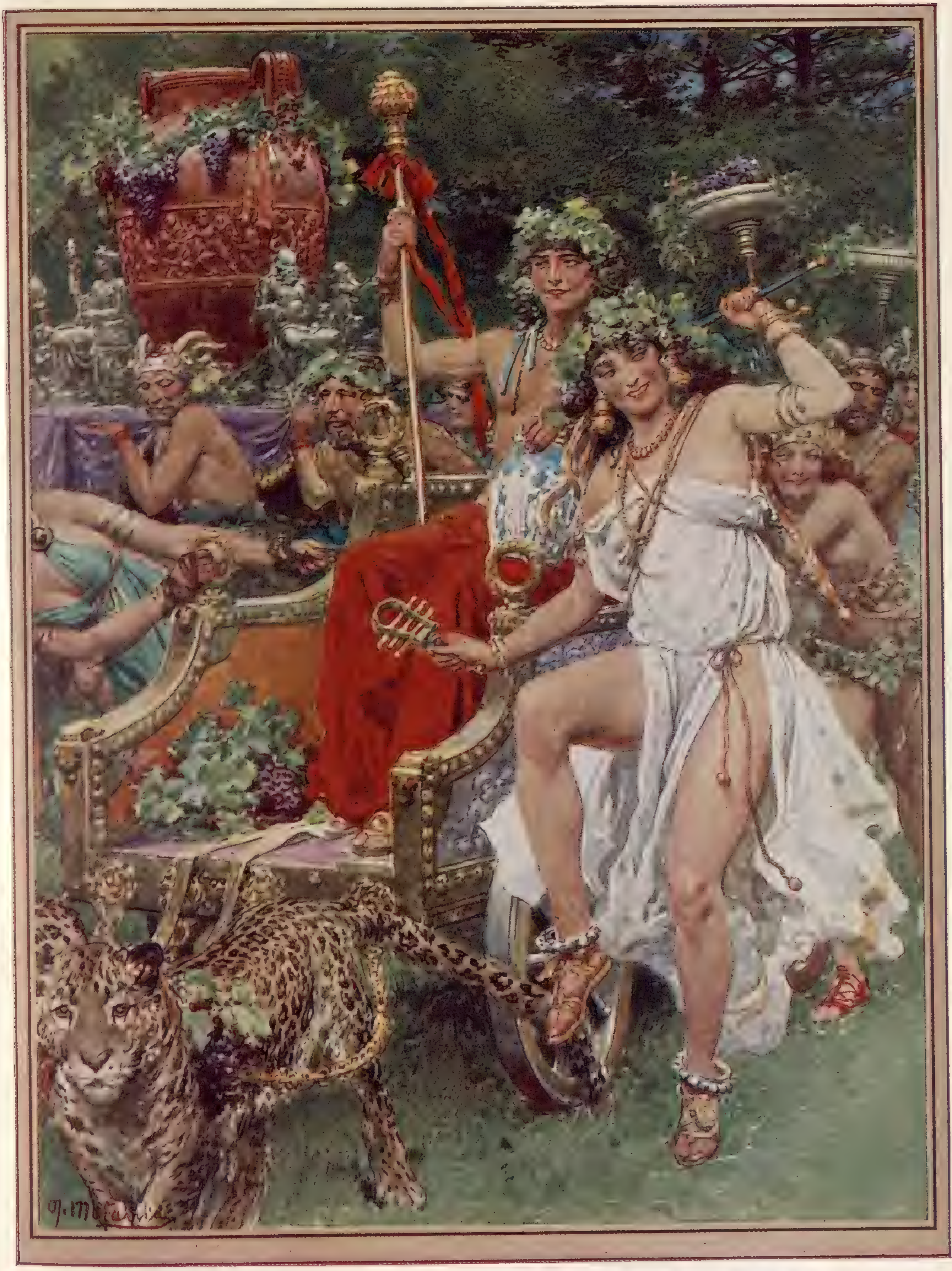
Thus does Tacitus insist on his conception of Messalina as a kind of suicidal maniac. For she could hardly have expected that she would be left free to amuse herself by twisting Claudius round her finger and playing one husband off against the other. And yet he suggests she might still have escaped, but for one man's determination.

THIS man was Narcissus, the freedman, Messalina's former confederate, who now decided to destroy her. He was a dangerous enemy. For Claudius, it would seem, was a kind of composite forecast of Henry VIII and James I. His claim to statesmanship and reforming zeal were as strong perhaps as Henry's, he campaigned in Britain as Henry campaigned in France. He had Henry's sadism, and, above all, he set him a notable precedent in intense, exacting and intermittent uxoriousness. And all this he combined with the rolling gait, the shaking head, the over-sized tongue, the dribbling lower lip, the stutter, the pedantry, and the fearsomeness of the " wisest fool in Christendom." Finally, like James, he was as clay in the hands of favourites, most of whom, being Greeks, were unpopular in Rome for the same reason that the Scotsman Robert Carr was hated in London. And of all Claudius's favourites, his secretary, Narcissus, was the best beloved. Augustus himself had begun the practice, which the lonely eminence of the Emperor explains, of relying for confidential service and social relaxation on the liberated slaves of his own household; they became at once civil servants, menials and familiars, at once more amusing, more trustworthy, and more intelligent than the stiff Roman patricians. Among them Messalina found admirers and allies; it suited their game to help her to hoodwink the Emperor and their ascendancy over him reinforced hers. For instance, we know from Dio and Suetonius, as we should doubtless have read in Tacitus but for the gap in his history, the story of Appius Silanus. This distinguished nobleman, the head of the great Junian house, Claudius was anxious to conciliate at the beginning of his reign, so he called him from his province in Spain and married him to Messalina's mother. But Messalina herself seems to have cast her eyes upon him, and when he repelled her advances, determined, in collusion with Narcissus, to bring about his overthrow. What happened is thus described in Philemon Holland's seventeenth century translation of Suetonius:

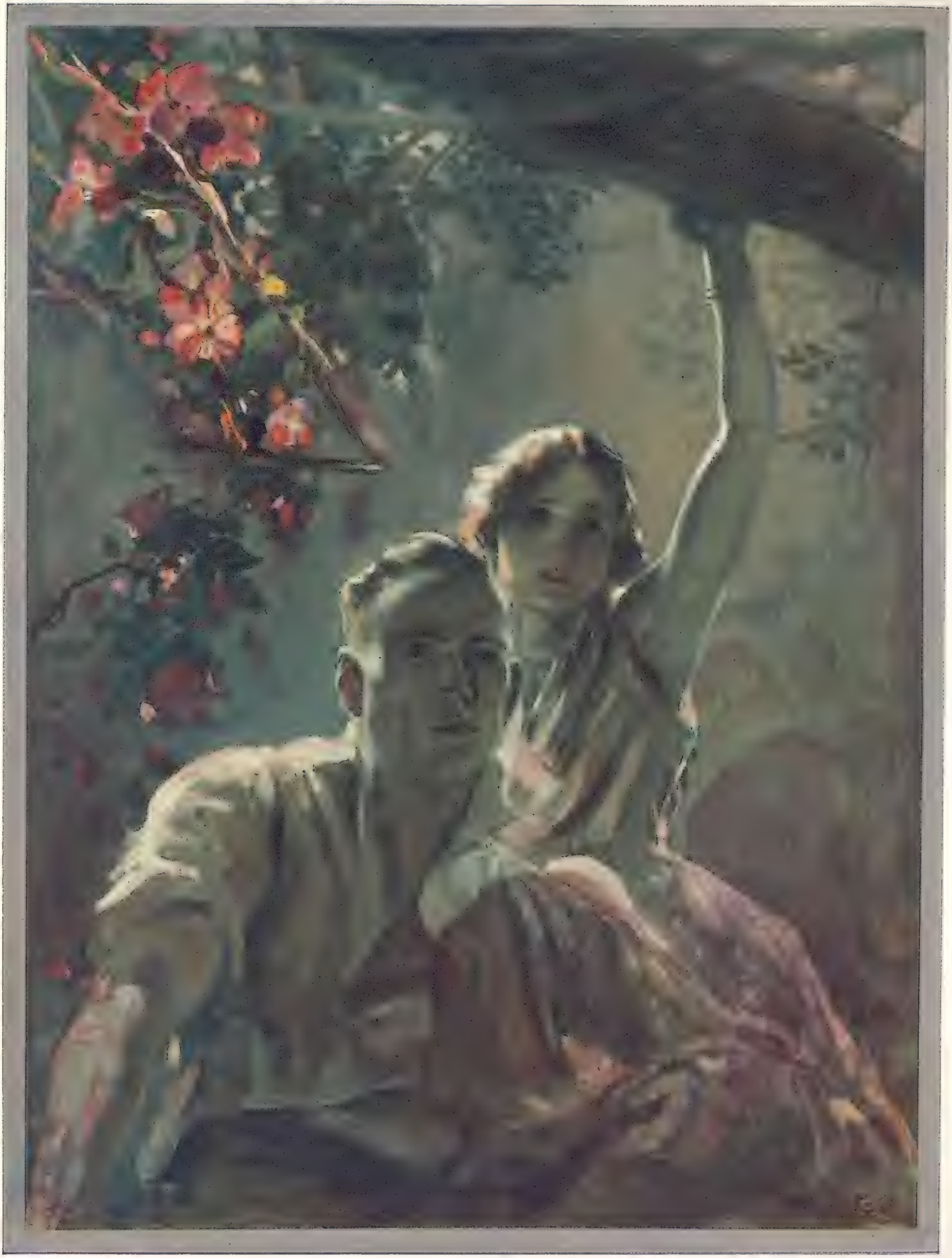
> For when Messalina and Narcissus had conspired to work his overthrow and final destruction, they complotted thus, that Narcissus betimes in a morning before daylight rushed like a man amazed and astonied into the bedchamber of his patron, relating unto him his dream, namely, that Appius laid violent hands upon him; and Messalina, for her part, composing and framing herself as if she wondered greatly thereat, reported how she likewise had seen already the same vision for certain nights together. And not long after this (as it was agreed between them) that Appius was coming to rush in among them, who indeed had been bidden the day before to be present at the same instant. Whereupon, as if the same dream had now proved true and been plainly represented in effect, order was given for Appius to be indicted, arraigned, and suffer death. Neither doubted Claudius the morrow after to report the whole story and the order thereof unto the senate, and withal to give thanks unto his freedman for being so vigilant and watchful in his very sleep for his sake.

NARCISSUS now decided to throw Messalina overboard. This marriage with a " noble, handsome and capable youth with the consulship before him " was something very different from the Empress's usual intrigues. It was a direct menace to the Emperor's life, on which the position of all his favourites depended. The chief freedmen held a meeting and

(*Continued on page* 168.)



It was full autumn, the time of the vintage. Her home was full of wine-presses and overflowing vats, women in fawn skins were capering about like Bacchanals, while, in their midst, with streaming hair, she brandished a thyrsus, and by her side, Silius, crowned with ivy and shod with buskins . . . ."



"The face still looked, unmoving, over my shoulder. Lydia's shadow seemed to stare at mine. And the shadow said to the shadow what the substance had never dare to say . . . Answering the woman in the mirror, I said, without moving, 'Is there anything now?' 'There's this,' she said, speaking with concentrated fury, 'that I'll kill myself soon . . . '"

A Story of Love and Strange Tragedy

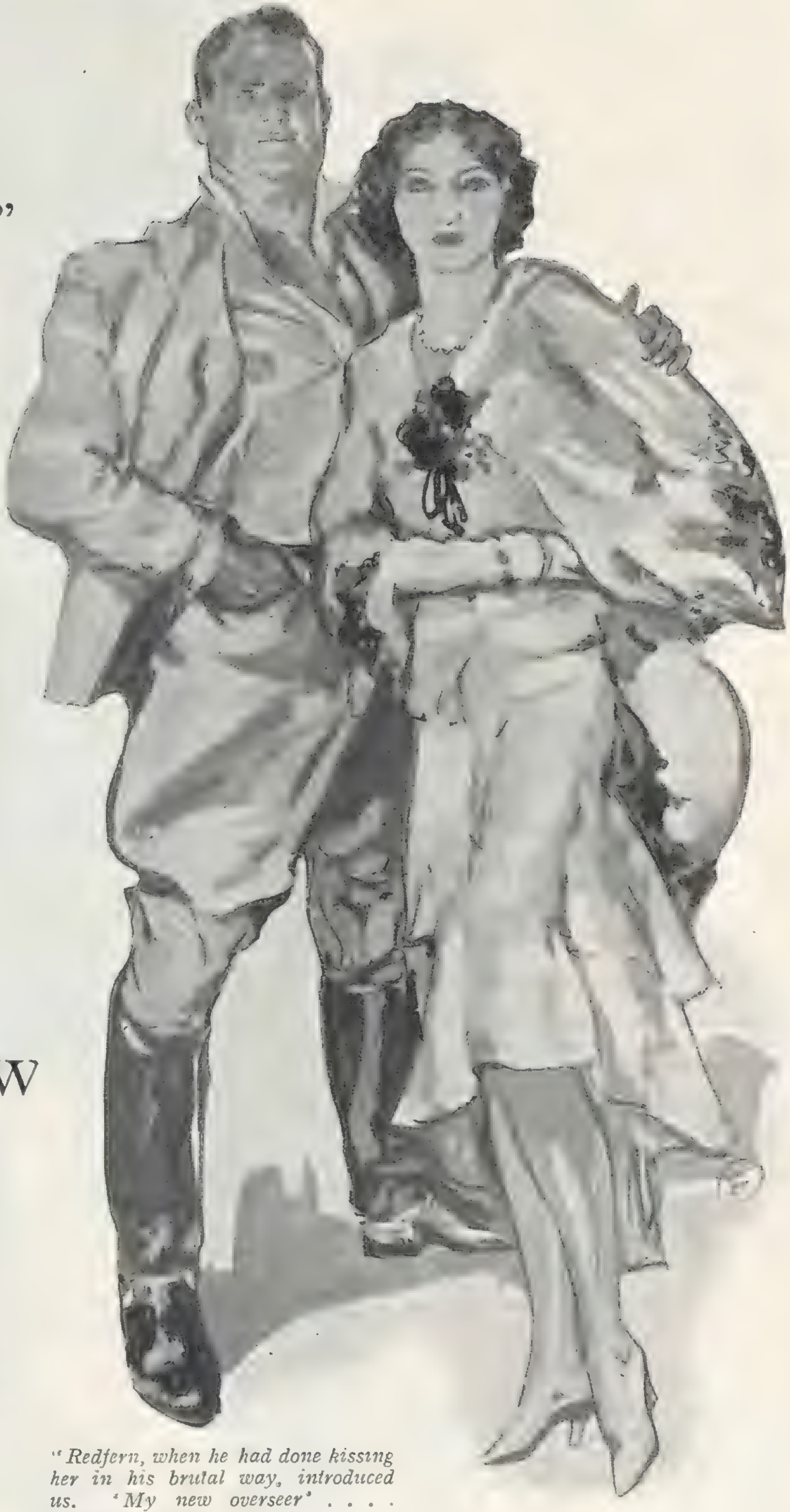
"A Glass with You!"

A triangular arama staged "at the end of the known world"

Illustrated by FORSTER

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Strange places, strange people and strange plots are part of the life of Miss Grimshaw. Even her address, Port Moresby, Papua, New Guinea, is at the front door of the last haunt of the cannibals. Most of her travels among savage scenes and savage men have been made alone



"Redfern, when he had done kissing her in his brutal way, introduced us. 'My new overseer' . . . . and then proudly 'My wife' . . ."

OUTBACK, the stage is tiny. Outback, when a comedy or a tragedy is played, there are no lookers on; there is no supporting company, there are only the principal characters going through their parts beneath a vivid spotlight, all alone. Long after, perhaps, the scene may be reconstructed before an interested crowd. But by that time there may be no interest left in it for the protagonists.

On Garia plantation, there were four whites, Joe Redfern, his wife Lydia, Dominick Peel (myself), and Gretta Stack: and all of us, on that hot morning, were in the latex house together.

Garia is a rubber plantation; a privately-owned place, in the heart of the great dark island known as New Mercia. You come to Garia by a long forest track, riding for days and days, while your native boys carry your goods. You sleep in rest huts by night; all day you ride through forest that sweeps over you as seas sweep over a drowned sailor. Sometimes the sky looks through, in a sparkle of blue stars, lending unexpected enchantment in contrast to the enveloping darkness around; and sometimes you come on sudden conflagrations of bloom, and now and again birds break out with sharp, beautiful words that you can almost understand. It is long, but at last you come to daylight again, and a great clearing, and there is Garia, at the end of the known world.

I HAD come thus, six weeks earlier, to take up the post of overseer with Joe Redfern, who was known to be the smartest plantation manager in New Mercia—and, it may be added, the least popular. I wanted to learn all about rubber, and did not much care what wages I got, or how I was treated, while learning. Joe had the reputation of being a nip-cheese and a bully, rare and unlucky combination. But he could grow rubber and manage natives, and I hoped, if I could learn to do as much, my father, down in Victoria, would furnish money to buy up one of the gone-to-bush plantations that were selling cheap in New Mercia at that time; and there I should be, independent, at twenty-two, a master and, perhaps, a married man as well. You may say I was over young to think of settling, but—I put it to you—if you had had an estate and a home at two-and-twenty, who would be wearing your ring and ordering your dinners to-day? . . . No, I thought not. But neither you nor I will ever tell her that. . . .

I had seen my girl and chosen my girl before I had well cut my wisdom teeth, just as others do—it is circumstances that beat us, not desires. She was so young, hardly eighteen, that I did not think it necessary to speak out to her. I had said quite enough—I thought. And so I went off to seek my fortune, like thousands of others, and, like most of them, believed the girl "understood."

Perhaps the old sort of girl, the before-the-war girl, understood when a man loved and motored away, dropping hints instead of diamond rings into her lap. I am in a position to say that the post-war girl does not. Lydia was very post-war; also, she had red hair, and the temperament that goes with it—a perfect cocktail of a girl. She didn't reach for the nearest spray of willow and bind it round her brows: she reached for the nearest man, and in no time at all had him round her neck.

This was why, at the end of my first six weeks on Garia plantation, I walked into the latex house one morning and was confronted by Joe Redfern, who had told me he expected his wife up from the port in a day or two, by Miss Stack, the housekeeper, and by—Lydia.

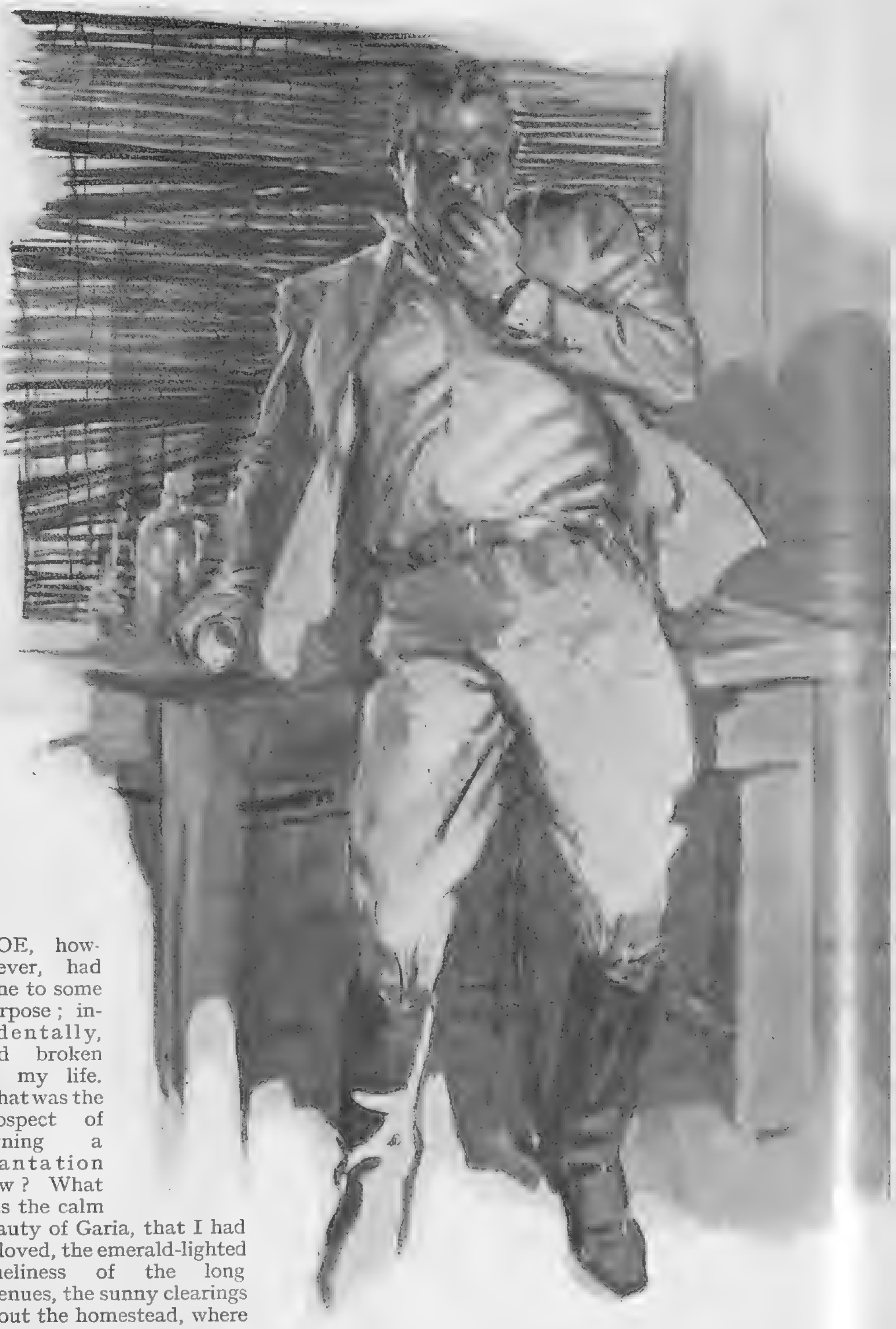
At first I did not understand. I thought she must have come to Garia on a visit. I had left her in Melbourne five months earlier when I went away to look for a job. Once or twice since then I had written and received no answer. That was comprehensible; I had no fixed address. But I always thought of her as fixed in her father's pleasant home at St. Kilda, enjoying herself as a girl should do, and waiting. . . .

When I saw her come into the latex house, tall and fit and smart looking, in the prettiest possible frock, with her hat off and her red curls rainbowed against the mounting sun, I experienced such a shock that the bottle of acid in my hand all but fell on the spotless, sacred floor. I saved it, put it down and turned to her.

I had my mouth open to say I don't know what, when I perceived that she was deliberately avoiding me. I had not taken her by surprise, that was clear. And she did not mean to speak. . .

"Oh, well," I thought, resignedly, "you were always ginger, Lyddy; I suppose I'm due to catch it hot from you by and by. I suppose maybe I deserve—" And then my thoughts broke off with a whirr, as a clock stops when you smash the spring. Joe Redfern, Joe with the grey, goat eyes, and the flat, white sweaty face, and the brutal lips that could bellow profanity across a fifty-acre clearing, had her in his arms and was kissing her as if he would kiss her away.

Lyddy—my Lyddy—was "the wife"—the girl who had gone down to port to buy clothes. The sweetheart whose absence Joe had briefly lamented now and then with a kind of simple candour that made one almost like him. I had heard he was married. I didn't know to whom. I did know that Redfern had taken a holiday in Melbourne some few months before. But I thought nothing of it. All planters, now and then, went down to Melbourne or to Sydney for a little amusement.



"Joe Redfern was leaning against the nearest table, his face scarlet, his eyes projecting. One hand was in his mouth . . . it looked almost as if he was trying to choke himself. The other clutched at the glass he had just set down—the empty glass . . ."

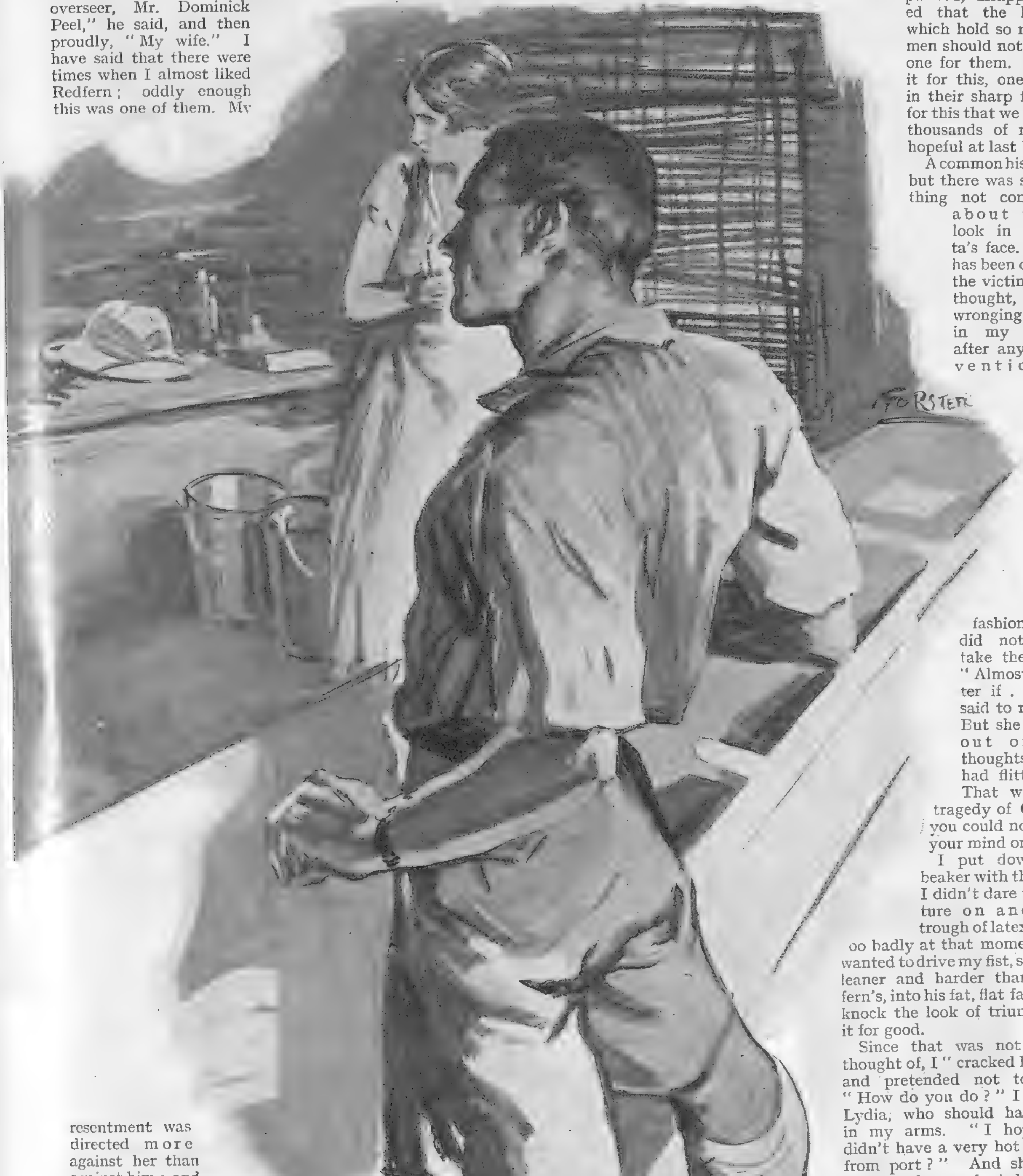
JOE, however, had gone to some purpose; incidentally, had broken up my life. What was the prospect of owning a plantation now? What was the calm beauty of Garia, that I had so loved, the emerald-lighted loneliness of the long avenues, the sunny clearings about the homestead, where young Para, lake-green, stood up to the spreading light, its million pointed-finger leaves playing lightly on the harp of the south-east wind? All that had been a prophecy, a dream, to me—when Redfern left me time for dreaming, which was not often. I had seen myself master of just such another place. I had pictured Lyddy, tall and fit and dainty, walking smartly down the star-radiating avenues, my avenues, under the rubber trees . . .

Well, I saw her—with Redfern's rubber trees behind her, and Redfern's lips, instead of mine, on her's. And the sight—to quote from that stout fellow in the Bible who seems to have experienced every possible kind of ill-luck, and found words to describe it—turned my bones to water.

You are not to suppose I let her know as much. If the position was not quite clear to me at the moment, I understood enough to know that I had been, in a way, jilted (couldn't she have waited? couldn't she have let a fellow keep his pride, make a living for her before he offered it?), and I was determined to show a stiff upper lip before Lydia at any rate. So I uncorked the bottle that I carried in my hand and began to measure acid into the beaker, as if there were no such person as Lyddy in the world. Yet all the while I was conscious of that hideous feeling of bones melting away, and the rest of it, that the Psalmist so candidly and vividly describes. Take my word for it, David had been through it all. . . .

Redfern, when he had done kissing her in his brutal way, called me forward and introduced me. "My new overseer, Mr. Dominick Peel," he said, and then proudly, "My wife." I have said that there were times when I almost liked Redfern; oddly enough this was one of them. My resentment was directed more against her than against him; and the pride he showed was entirely appropriate to the winner of a jewel like Lydia. Nevertheless, I could have wrung his neck with joy.

I SUPPOSE this feeling, broadcast from my emotion-charged mind, caught an aerial and expressed itself to the fourth person present, for, in the same instant, I met the eyes of Miss Stack, and, amazingly, read approval. It was but a moment, the curtain went down immediately and she was again the nervous, uncertain creature I had known and scarcely noticed for three weeks. There are many Gretta Stacks in the island world, some of them missionaries, some companions and housekeepers, unskilled occupations attracting them for the most part, all of them verging on a bitter old maidenhood, all puzzled, disappointed that the lands which hold so many men should not hold one for them. Was it for this, one sees in their sharp faces, for this that we came thousands of miles, hopeful at last?



A common history, but there was something not common about that look in Gretta's face. "She has been one of the victims," I thought, not wronging her in my mind after any conventional fashion, for I did not mistake the case. "Almost better if . . ." I said to myself. But she flitted out of my thoughts as she had flitted in. That was the tragedy of Gretta, you could not keep your mind on her.

I put down the beaker with the acid. I didn't dare to venture on another trough of latex. Felt too badly at that moment. I wanted to drive my fist, so much leaner and harder than Redfern's, into his fat, flat face, and knock the look of triumph off it for good.

Since that was not to be thought of, I "cracked hardy," and pretended not to care. "How do you do?" I said to Lydia, who should have lain in my arms. "I hope you didn't have a very hot trip up from port?" And she, who had kissed me and cried, so that her salt warm tears ran into my mouth, said formally, "Oh, not at all, thanks. How do you like Garia?"

So that was it; we were not to have known one another. "Very well indeed," I answered, Joe Redfern, meantime, looking from one to the other, somewhat puzzled. I think he had expected more show of admiration. He

(*Continued on page* 180)

TOPICS for DISCUSSION

Coming *through* your FACE

Thoughts on Beauty and Personality

By Lady Cynthia Asquith

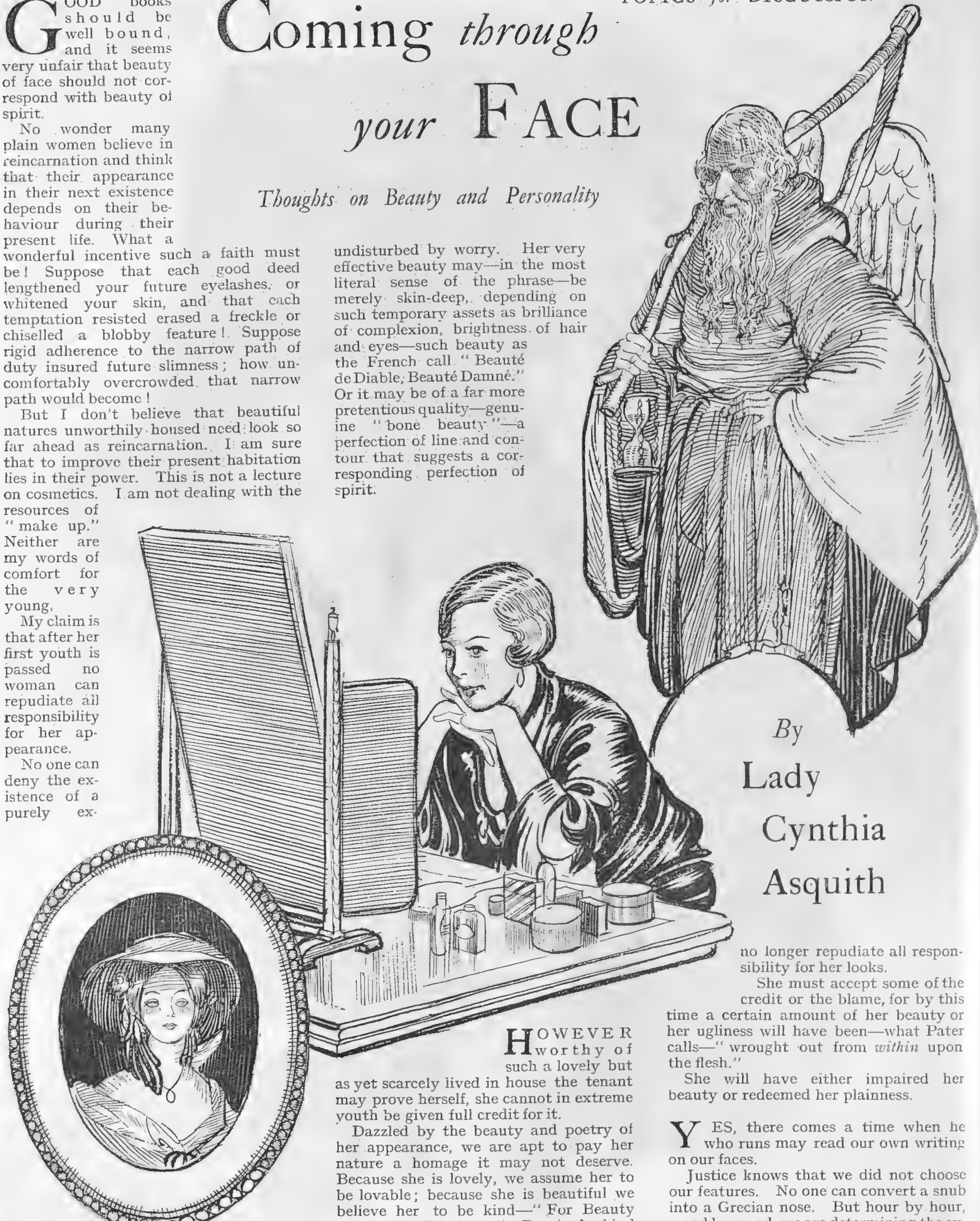
GOOD books should be well bound, and it seems very unfair that beauty of face should not correspond with beauty of spirit.

No wonder many plain women believe in reincarnation and think that their appearance in their next existence depends on their behaviour during their present life. What a wonderful incentive such a faith must be! Suppose that each good deed lengthened your future eyelashes, or whitened your skin, and that each temptation resisted erased a freckle or chiselled a blobby feature! Suppose rigid adherence to the narrow path of duty insured future slimness; how uncomfortably overcrowded that narrow path would become!

But I don't believe that beautiful natures unworthily housed need look so far ahead as reincarnation. I am sure that to improve their present habitation lies in their power. This is not a lecture on cosmetics. I am not dealing with the resources of "make up." Neither are my words of comfort for the very young.

My claim is that after her first youth is passed no woman can repudiate all responsibility for her appearance.

No one can deny the existence of a purely external beauty that tells one nothing about its bearer beyond the pleasant but impersonal facts that she is young and more or less untroubled. The dew of her bloom is undried by time, her expression undisturbed by worry. Her very effective beauty may—in the most literal sense of the phrase—be merely skin-deep, depending on such temporary assets as brilliance of complexion, brightness of hair and eyes—such beauty as the French call "Beauté de Diable, Beauté Damné." Or it may be of a far more pretentious quality—genuine "bone beauty"—a perfection of line and contour that suggests a corresponding perfection of spirit.



HOWEVER worthy of such a lovely but as yet scarcely lived in house the tenant may prove herself, she cannot in extreme youth be given full credit for it.

Dazzled by the beauty and poetry of her appearance, we are apt to pay her nature a homage it may not deserve. Because she is lovely, we assume her to be lovable; because she is beautiful we believe her to be kind—"For Beauty dwells with Kindness." But *is* she kind as she is fair?

This is a question to which Time must give the answer. It is in extreme youth only that appearance can be entirely detached from personality.

After some time, varying according to the mobility of her face, a woman can no longer repudiate all responsibility for her looks.

She must accept some of the credit or the blame, for by this time a certain amount of her beauty or her ugliness will have been—what Pater calls—"wrought out from *within* upon the flesh."

She will have either impaired her beauty or redeemed her plainness.

YES, there comes a time when he who runs may read our own writing on our faces.

Justice knows that we did not choose our features. No one can convert a snub into a Grecian nose. But hour by hour, mood by mood, we are determining the expression our features wear and, in the long run, habitual expressions—apart from their intrinsic importance—actually alter the contours of a face. Thus minds effect matter, and to an extent we achieve our own looks.

(*Continued on page* 208)

MONTH by MONTH

Thank God *for a few* DUKES!

Decorations by
ARTHUR WATTS

A playful satire on the Speed and Noise of the times

BRIGHTON
LONDON
Arthur Watts

By Warwick Deeping

THE Wild Man who had been marooned for some twenty years on an island in the Pacific came down to spend a week-end in the country with the Poet. The Wild Man had been in England less than three days. He had returned, full of childish eagerness and enthusiasm. England—England once more!

But he had a slightly puzzled air. He at in the Poet's garden somewhere in Surrey. They had lunched, and at half-past two they were putting forth in the Poet's car to enjoy a piece of England in July. The Poet's garden had once been a very peaceful garden. It retained its flowers and its trees and its grass, but its air of peace was fictitious.

Two aeroplanes boomed overhead. They came and went, roaring and chattering, and the Wild Man seemed interested.

" Why do they do that ? "

" Just flying," said the Poet, suppressing other eloquence.

" But where to ? "

" Oh, nowhere. Just round and round, practising, I presume. You see, we have a nice aerodrome over there, a sort of hornets' nest."

The Wild Man looked a little puzzled.

" Do you mean to say they fly round and round over here, making that infernal noise ? "

" Yes, most days—and all day."

" But doesn't anyone complain ? "

The Poet raised his eyebrows.

" Complain ! My dear chap, how can you complain of progress ? This is youth. I'm having a pair of patent ear-pads made."

A MOTOR-BICYCLE detonated up and down the lane, and the Wild Man winced.

" What the devil's that ? "

" That ? Oh, that's Young Fred, the milkman's son, testing his machine before taking his girl for a spin. He does that every evening, and on Sundays and Saturdays. And there are others."

" I see. Do you like it ? "

The Poet closed grim lips. Some things cannot be expressed.

They went out in the car. It was quite a nice car, and the Poet drove quietly. They arrived upon a main road and became immersed in modernity. Things hurtled and hooted. On the edge of a heather-covered common machines of every description seemed to have been left derelict. Crowds of people were eating things. Crowds of people were distributing paper, and tins and bottles, and banana skins and orange peel. The heather was blushing.

The Wild Man asked a question.

" What's happening ? "

" Happening ? "

" A fête or something ? "

" My dear chap, nothing is happening."

" Nothing ? "

" Nothing abnormal. This is Saturday's normality. Splendid, isn't it ? All these people out in God's country."

The Wild Man made a strange remark.

" But it doesn't look quite like God's country."

" Oh, you see, our ideas have developed about God and the country. Splendid, isn't it ? "

THEY drove on quietly, and it became apparent even to the Wild Man that the Poet's deliberation was somehow offensive to the other users of the road.

(Continued on page 208)

WILLIAM HAMPTON

“ And so

The Motor Show in particular and prospects in general of

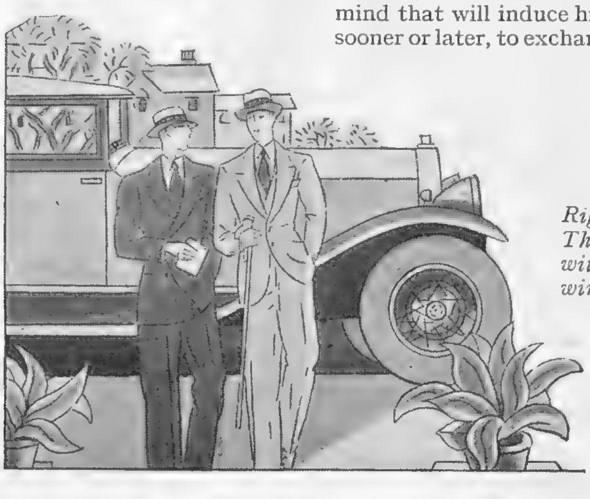
Another

Is the Motor Show worth while?

OF late years there has periodically been a tendency for manufacturers and, to a lesser extent, for private motorists to question the utility of the annual Olympia Show. The manufacturer has found, in many cases, that the actual orders booked during the Show period do not adequately cover the considerable expense to which an exhibitor is put. He argues that he might do better to rely upon the business which comes to his showrooms in the ordinary way.

This argument presupposes, however, that the catalogue collector—the man who comes on to the stands, takes a look round, and goes away with the usual bundle of descriptive literature—is a useless individual whose custom is a negligible quantity. This, I venture to think, is not the case, for the novice is not prepared to invest a sum of several hundred pounds without pondering long and deeply on his choice. He takes his catalogues home, compares their contents carefully, and consults his friends concerning the two or three most likely ones. Weeks or months later he will give his order, long after the favoured firm has banished Olympia from its mind.

There is yet another and less direct method by which the Show helps the sale of cars. A man will go to Olympia with no motive but that of curiosity, and will examine the latest models of the type to which his own two-seater or saloon belongs. He cannot fail to make comparisons. The new cars are so more comfortable, better equipped, faster, better looking. He goes home vaguely conscious that the “ old ’bus ” must be getting a little out of date. He is, in fact, in the frame of mind that will induce him, sooner or later, to exchange the veteran for something more modern and better suited to his present needs.



As for the private motorist who fails to see the value of the annual Show, he is presumably a man with either very little money or a lot. If I had £3,000 to spend upon a car, I can well imagine myself spurning Olympia and taking a taxi to the showrooms of a certain famous firm. Similarly, if I had £200 for such a purpose, I should probably take a ’bus direct to a certain great distributor of celebrated cheap machines. If, on the other hand, I had £500 to £1,000, I should want to consider the merits of at least a dozen makes, any one of which might be my eventual choice. Where could I do this better and more comprehensively than at Olympia ?

Few things change quicker than automobiles and women's fashions. This old photograph recalls the last word in both as it was spoken over twenty years ago—to be exact, in 1911

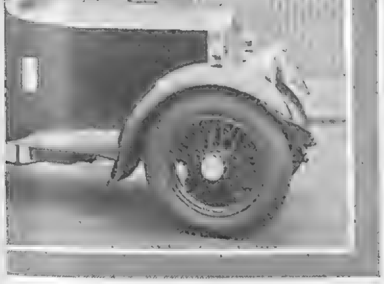
Right: A contrast in lines and coachwork. This 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce Weymann saloon, with its built-in luggage container, cycle type wings and unconventional steps, is modern to the hour to Olympia"

Motoring New Year

Can the Amateur Learn Anything from Looking at a Chassis on a Stand?

By the Earl of Cardigan

IT may not be immediately obvious how the ordinary amateur can learn very much from surveying a number of chassis, all of which appear very similar, and all of which contain features which he cannot possibly hope to understand. One does not have to be an expert, however, to tell whether a job *looks* right or not, and it is surprising how often it *is* right if it succeeds in satisfying the eye. This is not, perhaps, the most scientific test of a car's potentialities, but there undoubtedly are occasions when the human eye has proved itself more accurate than the calculations of the engineer.



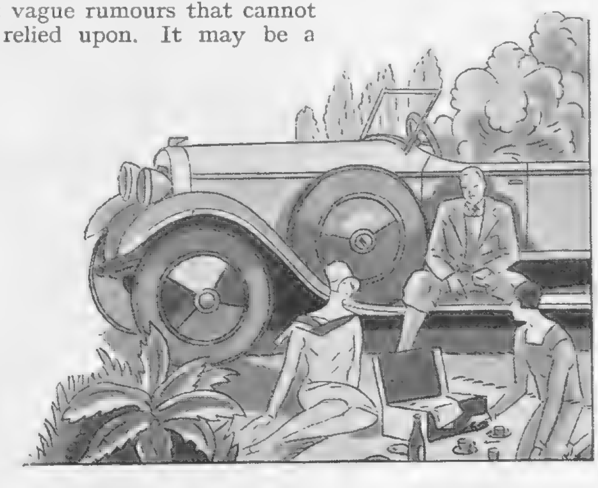
Outwardly and inwardly cars have been revolutionized in a decade. This Rover coupé, photographed at Olympia, was considered ultra-smart in 1919

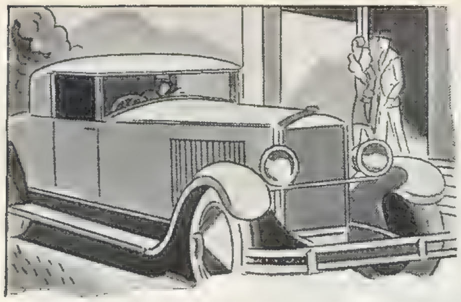
The same test can, in the majority of cases, be applied to the cars that we shall examine at Olympia. I know of no really good car that does not look the part, and it is difficult to think of a bad-looking car which, in actual practice, proves itself to be altogether satisfactory. The amateur, therefore, need never be ashamed of the judgment of his eyes, even if he is unable to support it by technical phrases and arguments mechanical and mathematical.

Glimpses of the Future

FOR the enthusiast, of course, the chief interest at Olympia is not necessarily the car that he intends or can afford to buy. Here, not always on the largest or most frequented stands, are cars which point the way for the conventional machines of four or five years hence. They may, or may not, find favour in the eyes of the serious purchaser of 1929, but they strike a fresh note, supply a new idea, and enable the student of motoring possibilities to look ahead a few stages beyond the accepted practice of the present day.

New ideas in motor car construction may be said to " arrive " by three gradual processes. First of all comes the secret or semi-secret tests, when somebody's brain-wave has to satisfy a staff of business men and engineers as to its ability to perform the functions that are claimed for it. The general public knows nothing of it at this stage, and people like myself hear nothing but vague rumours that cannot be relied upon. It may be a





year or two years later before it is incorporated in a new chassis and displayed to the world at the Olympia Show.

The public will then register its usual cautious interest; half of the critics will shake their heads, and the other half will talk about a new era having dawned. It remains for the final test to be applied, when various enterprising purchasers will examine it under conditions of their own. It will have to function with or without lubricant, under intelligent or stupid management. It can never be predicted safely whether it will survive, or whether, giving way under neglect and ill-treatment, it will cause trouble and be finally condemned.

Miss Iris Rickaby, who has twice won the historic Newmarket Town Plate, and her fiancé, Mr. Keith Piggott, steeplechase jockey and son of Ernest Piggott, who rode "Jerry M" and "Poethlyn" to victory in the Grand National. The car is a Riley Nine Monaco Saloon

30,000 miles in 30,000 minutes on the track at Brooklands. Miss Evelyn and Miss Violet Cordery in the Invicta car with which they accomplished this record feat

Olympia, therefore, is the second stage of the brain-wave's journey towards acceptance and success, and the novelties of the Show may be taken as being at least a year, and often very much more, in advance of the times. Who can remember, for instance, the first Motor Show at which four-wheel brakes were displayed? Most people would guess at the one immediately following the war. I cannot myself give the date with certainty, but I do know that it was not long after I was born! It was certainly ten years, and probably longer, before the practice of fitting brakes to all four wheels became recognised and adopted generally as it is to-day.

Overhead valves were likewise exhibited and used for quite ten or fifteen years before they ceased to be "new-fangled" and became conventional. It may well be, therefore, that some of the cars which we shall see this year will be specimens of the orthodox vehicle not of 1930 but of 1939! If we consider this, we shall look at the examples of "advanced" design with fresh respect and added interest.

What We shall See at the Show

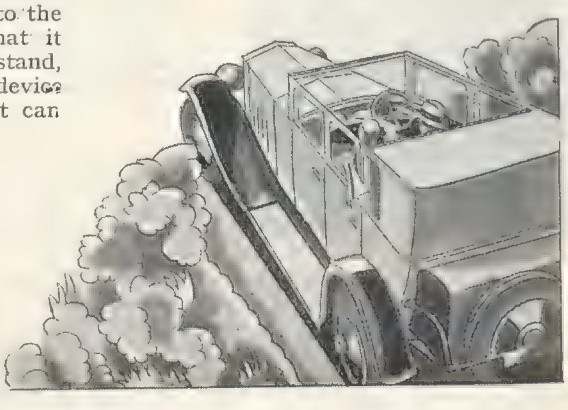
THERE is, as a matter of fact, little likelihood of anything being exhibited which is absolutely and completely new, but, on the other hand, there will be much that is novel from the ordinary motorist's point of view. Many devices which he has vaguely read about will appear in well-known chassis as practical additions to his comfort and convenience. The theories which interested him a year or two ago will present themselves in a new and concrete form.

The new type of fool-proof gearbox, for instance, may now be said to have proved its value and efficiency. For a long time it seemed impossible to build an epicyclic "box" that was not both heavy and inconveniently large. When, at last, this feat was achieved, many experts declared that the gear would not stand up to the hard wear and inevitable misuse that it would have to undergo. I understand, however, that private users of this device are more than satisfied, so that it can now be reckoned a highly practical proposition for those who dislike using a gearbox of the ordinary type.

There will always be some, of course, who will feel that much of the pleasure of driving is lost when no skill whatever is required in manipulating the controls, but these are likely to be in the minority. The average man prefers simplicity, and is grateful for anything that makes motoring easier.

Free-wheel devices have also been put to the test of private use, and it will be interesting to see what place they take in consequence as "selling points." It must be admitted that they simplify gear changing and also make "coasting" easier. On the other hand, it is more than doubtful whether the inexperienced driver should be encouraged to "coast" downhill at all. Braking power is greatly reduced by this practice, and his control over the car is lessened often to a dangerous extent. The skilful driver may do so, but he does not require the aid of a free-wheel.

Another novelty which may be considerably in evidence is the "one-shot" system of lubrication, by means of which a number of points on the chassis may be greased by operating a single pump or plunger. The convenience of this is obvious, as is the fact that it makes the business of greasing less messy than it otherwise would be. It has one drawback, however, which may restrict its use. When you screw on a grease cap, you know that the grease has gone where it is meant to go. When you use a grease-gun, you can very quickly tell if a nipple is blocked up, and very simply clear the obstruction with a pin. What happens, on the other



Home or Abroad ?

The peaceful, typically English Exe valley is the setting for the car above, and on the right a motorist, who prefers to go further afield, is picturesquely framed in the more rugged scenery of the Austrian Tyrol

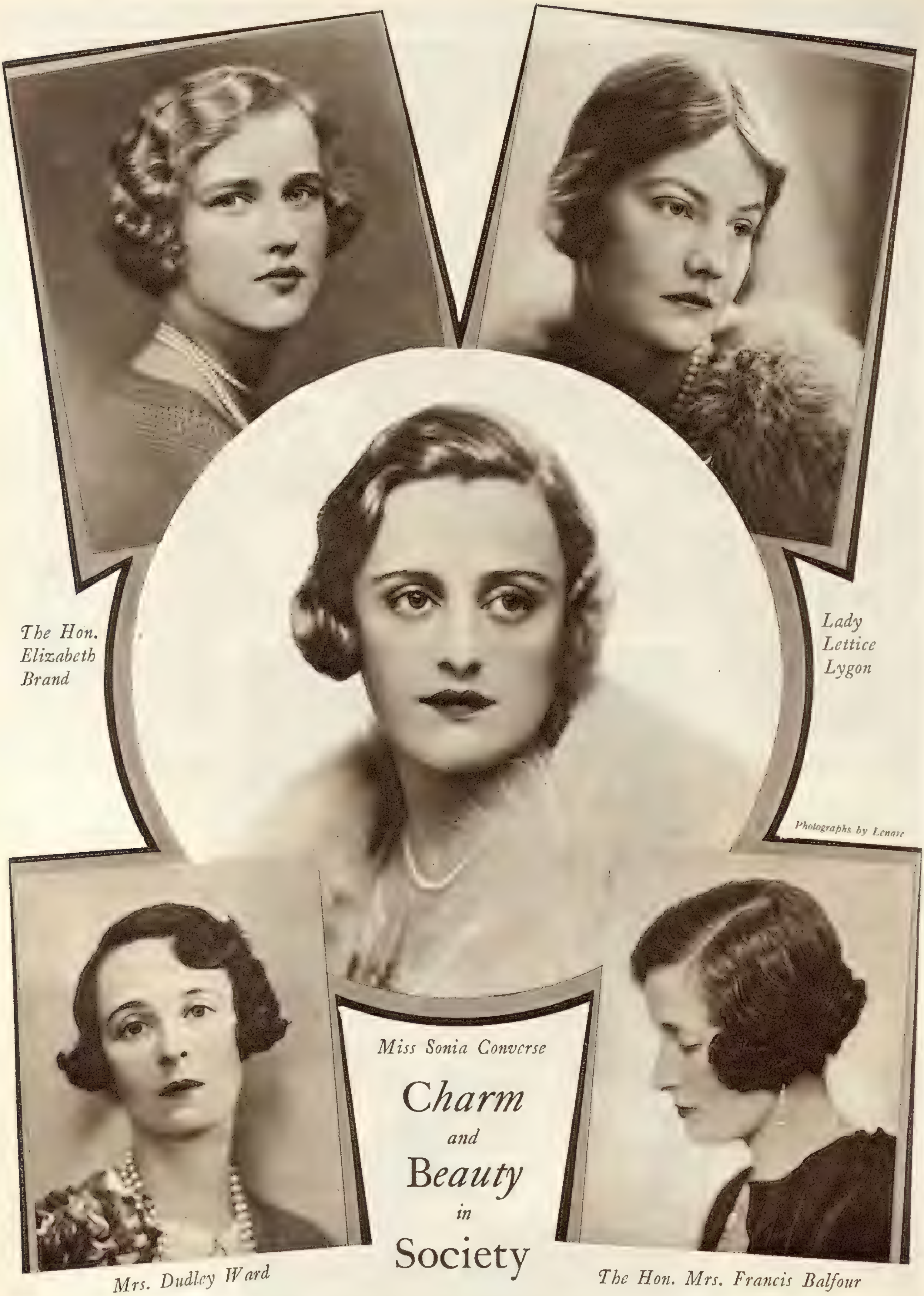
hand, if there is a blockage somewhere in a complicated maze of pipes ?

This is a problem to which some solution will have to be found before the one-shot system of lubrication can ever be utilised to its full extent. It will be interesting to see what solutions, if any, are put forward by its supporters at the Show this year.

Some progress may also be looked for in connection with the use of superchargers in the sporting type of car. The chief disadvantages of the supercharger in the past have been its excessive consumption of petrol and also the noise that the blower invariably sets up. Attempts are continually being made to secure greater silence and increased economy, and some little progress has undoubtedly been made. There is still, however, a division of opinion as to whether superchargers should be built for continuous operation, or whether they should be accessories for occasional and judicious use.

Personally, I prefer the latter type. There is something very attractive about a car that can perform two distinct and separate rôles, and occasional supercharging undoubtedly has the

(*Continued on page* 194)



Charm and Beauty in Society

The Hon. Elizabeth Brand

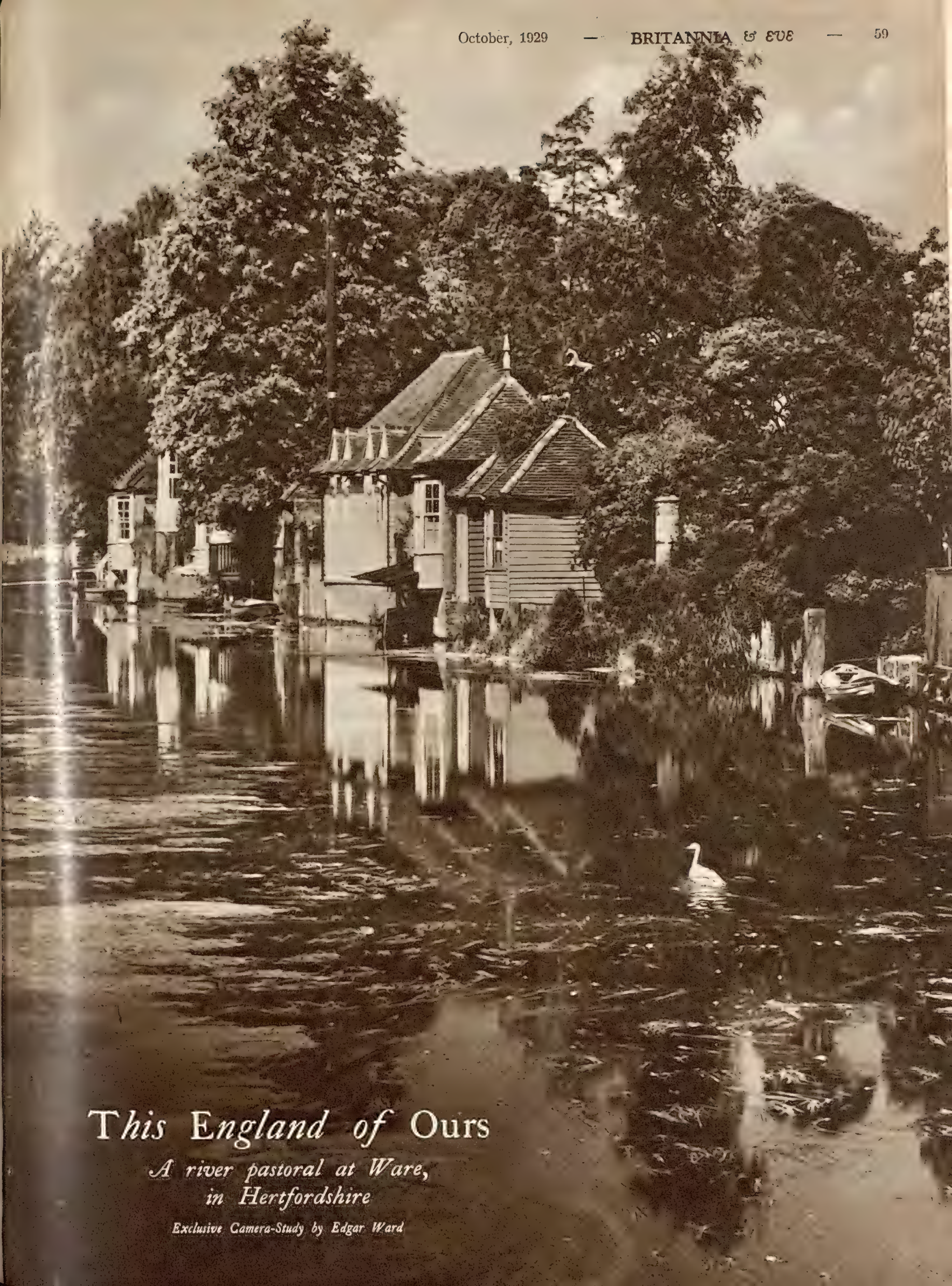
Lady Lettice Lygon

Miss Sonia Converse

Mrs. Dudley Ward

The Hon. Mrs. Francis Balfour

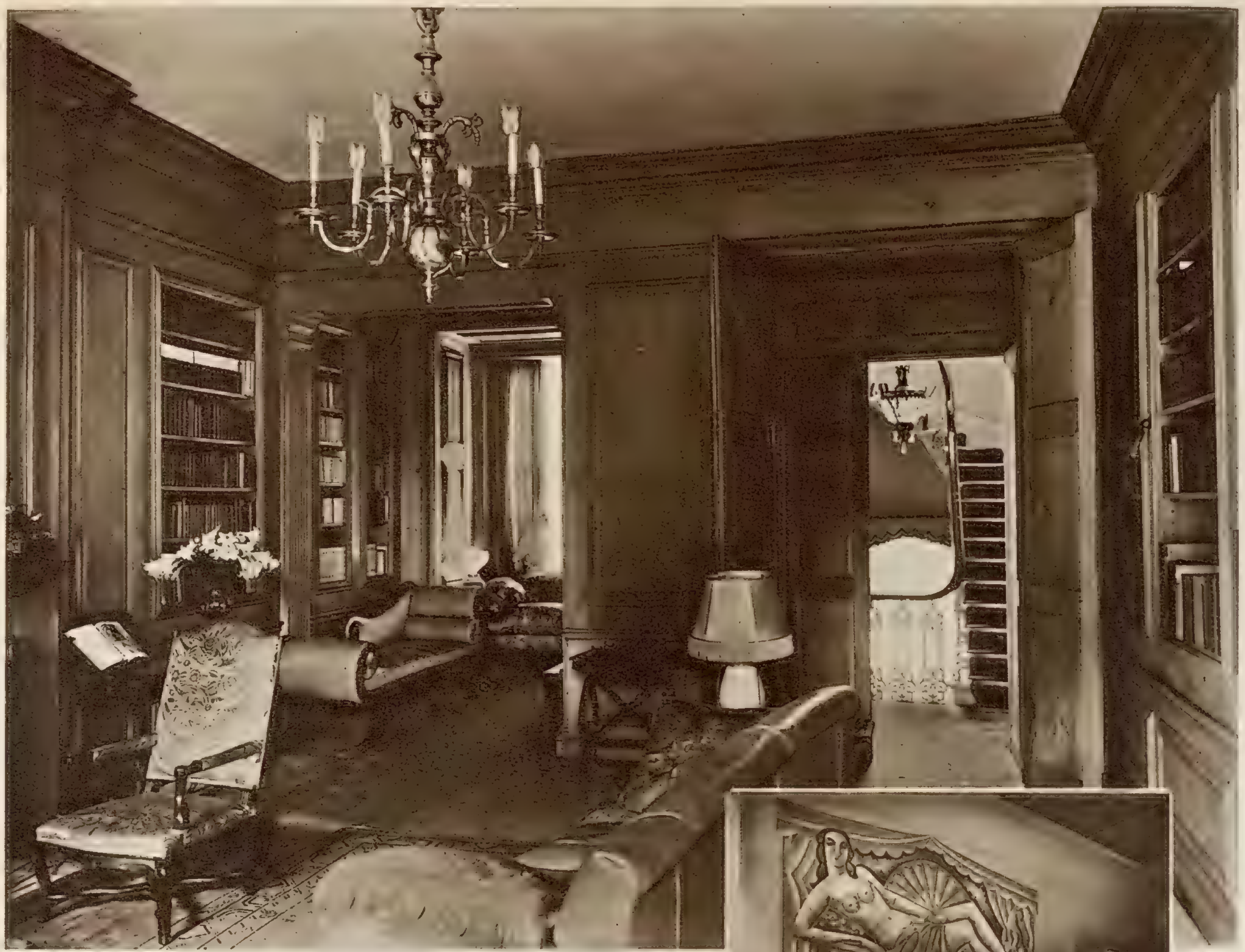
Photographs by Lenare



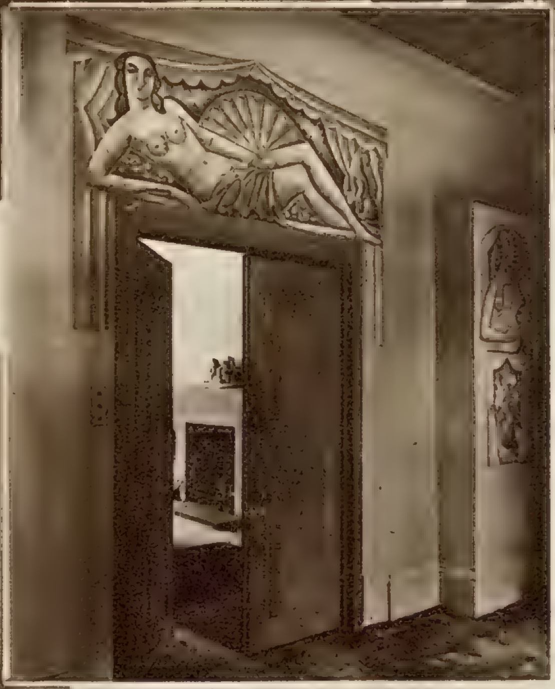
This England of Ours

A river pastoral at Ware, in Hertfordshire

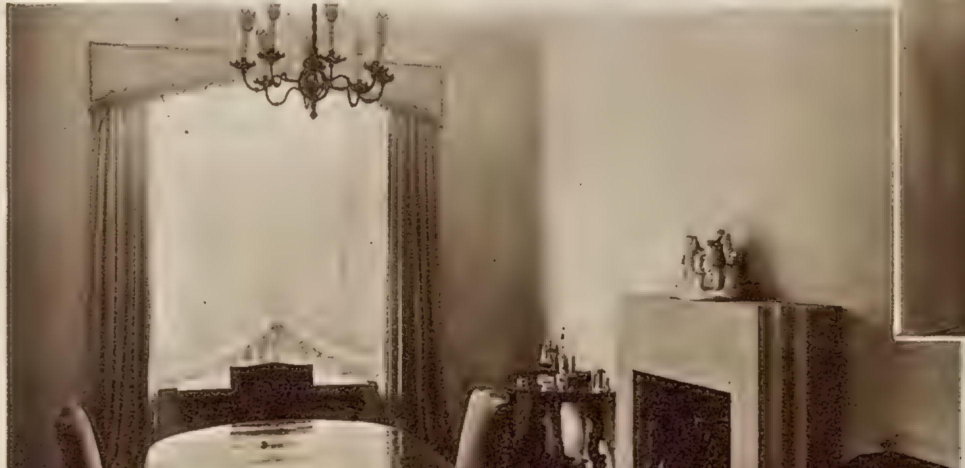
Exclusive Camera-Study by Edgar Ward



The bold, raised and fielded panelling in the Drawing-room is of Spanish chestnut wood, and was copied from a famous London house of the William and Mary period.



A wall-painting, over the well-designed double doors which lead to the Dining-room.



In the Dining-room the dominating feature of the room is the one very large window, so gracefully curtained with pale yellow muslin and heavy golden yellow satin.

Other People's Houses:

84, *Regents Park Road,*

The London House of the Earl and Countess of Lathom.

Photographed expressly for this issue by Humphrey and Vera Joel

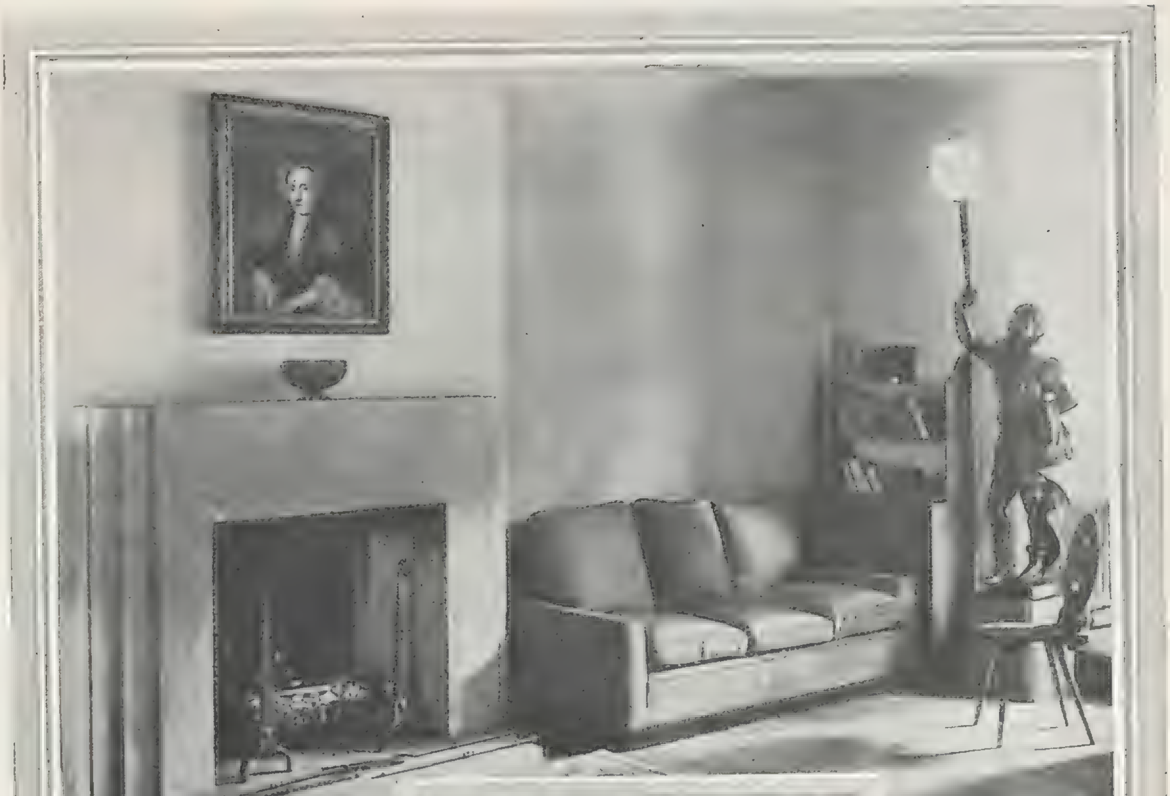
OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

Pictured by
Humphrey
and
Vera Joel

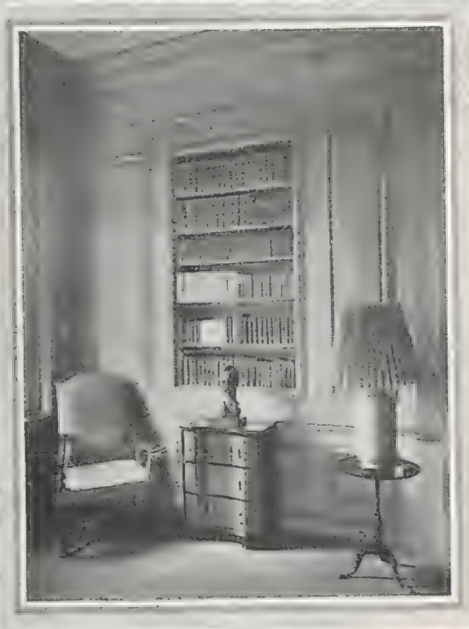
Described by
Peggy
Fremantle

84, Regent's Park Rd.

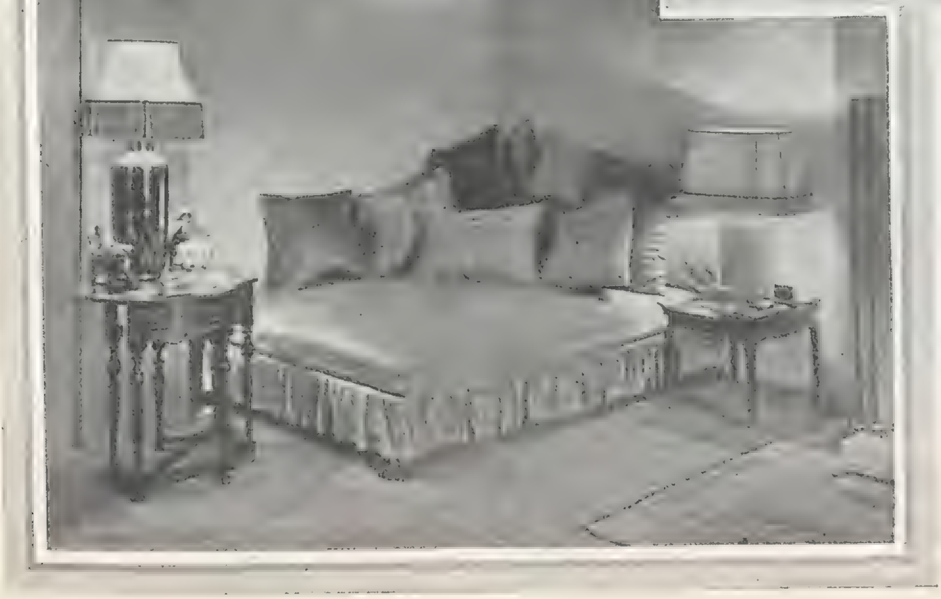
The London House of The Earl and Countess of Lathom



Lord Lathom himself is responsible for the design of this modern stone chimney piece, which is to be found in his study

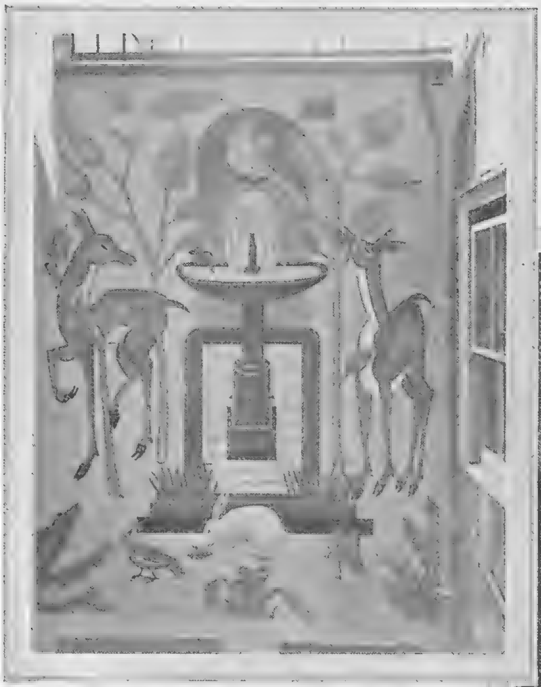


A boy's head by Dobson stands in front of the recessed bookcase, and beside it a Chinese celadon vase, now used as a lamp



Many cushions of vari-coloured brocades and silks make the large divan a luxurious resting place

SINCE the demolition of old Regent Street, so regretted by many, massive buildings of solid stone have taken the place of Nash's graceful curves, and the pleasing unity of design, which he evolved in his strange classical-stucco style, has given way to a grander, though less individual, atmosphere in London's greatest shopping street. In the last district of London which remains exclusively residential, however—Regent's Park—Nash still remains undisputed master of the situation. John Nash, the great architect of the Regency, definitely stamped his age. Having been appointed inspector of royal buildings in the year of Waterloo, 1815, it was he who furnished the designs for Buckingham Palace as it once was, the Haymarket Theatre and the Pavilion of Brighton. It is interesting to note



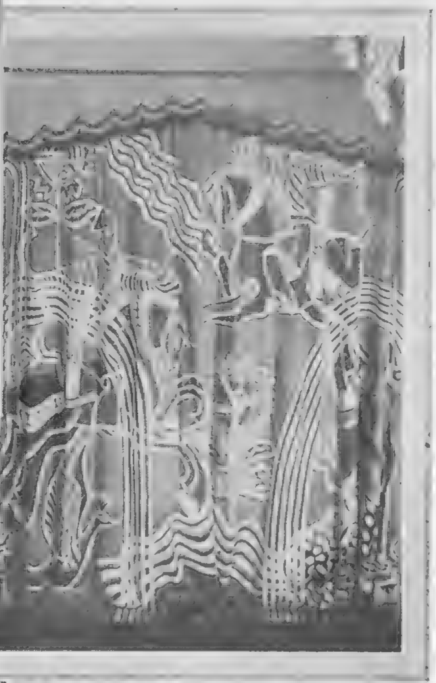
One of the most delightful of the wall paintings is the one shown here, designed on an exterior wall and seen from the large hall windows

that Brighton owes much of its present-day popularity and importance to its royal favour in the reign of George IV, who magnified it from the comparatively unimportant Brighthelmstone to "London-by-Sea." Nash also designed Regent Street and Regent's Park.

Regent's Park still possesses a formidable personality and atmosphere which, despite modern distraction, compels the most casual thinker to comparisons with Brighton and thoughts of Mrs. FitzHerbert and Perdita, Hopner's exquisite and richly coloured portraits of the dandies of the Court, Romney and Emma Hamilton, Pope's satire and Swift's lampoon; the whole being like a glorious materialisation of those golden years in the history of the art of letters and painting. The pleasant wandering thoughts, engendered by a walk past Nash's Terraces and porticos (with a lingering glance at the Zoo), are somewhat roughly, yet pleasantly, brought back to twentieth century actuality directly one passes Lady Lathom's glossy black front door.

IT would be interesting to hear the men who created this house a hundred years ago give their opinion of the frescoes which adorn its walls to-day. In the hall and passage the walls and ceiling are painted a shiny pink, as a background to these very modern wall paintings. The young artist, Colin Sealy, who made them has a very definite sense of design and feeling for bright, clean colour, and they transform what would otherwise be a rather dull entrance hall into a place full of interest. They are painted in Tempera directly on to the plaster of the walls, and their crude Oriental colouring and primitive draughtsmanship make a very decorative and arresting form of wall treatment. They are akin to Oriental and Byzantine art in that they are almost entirely dependent upon their richness of colour to achieve effect; yet, in them, the artist has introduced a slightly unflattering Italian primitive influence by the insertion of central figures, the draughtsmanship of which is comparatively good, if, perhaps, not quite of the highest order. Lady Lathom is to be congratulated upon her enterprise and power of vision in commissioning a young artist to do this original work, and it must be a source of great satisfaction to her to know that others are following suit and that she gave substantial help in the initial stages to a career which now holds promise of considerable success.

One corner of the drawing-room, where white Oriental porcelain birds look down upon a luxurious sofa; and behind, one of Mr. Colin Sealy's blinds, painted in sepia



This wonderful pair of curtains on the stairs, painted by Miss Marion Dorn, is carried out in white and chocolate brown on a ground of deep yellow

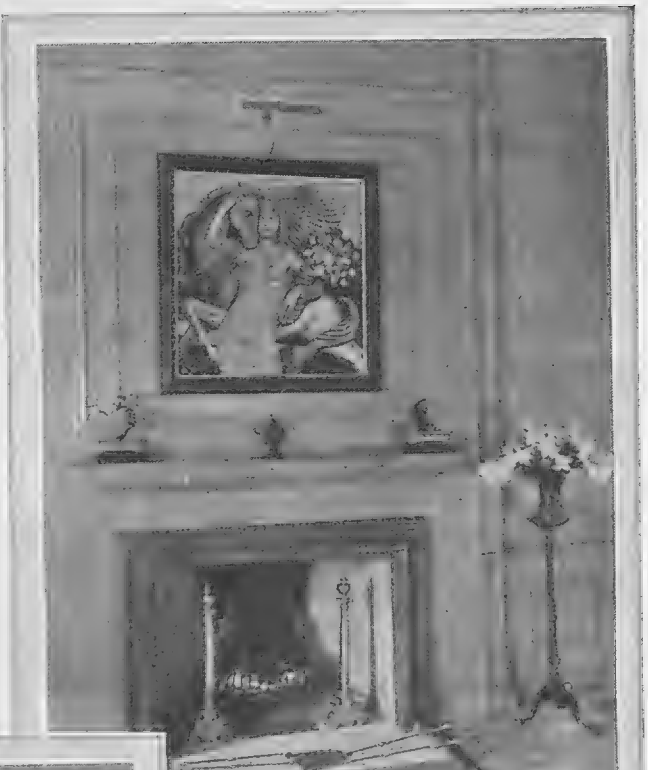
A view of the hall, showing one of Mr. Colin Sealy's attractive modern frescoes. Through the window can be seen another, which is painted on an outside wall in a lighting-well

The modern school of fresco painters is worthy of close study by ambitious decorators, for the immense possibilities of the fresco as a decorative treatment for large or small wall surfaces have not been explored to their fullest extent in this country or, indeed, in any other in modern time Lady Lathom had the brilliant idea of getting Mr. Sealy to paint one of his pictures on an exterior wall facing the window which lights the back part of her hall. This window looks out on to a narrow lighting well and formerly the view from it was of nothing but a whitewashed brick wall. Now gaily painted allegorical animals and birds can be seen in lively attitudes round a fountain of curious build. This composition is one of the most pleasing in the house, for in it Mr. Sealy has allowed his natural talent for drawing to get the better of the deliberately distorted impressionism in which he indulges in those of his pictures that include the human figure in the subject. Over the double doors leading from the hall to the dining-room reclines a female figure holding a fan. The doors are remarkable for their strong modern design. Two long, slightly raised panels are superimposed one upon the other on each door, an arrangement which successfully gives an impression of great strength and solidity. They provide a simple example of the sincere and architecturally sound "built up" design in modern art, as opposed to some of the meretricious and tawdrily effective stuff, which has brought the modern movement into disrepute among discriminating people. They were designed by Mr. Ralph Brinton and made by the firm of Betty Joel, a combination which is also responsible for the two pairs of doors, and the panelling in the drawing-room which will be described later.

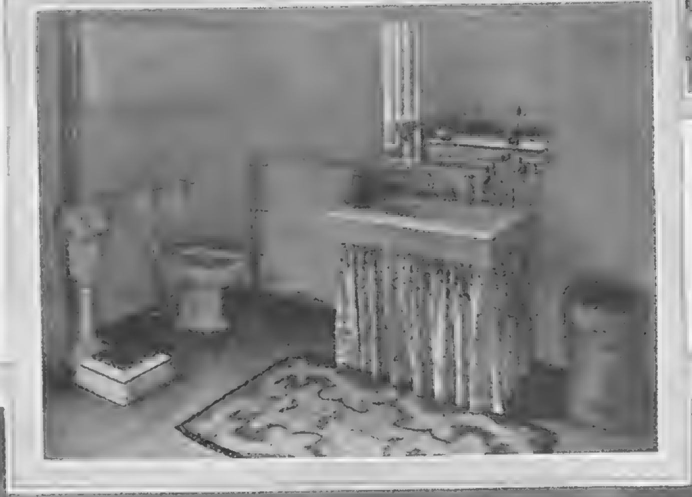
IN the dining-room the plain plaster walls are boldly coved into the ceiling. The dominating feature of the room is the one very large window and its happy arrangement of curtains. The inner transparent curtains are of pale yellow muslin, with goffered flounces, and are draped boldly from corner to corner, so that they cross each other, and each one extends the whole width of the window. The suggestion is French and the effect extremely charming; a welcome change from the ubiquitous, straight-hanging filet net. The outer pair of curtains are made of a heavy dull-surfaced satin of great richness and quality; the colour a glorious deep golden yellow. The decoratively shaped pelmet is braided and fringed with chocolate brown mohair. The curtains of the large window in the hall are identical, for when the double doors to the dining room are open, these two windows face each other. Under each of these windows is a radiator, concealed by a console table with Sienna marble top and wrought iron underframe; both materials, by the way, impervious to bad effect from heat and therefore an idea worthy of notice. The stone fireplace in the dining room is interesting. It was made from a design by Lord Lathom, and its strongly reinforced lines have been extensively copied by those interested in modern decoration. A similar chimney-piece is in Lord Lathom's study. The dining-room is furnished principally with old Spanish pieces, but Lady Lathom considers them rather too dark for the room, and they will eventually be replaced by some light and delicate painted Sheraton or Hepplewhite pieces.

Lord Lathom's study is a charming room, with a very large semi-circular window occupying nearly the whole of the wall opposite to the door. In the middle of the window stands an immense writing table, guarded by a pair of "black boys" holding torches. This eighteenth century fashion was particularly the rage

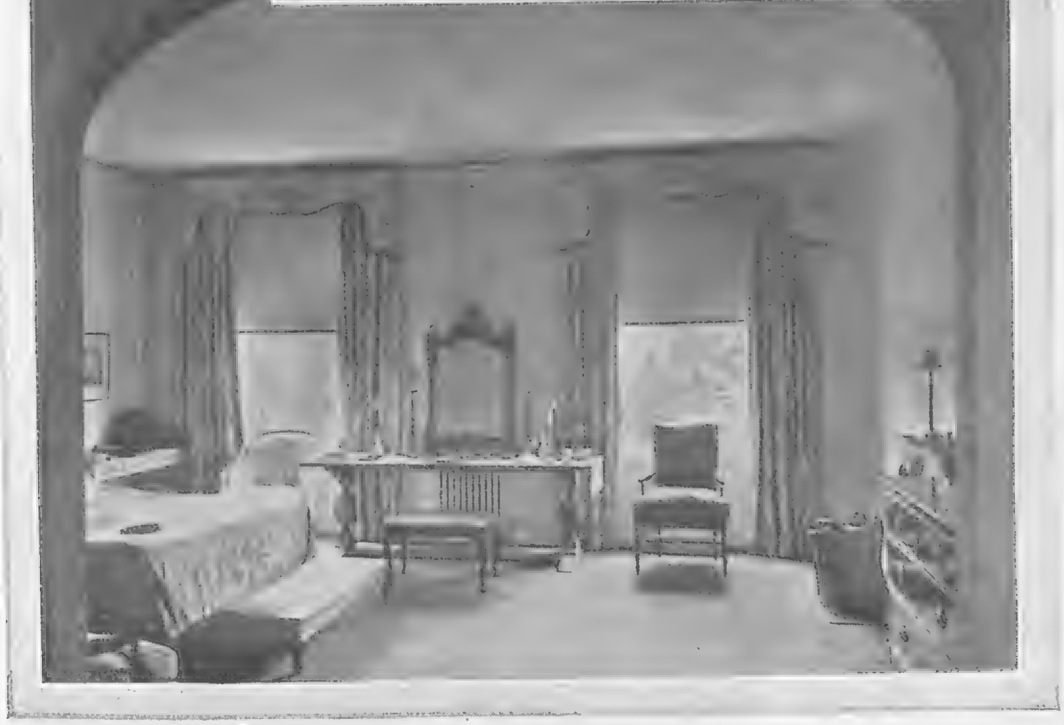
(*Continued on page* 192)



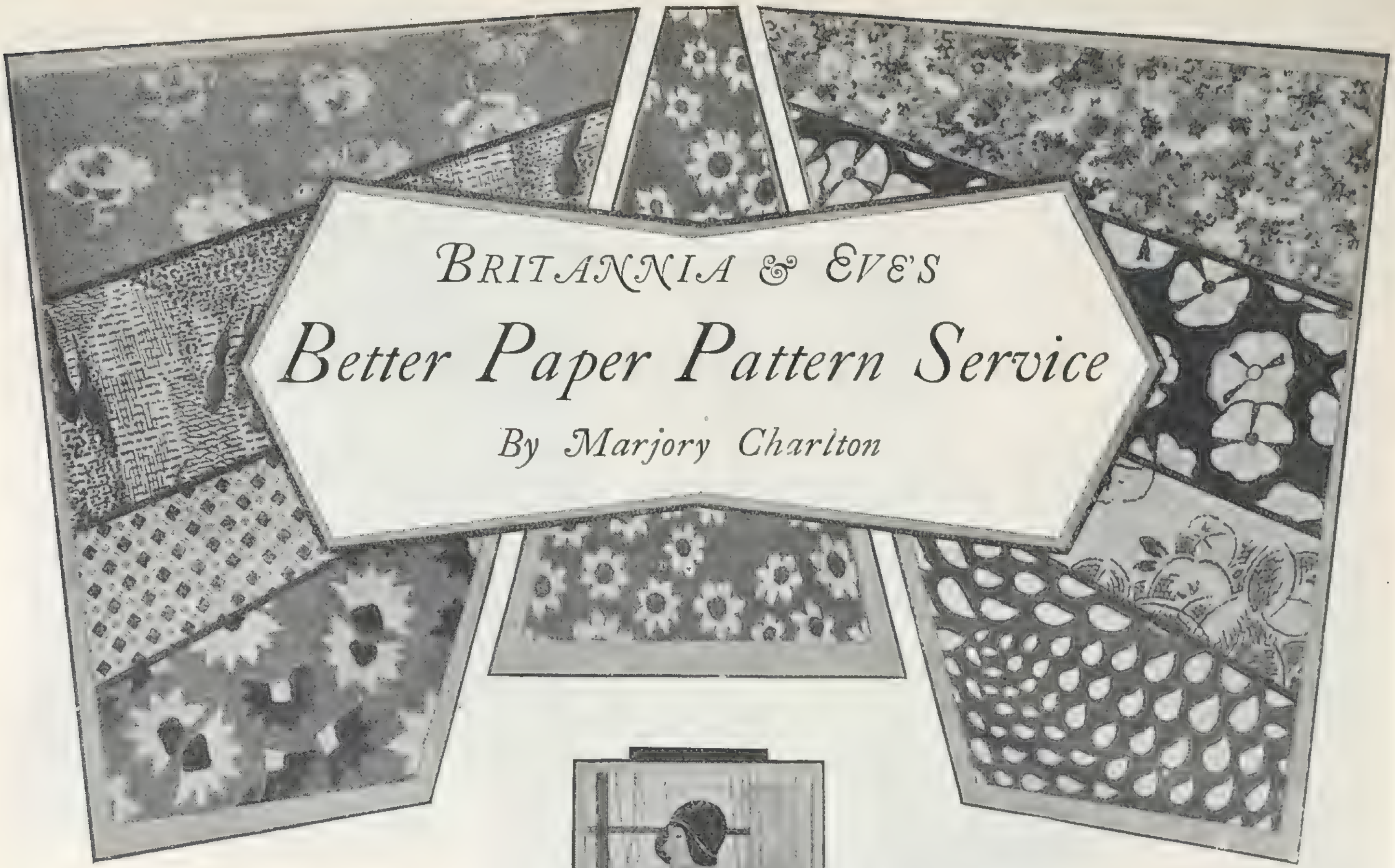
Over the fireplace in the chestnut-panelled drawing-room hangs Ernest Proctor's striking picture of "Flora and the Horse"



In Lady Lathom's bathroom the lavatory basin is made comely by a petticoat of Toile de Jouy printed linen



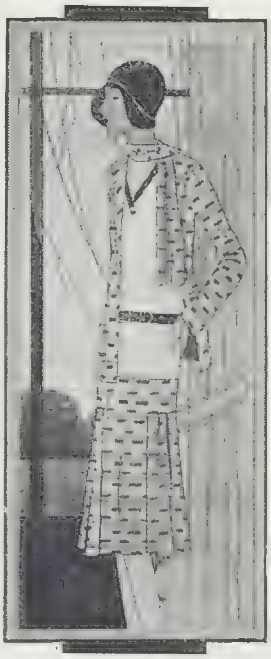
The curtains and bed-cover in Lady Lathom's bedroom are made of cream linen, in wine colour, printed with one of the enchanting Toile de Jouy designs



BRITANNIA & EVE'S

Better Paper Pattern Service

By Marjory Charlton



OCTOBER! The month of new clothes! . . . When Paris begins to give away the dress secrets for the coming season (which, of course, you have been longing to hear all about!) and your thoughts are turning towards your Autumn outfit.

Are you to be numbered among those unfortunate people—in other words, the great majority—who are forced, whatever their inclinations may be, to have "frugal minds"? If so, you may be feeling, perhaps, a little dismal at the difficult prospect of reconciling your (always!) inadequate dress allowance with the number of frocks you are likely to need. Dances, dinners, afternoon bridge parties to be taken into consideration; to say nothing of outdoor clothes, both for town and country; also golf and motoring kit. You might indeed "worry" . . . . if . . . (and this is a very big "if") it were not possible in these enlightened days to dress according to Paris at a very low cost indeed—just, in fact, for the price of the material. How? By making your own frocks with the help of a paper pattern. Beyond your powers, you say, to achieve anything that will look really smart! Not, I think, if you use BRITANNIA AND EVE Better Paper Patterns, hand-cut and correct down to the minutest detail, for they are so extraordinarily easy to follow, even for the veriest amateur.

DESIGNED exclusively for BRITANNIA AND EVE by well-known artists, who are always in touch with feeling in the French capital, and following closely the trend of the latest Paris fashions, BRITANNIA AND EVE Better Paper Patterns are in no way *outré* or involved. A striking point in connection with them, indeed, is that they appeal particularly to the Englishwoman, who likes "good style," though there is absolutely no loss of French *chic* in the process of translating them.

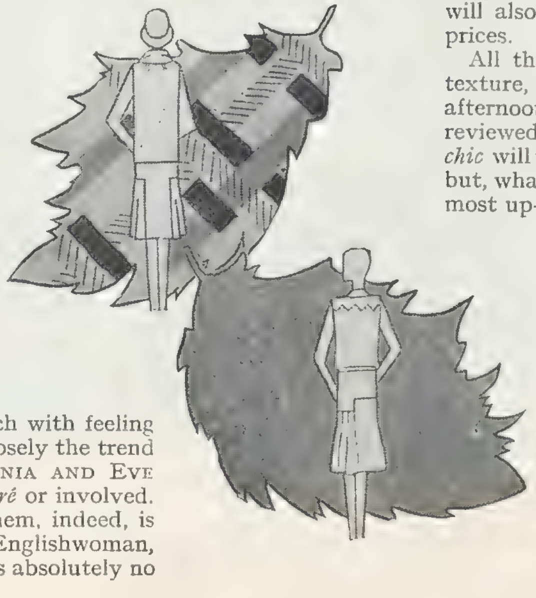
Of the models depicted each month in our eight-page Colour Gravure Fashion section, paper patterns are only, of course, available of those which bear a series number. The others, in order that our readers shall be "put wise" concerning all that relates to the new styles, reproduce the designs of those great Paris houses whose names are famous throughout the world.

SO large has been the demand for BRITANNIA AND EVE Better Paper Patterns that from now onwards the BRITANNIA AND EVE Fashions Department is extending its scope. In future not only will thoroughly reliable patterns of the season's latest models be provided, but practical details concerning the materials in which it is suggested that these shall be made up will also be supplied, including widths and prices.

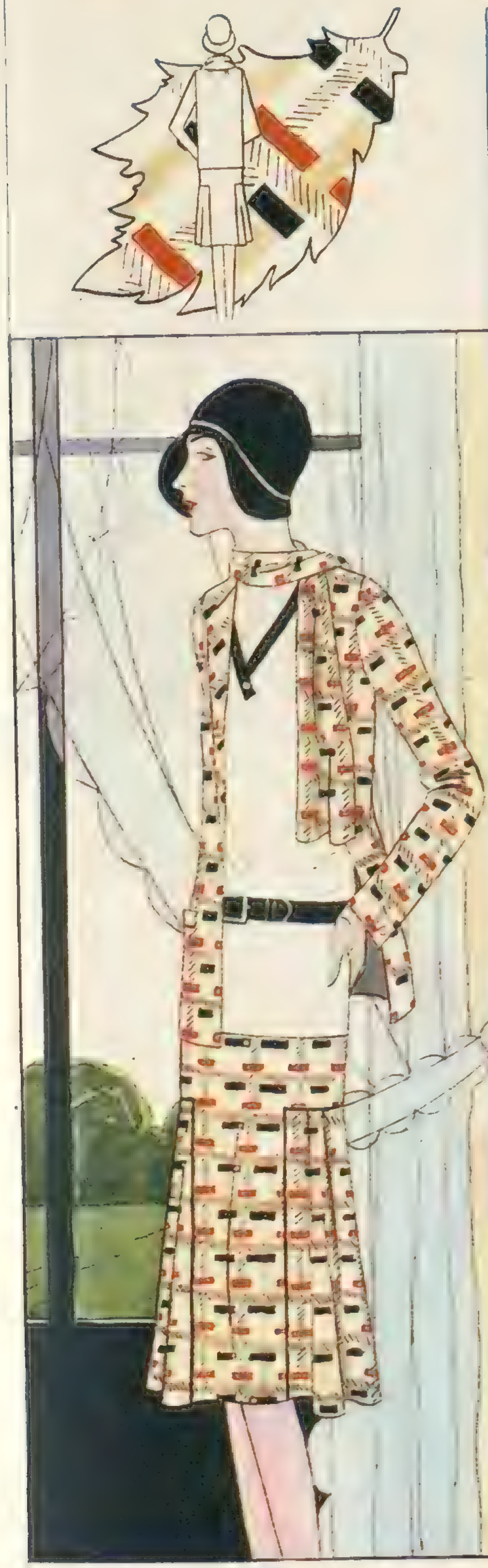
All that is new in the Fabric world, in texture, colouring and design, for morning, afternoon, evening and sports wear, will be reviewed every month, so that discoveries in *chic* will not only include outstanding models, but, what is equally important, the right and most up-to-date medium for each particular one—invaluable information for those who live abroad or in the depths of the country.

Take, for instance, the models on page 65. For the costume, printed jersey-velours is suggested (width 59 in., price 14s. 9d. a yard), carried out in the fashionable shades of the season: soft red, nigger and light and deep beige. The two piece is shown with a skirt of Toillic Pointillé (width 54 in., price 17s. 9d. a yard).

(*Continued on page* 146)



FASHION'S SYMPHONY IS PLAYED IN BEIGE, RED AND BROWN



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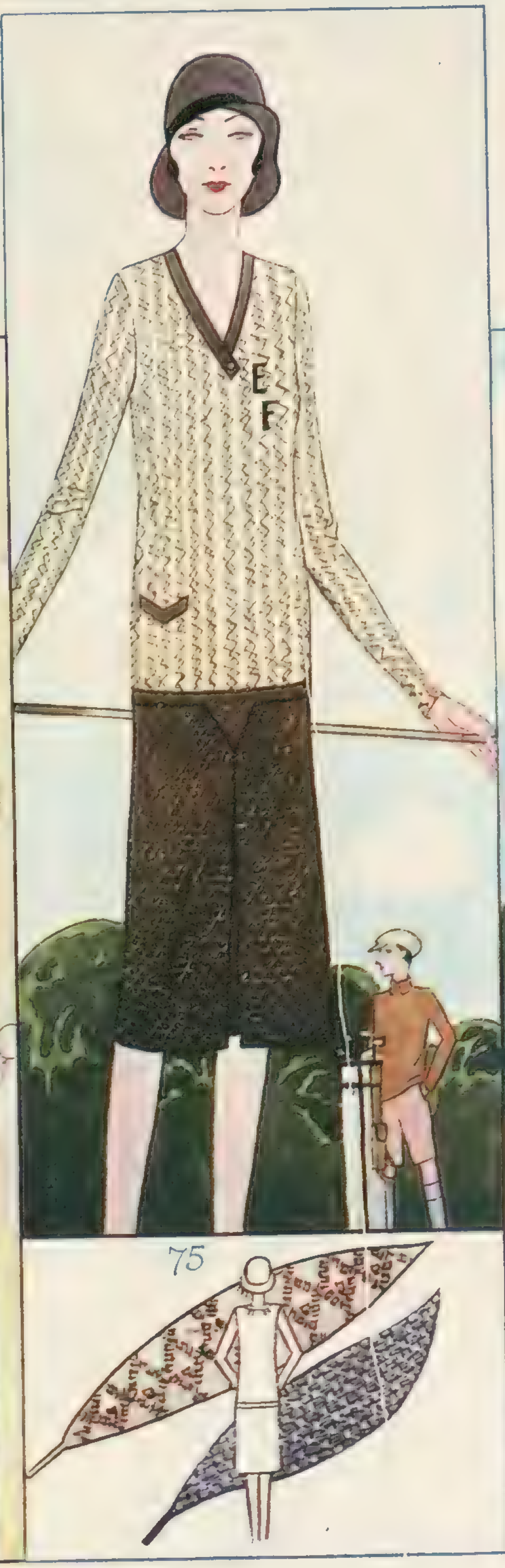

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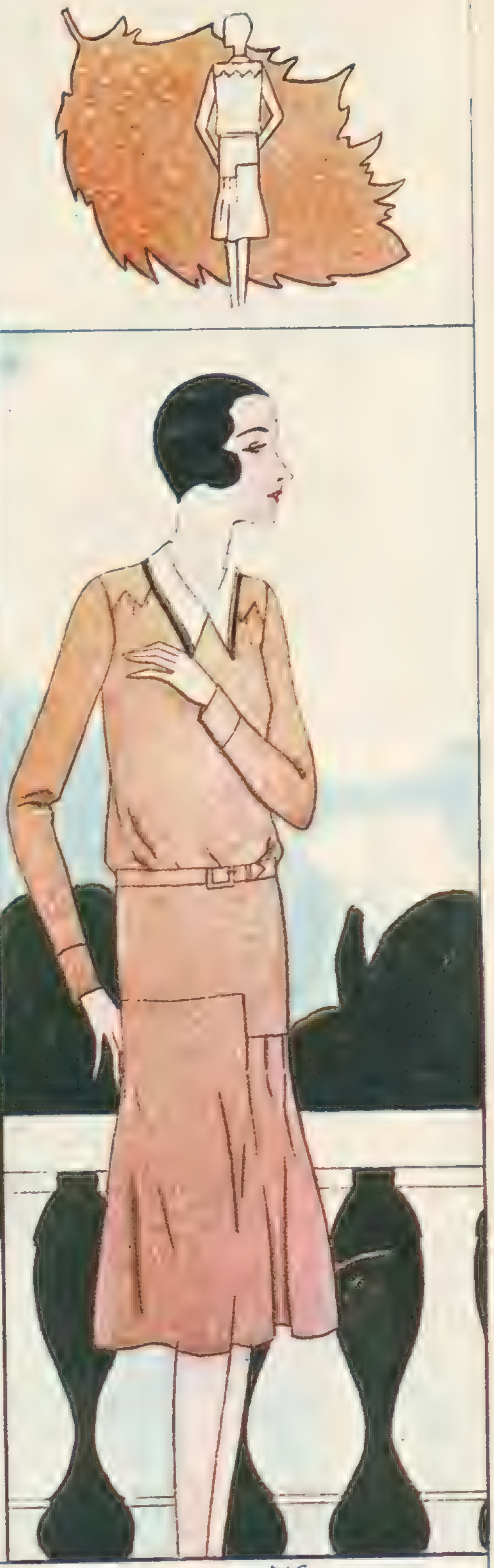


76

74.—A suit that speaks Fashion's last word has a straight hip-length coat, with a detachable, matching scarf and a skirt cut on the new sectional lines, with godet pleats flaring at either side. It is carried out in the new printed jersey-velours.

75.—Toillic Pointillé, one of the Season's woollen materials that Paris is sponsoring, is used for the skirt of the two-piece above, cut with a yoke and inverted pleat and the plain, workmanlike jumper is made of Fancy Stockinette, blending in colour.

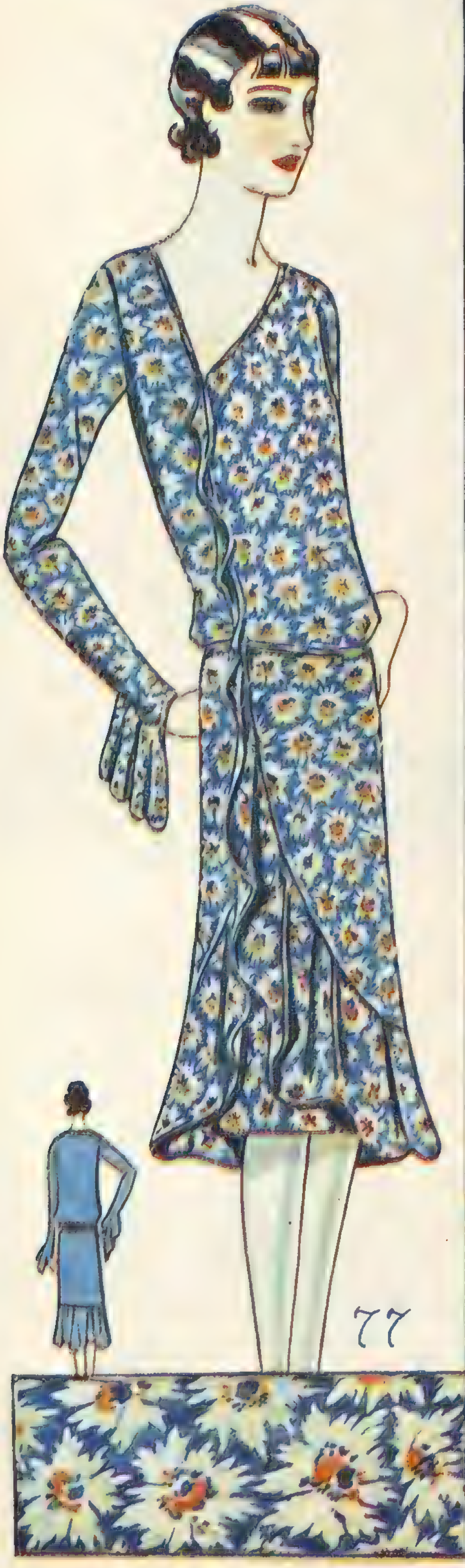
76.—Friskelya Ajouré, a mixture of wool and silk, with a frosted effect, is suggested for this frock—equally suitable for wearing indoors or under a coat. The skirt section, which is tucked at the left, joins the upper section on a shaped line.

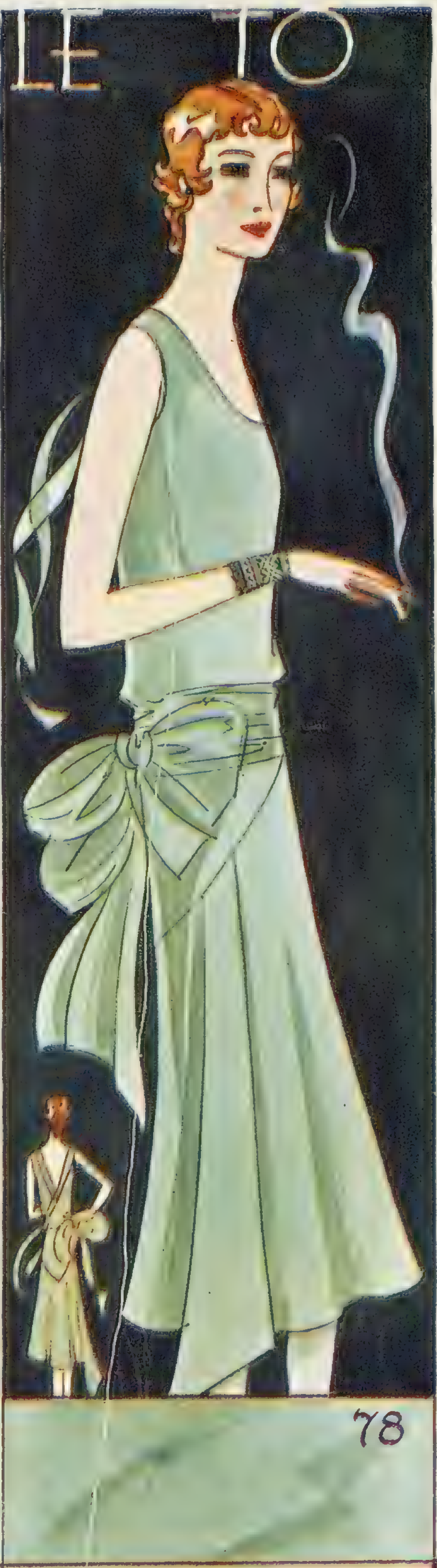
The materials shown on this page are obtainable from Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN FOUR SIZES, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 146.

SO SIMPLE TO MAKE —

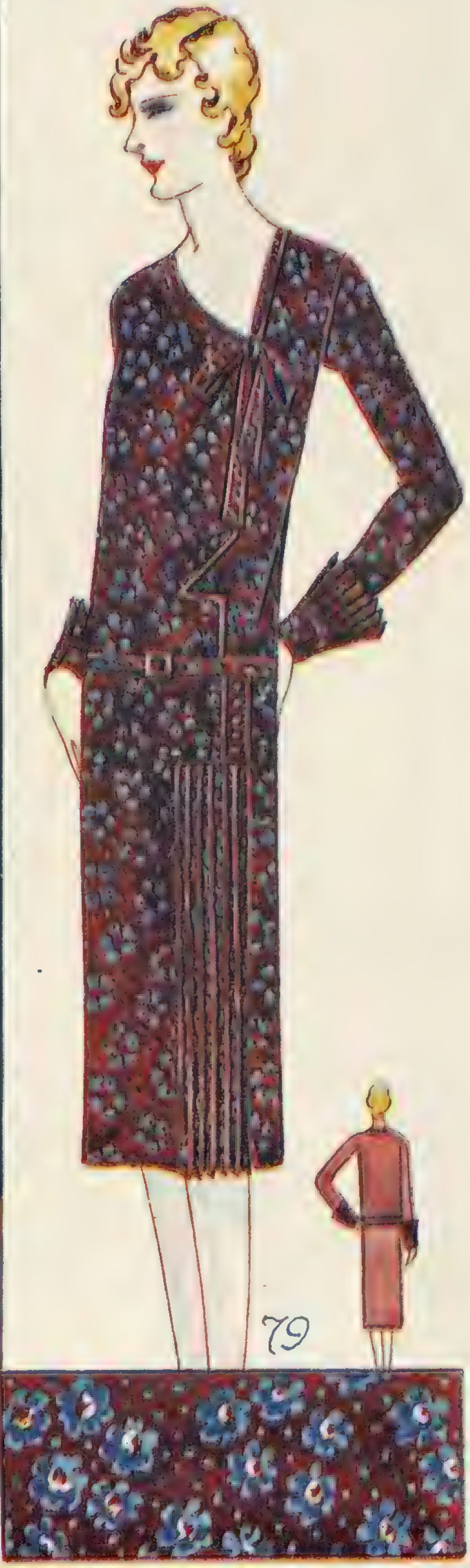
77.—Below, carried out in San Toy, is just the frock you will need this Autumn for afternoon "occasions." The bodice pouches becomingly over a narrow belt, and the skirt is cut on tunic lines.





78.—The evening gown above, expressed in Courgette, in a vivid shade of green, stresses the importance of the sash, an insertion at the top of the skirt giving the flat hip effect.

79.—San Toy, in the Season's favourite shades, wine and blue, is also used for the model below, that strikes a new note in necklines, has gauntlet cuffs, and a bodice with the new geometrical effect.

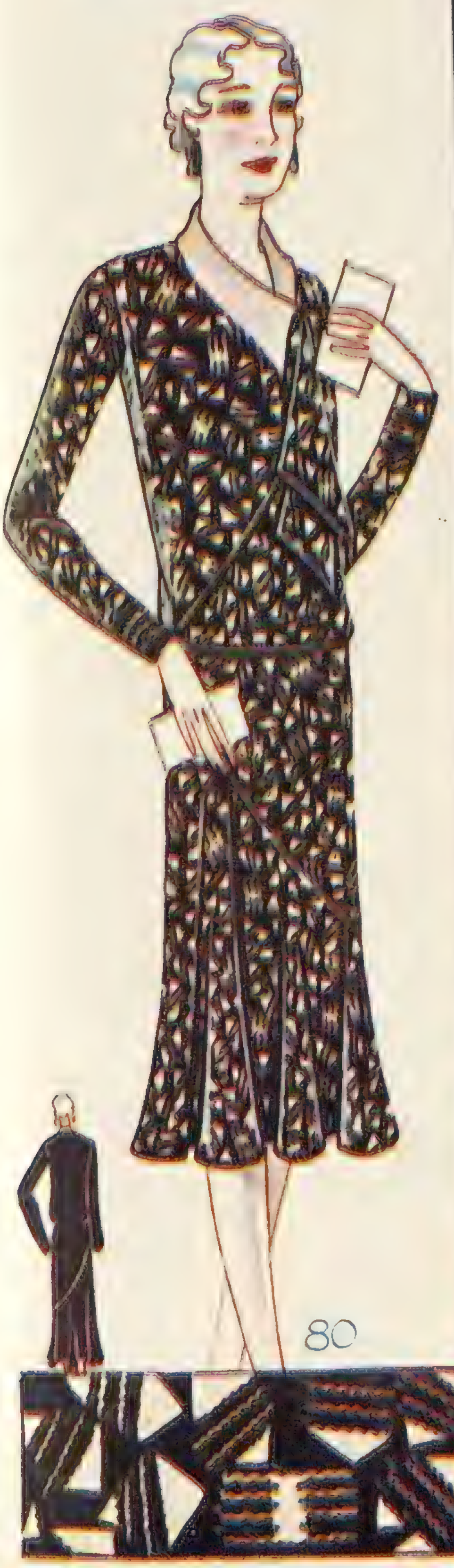


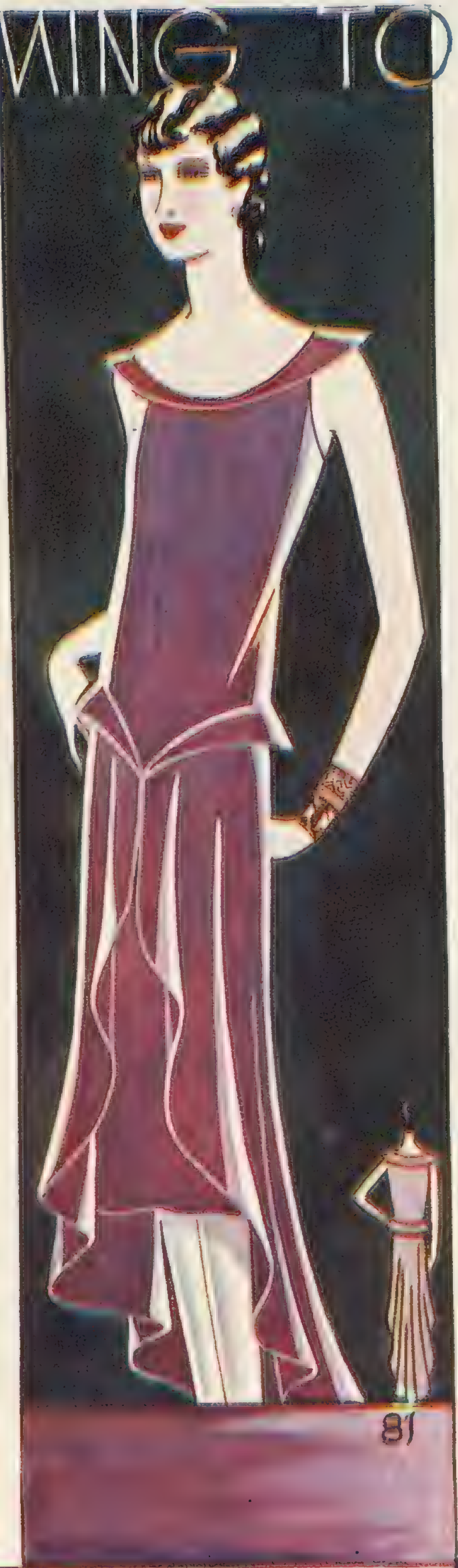
The models on this page are shown in Courtaulds' Fabrics.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN FOUR SIZES, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA

& CHARMING TO WEAR

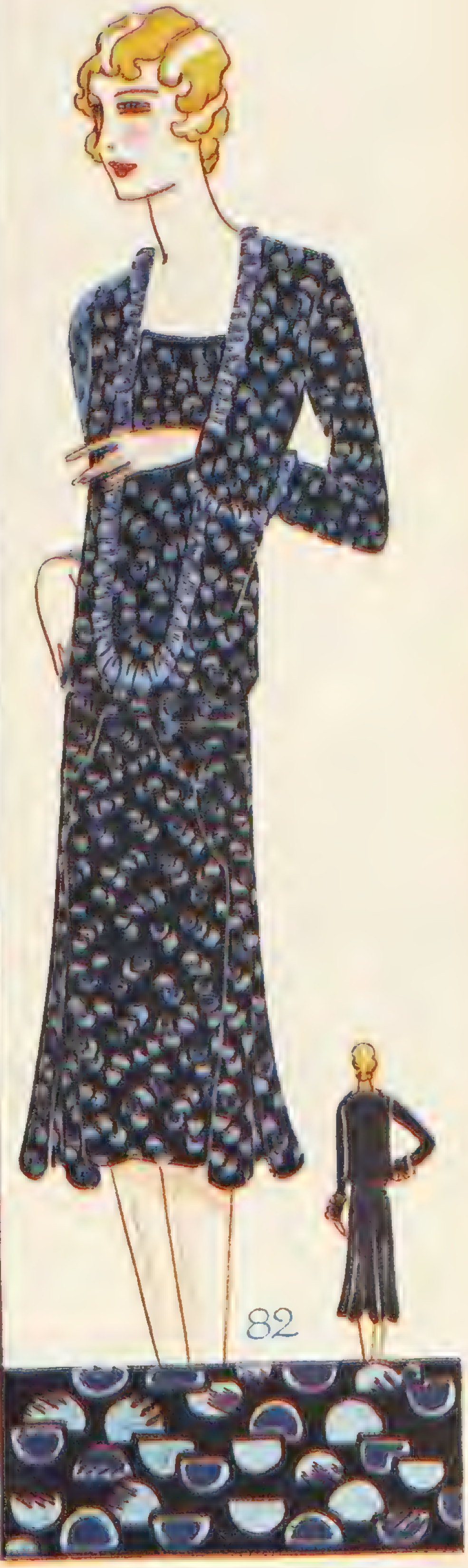
80.—The one-sided effect on both bodice and skirt lends a becoming appearance of length to the model below, designed for the Older Woman and made of Celanese Crêpe Satin in a charming broken design.





81.—Celanese Satin Marocain lends itself admirably to the graceful train effect shown in the evening model above, with its severely plain bodice, ending in a little basque.

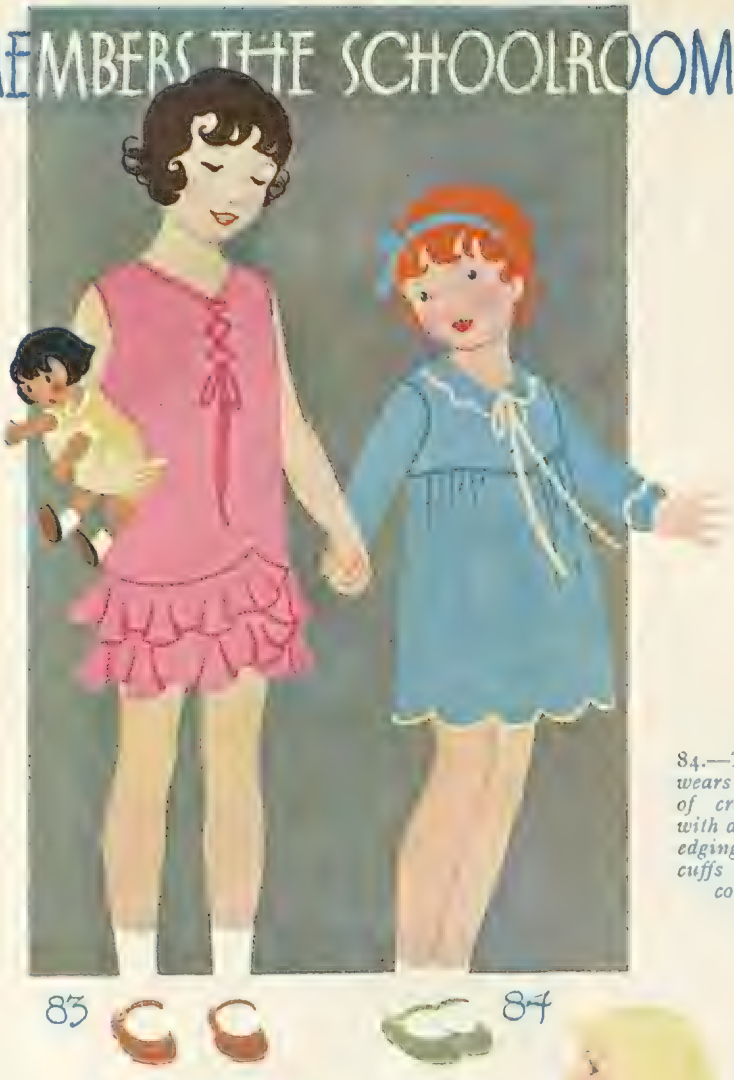
82.—Here is another model, carried out in Celanese Crêpe Satin, that is likely to prove a winner at many Bridge parties! It has a bodice with the fashionable bib-like front, and the tunic skirt is cut in panels.



The models on this page are shown in Celanese fabrics.

AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 146.

FASHION REMEMBERS THE SCHOOLROOM & NURSERY

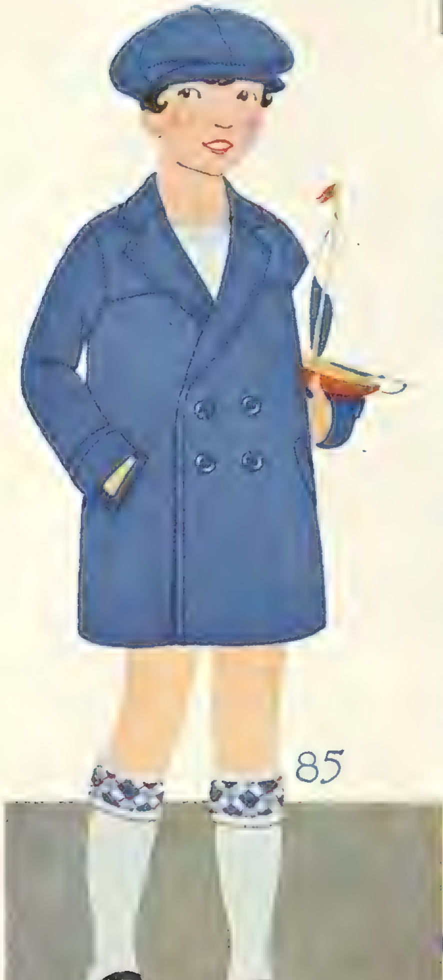


83

84

85.—The boy below has a most important air in a snug Winter overcoat of velours-cloth, which his cap matches. Complete, you will observe, with practical pockets, where small hands can find a cosy refuge from the cold.

84.—The little girl on the right wears a simple little party frock of crêpe-de-Chine, that is cut with a yoke, and has the scalloped edging of the hem, collar and cuffs piped with a colour that contrasts most effectively.

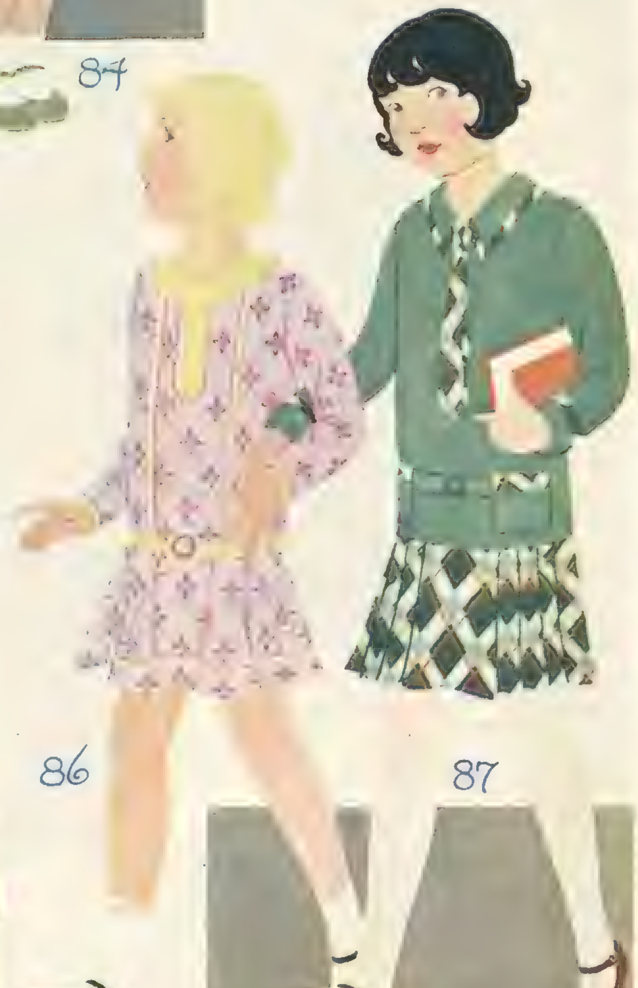


85

83.—The attractive little person above, on the left, who looks as if she expected to enjoy herself at the party, is wearing a charming little taffetas frock, designed, for all its simplicity, on very fashionable and quite grown-up lines.

86.—Nursery people require tub-frocks all the year round. The material suggested for the attractive little affair on the right is Duromayd, the fabric that always comes up smiling, no matter how often it is washed.

87.—School frocks nowadays have to be smart as well as practical So Viyella, both in its plain and patterned variety, is used for the chic little model on the extreme right, with its pleated skirt and jumper belted in front.



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87

The materials shown on this page are obtainable from Messrs. Gorringe, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN VARIOUS SIZES ACCORDING TO STYLE, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 146.

The Disappearing Radiator

By Elizabeth Ashley

The installation of central heating is very much on the increase, and both architects and decorators are busy devising methods by which the hot water radiator may become an agreeable inhabitant of a room

THE radiator, which is the visible sign as well as one of the most important details of central heating, is actually finding its way into more and more households.

In many cases there is only one open fire in the whole house or flat, and that in the principal living room, where it is cherished for its welcoming and hospitable air.

Bedrooms, halls, passages and dining rooms are centrally heated, often supplemented with gas or electric stoves, which may be used when the furnace is not alight.

Few people, however, consider that the appearance of the radiator adds charm or interest to their rooms. When, therefore, one is installing central heating in a house which has not hitherto possessed this luxury, or is taking over a house where only the usefulness of the installation has been considered, it is advisable to give a certain amount of thought to the methods by which radiators may be persuaded to merge with the background or become definitely agreeable objects.

The least aggressive and on many points the most satisfactory method is to have them built into the wall, and the opening concealed by a metal grille.

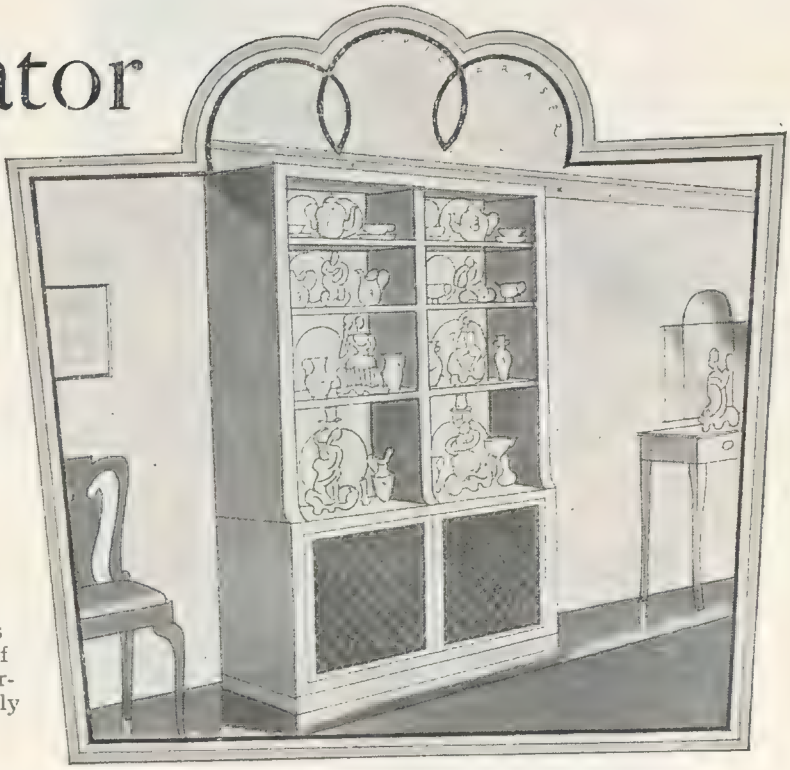
The grille can be unobtrusive or decorative, according to whether one wishes to make it an almost imperceptible or a frankly noticeable feature.

IT is not every wall, however, that is suitable for this kind of treatment, and not every householder wishes to go to the expense entailed, because this is usually the most costly method of all.

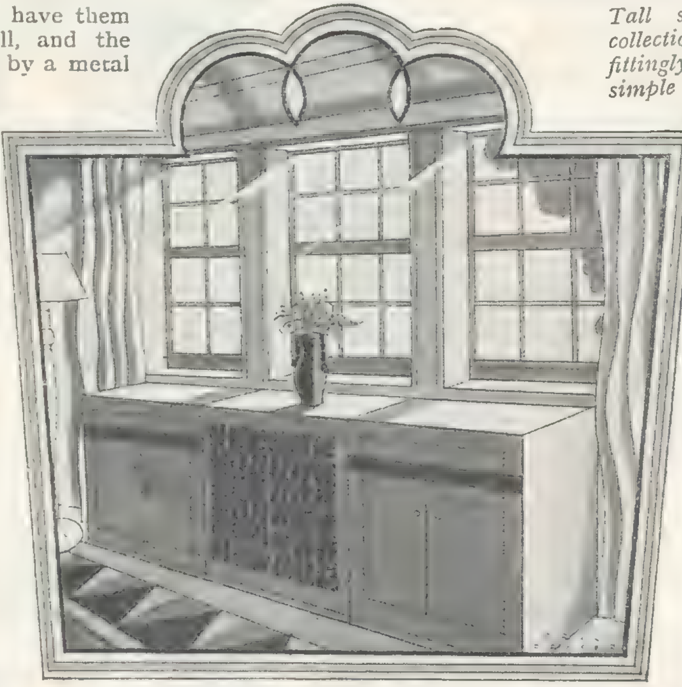
The easiest and least expensive thing to do is to have the radiator painted exactly the same colour as the wall behind it. This is not ideal, but when the radiator stands beneath a window sill it is often fairly satisfactory.

In many cases it is a good plan to have a plain wooden case lined with asbestos made to fit over the radiator. This will have an opening in front in which a grille may be fitted, and through which the hot air will penetrate.

When this treatment is used in conjunction with bookshelves, cupboards or fairly high window sills, and even, at times, when it stands as an isolated piece of furniture, the effect is very good indeed. It is essential in every case to see that the cover fits tightly to the wall. If this detail is neglected the wall immediately above the radiator will very soon become discoloured.



Tall shelves which are used to hold a collection of china or coloured glass may fittingly end in a cupboard where the very simple grille makes the radiator inconspicuous



A radiator set beneath the centre window of three and flanked by book cupboards. The cover of the radiator is painted like the window frame and cupboards, and the opening fitted with a modern wrought-iron grille

Rooms in which Spanish, Italian or early English furniture is used can also have a sufficiency of radiators without losing any of their charm. In this case also the best effects are usually produced by having low radiators, concealing them with a wooden cover lined with asbestos, and finishing the surface to represent stone, so that it looks like an old stone seat. In cases like these the ironwork of the grille should naturally correspond to the period of the room, whereas in modern rooms it may be made of other metals besides iron, and definitely modern in design.

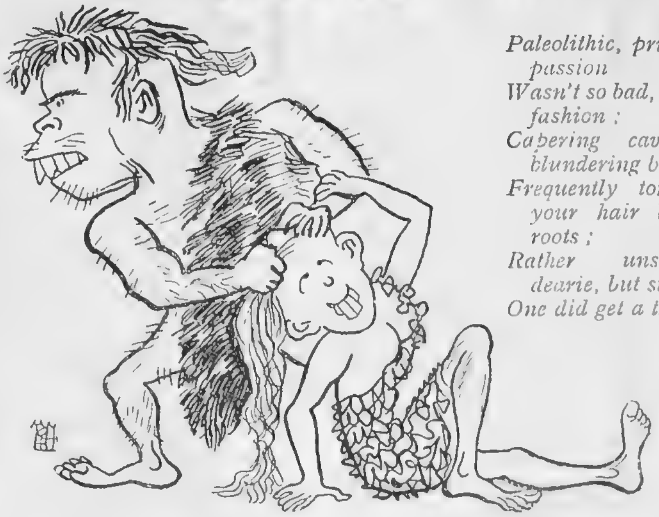
IT is obvious that the best place for a single radiator is always near the window, so that the air in the coldest part of the room is heated first; and it is only when one is dealing with pretty large rooms that it is necessary to have other radiators near doors or other windows.

One of the radiator problems illustrated in this article shows a radiator set beneath the centre window of three, and flanked by book cupboards. The cover of the radiator is painted like the window frame and cupboards, and the opening filled with a modern wrought-iron grille.

A large bay window often presents a problem with radiators. An excellent method is to let the radiators run all the way round beneath it, above them have a window seat following the line of the bay, and from this a valance of coarse artificial silk net, is hung. The net naturally becomes soiled in time, but is quite easily removed for cleaning purposes, and artificial silk has the invaluable quality of allowing heat to pass through it more thoroughly than any other material.

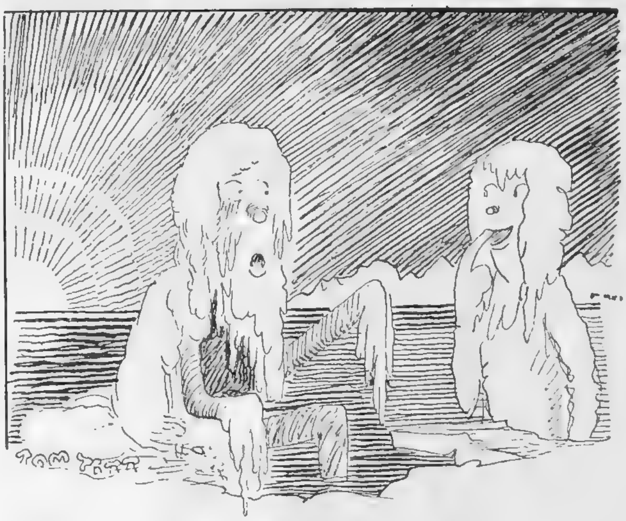
Tall shelves which are used to hold a collection of china or coloured glass may very fittingly end in a cupboard, where the very simple grille makes the radiator quite inconspicuous; and in nearly every case where the radiator stands beneath a window and is built into a case, its top may be used to hold certain varieties of heat-loving plants, and particularly the exotic cactus, which has recently become so popular.

Love down the



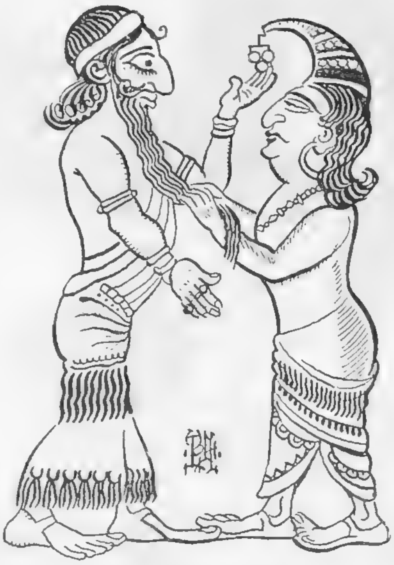
Paleolithic, primitive
passion
Wasn't so bad, after a
fashion :
Capering cave-men,
blundering brutes,
Frequently tore out
your hair by the
roots ;
Rather unsettling,
dearie, but still
One did get a thrill.

PALEOLITHIC



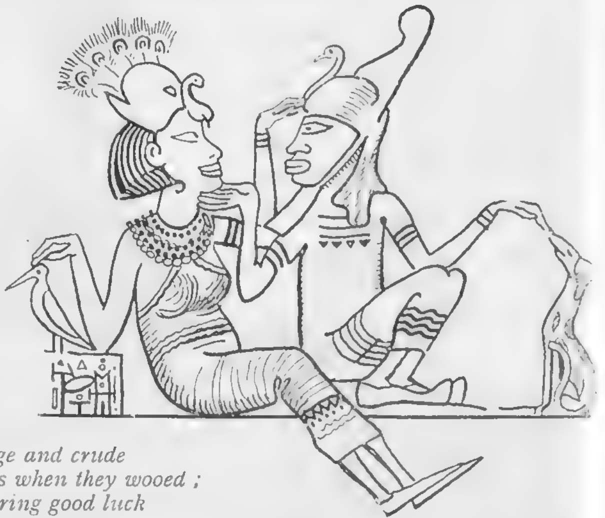
NEOLITHIC

Observe how pale is
The Neolithic swain
When frozen Flora
Smiles at him sweetly,
Only Aurora
(Plus Borealis)
Stops him from melting,
Melting completely.
(Love kept on ice
Is not too nice.)



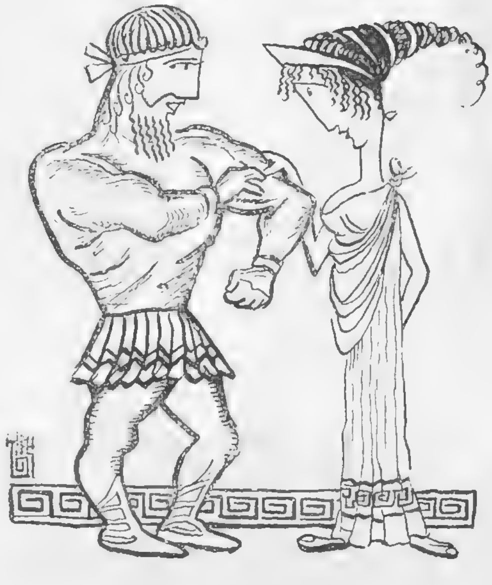
IN BABYLON

Way down in Babylon,
B.C. a lot,
Beavers were fancied
where shirtings were
not ,
Sirens in sandals were
funny that way,
Otherwise love was the
same as to-day



MASCOTS IN EGYPT

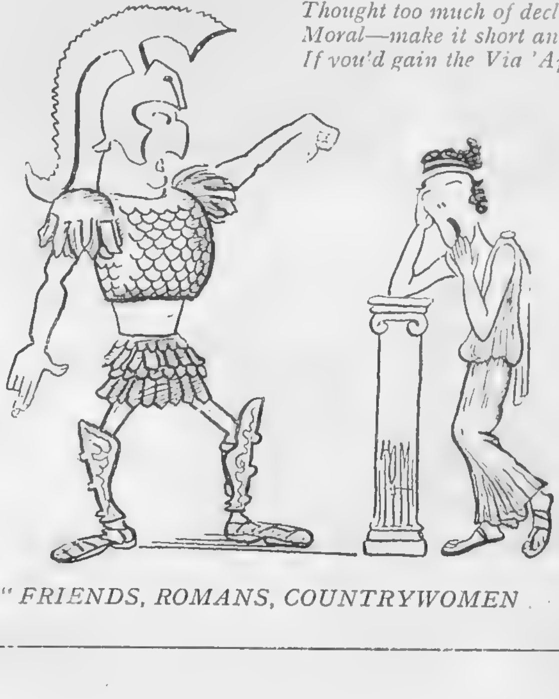
Superstition strange and crude
Gripped Egyptians when they wooed ;
Touching pets to bring good luck
Hardly proves a lover's pluck ;
Still, no blame for feeling tottery,
Marriage always was a lottery.



THE DUMB BELLES OF GREECE

" Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Let my biceps win your heart "—
Girls, 'mid Art and culture born,
Brain is brain, but brawn is brawn

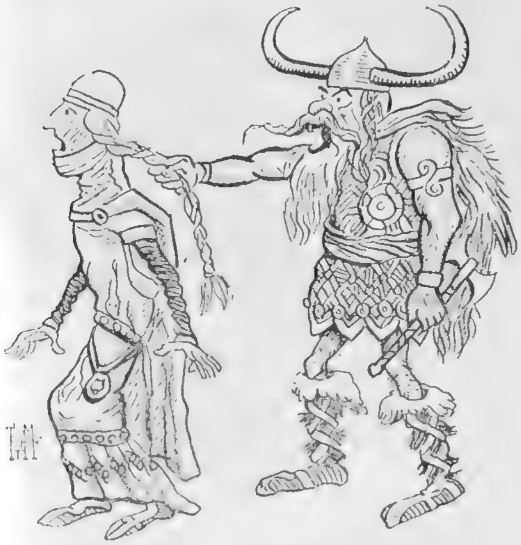
Roman youth, to win a peach
Makes an after-dinner speech.
(Schoolboys always knew that nation
Thought too much of declamation.)
Moral—make it short and snappie
If you'd gain the Via 'Appier.



" FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYWOMEN . . ."

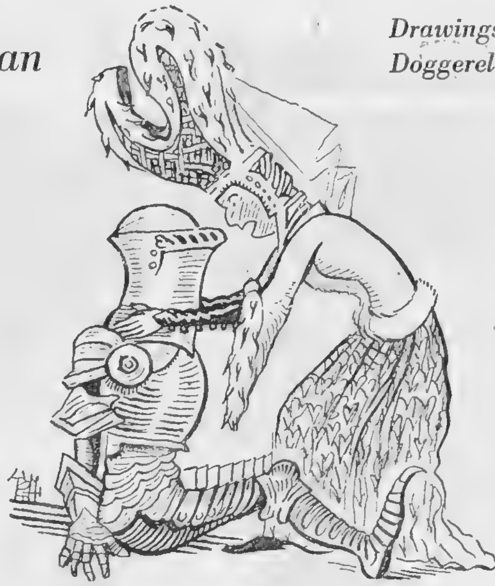
Ages: the Way of a Man with a Maid

Drawings by TOM TITT
Doggerel by SIMPLE SIMON



DANISH

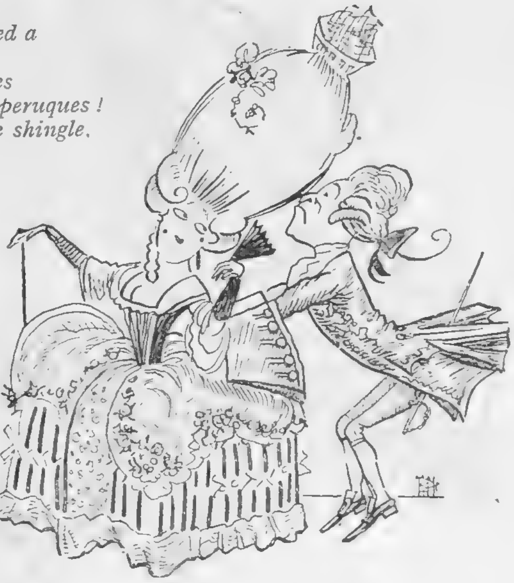
This blonde's likings
Included Vikings
And hard strikings;
Her motto being, of course,
"My Kingdom for a Norse."



THE MIDDLE AGES

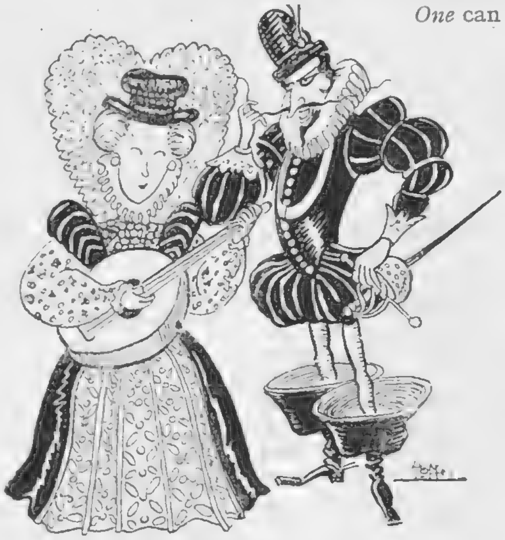
Pity, pray, a wife and charmer
Welcoming home her knight in armour;
Nought avails her amorous manner,
Having neither jack nor spanner:
Women till the final flood-day
Needs must wait for man's "No-Stud day."

When Fashion allowed a
Precipice of powder,
Kissing went by flukes
—A plague on these peruques!
There's this about the shingle,
One can mingle.

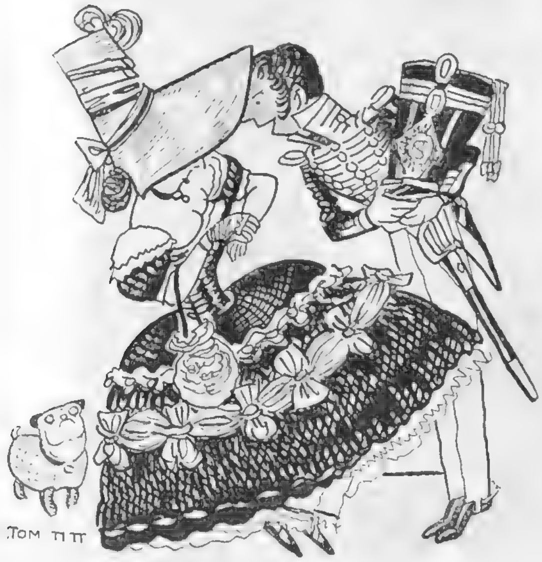


GEORGIAN

Madam set some store by dress
In the days of Good Queen Bess;
Music added to her charms
Hypnotised the man of arms
Gallants' cloaks bestrewed her path,
Still, she seldom had a bath.



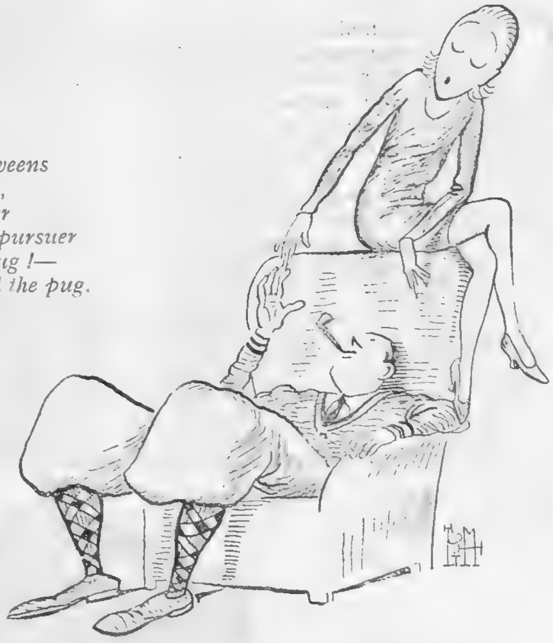
ELIZABETHAN



EARLY VICTORIAN

Bonnets (poke) and in-betweens
As, for instance, crinolines,
Made a gallant up-and-doer
Cramped in style as Eve's pursuer
Captain Shako—what a mug!—
Kissed the brim and kicked the pug.

When Moderns love
They scorn to show it,
"What cheer, old beaut?"
"Thumbs up, old fruit"
—Enter the cynic.
Exeat the poet

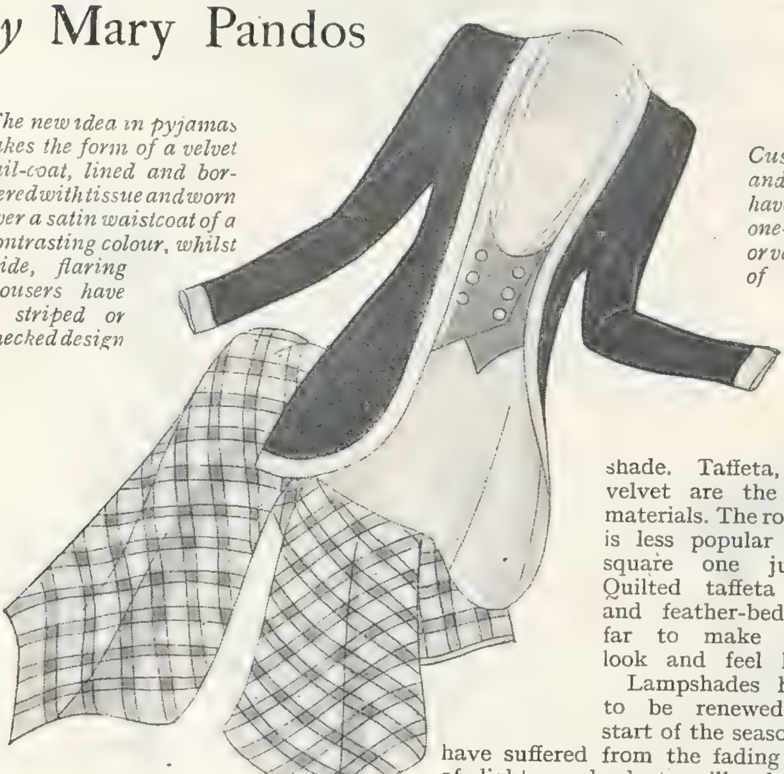


THIS YEAR OF DISGRACE

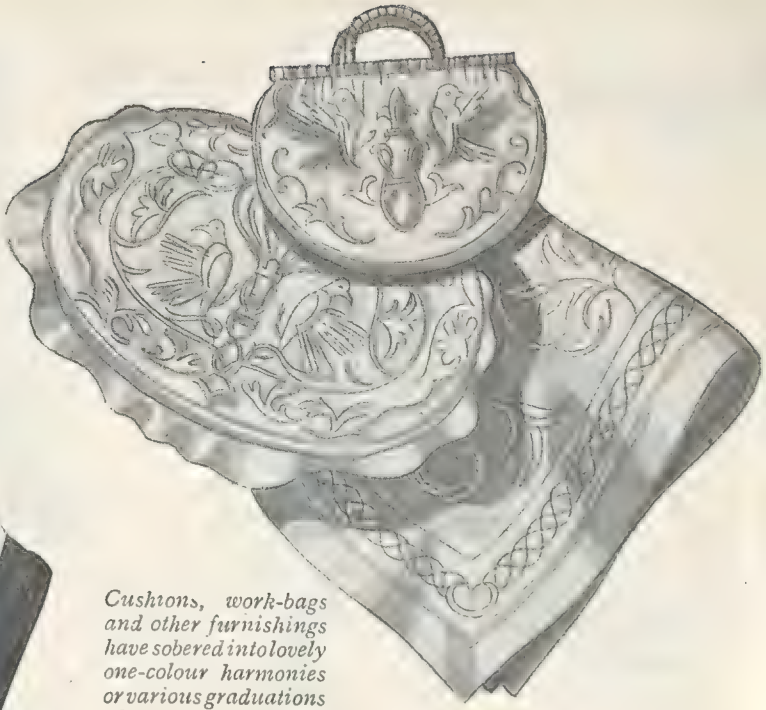
Rediscovering Home

An occupation guaranteed to cure that after-the-holiday feeling!

By Mary Pandos



The new idea in pyjamas takes the form of a velvet tail-coat, lined and bordered with tissue and worn over a satin waistcoat of a contrasting colour, whilst wide, flaring trousers have a striped or checked design



Cushions, work-bags and other furnishings have sobered into lovely one-colour harmonies or various graduations of the same shade

THE last holiday-makers are back; sunny sands with beach-picnics, merry sea-bathing, exciting alpine climbs, are piled away in the store-house of memory.

Home has stepped into the foreground again.

But, as soon as we are back in our four walls, we feel that changes ought to be made: life has progressed since last year and the picture no longer fits the frame.

The whole flat is submitted to a critical inspection. Much can be done to improve the comfort of the sitting-room. Cushions, for instance, are like dresses: they hardly outlive a season The neutral tints of the hangings and of the couch—beiges or greys—allow for some vivid fancy notes.

Much to our relief, decoration—just as fashion—has recovered from the "geometrical disease," and neither gowns nor cushions are a sample-board of riotous hues. These last have sobered into one-colour harmonies or graduations of one and the same shade. Taffeta, moiré and velvet are the favoured materials. The round shape is less popular than the square one just now. Quilted taffeta cushions and feather-beds will go far to make bedrooms look and feel luxurious.

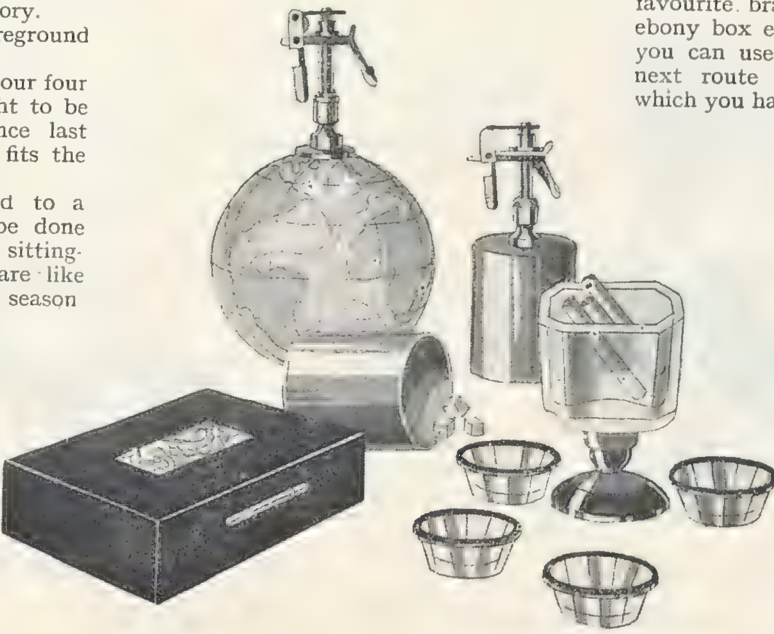
Lampshades have also to be renewed at the start of the season. They have suffered from the fading influence of light, and dust will play havoc with their pleated "ballet" skirts. As a fact, we are annoyed with this fragility and tired of pleats. Our new shades will be of engraved or stained glass, or of painted vellum which assumes lovely tints when lit from inside.

A twilight reverie on the couch implies two essential things: a pyjama and a cigarette.

Pyjamas for indoor wear have always skirted the domain of the fanciful. Now they have entered it! They are the fairy-tale garments of our wardrobe. No material is too luxurious for the long pyjama coat: brocaded velvet or faille, lamé or sheer chiffon and georgette.

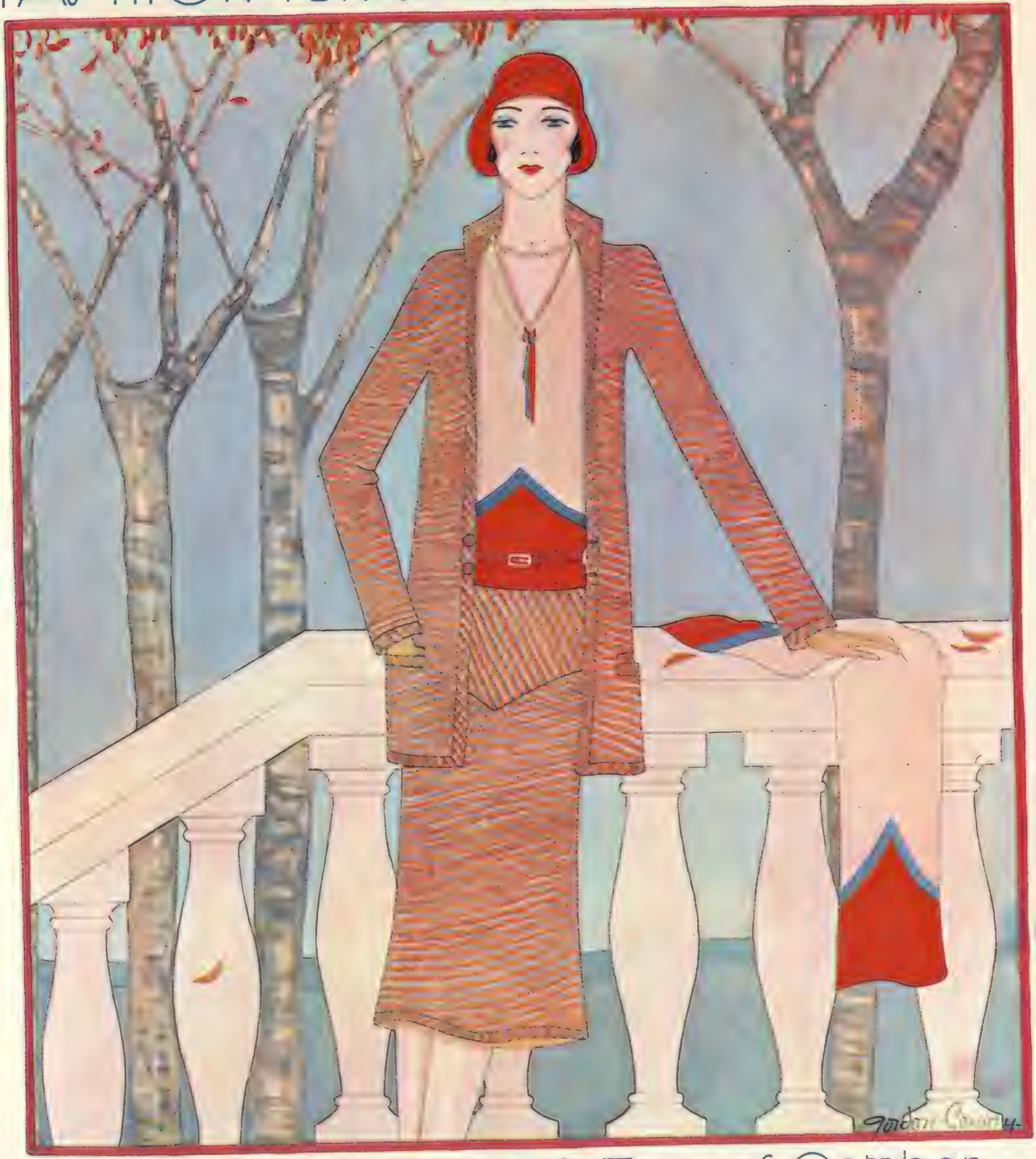
The coat is worn over a contrasting double-breasted waistcoat or over a low-necked blouse. The ample pantaloons flare at the bottom like American sailor trousers. They are striped or in plaid design, dotted or printed in flower, bird, sail-boat, fruit and figure patterns. As a rule, a plain coat is worn with patterned trousers and vice versa.

The new smoking requisites reflect our agitated existence; ash-trays of cut glass are engraved with sports motifs: a golfer or a tennis player in lively poses. The newest lighter looks like the globe of our school days, and you light your cigarette where the North Pole should be. It can tip, but it cannot tip over. While smoking your favourite brand, which is stored in an ebony box engraved with a coral motif, you can use your lighter to trace your next route to the wonderful country which you have not yet explored



A lighter that looks for all the world like the globe of our school days, an ebony cigarette box with an engraved coral motif, and ash-trays with engravings of gay little sports scenes, are new discoveries that the smoker will appreciate

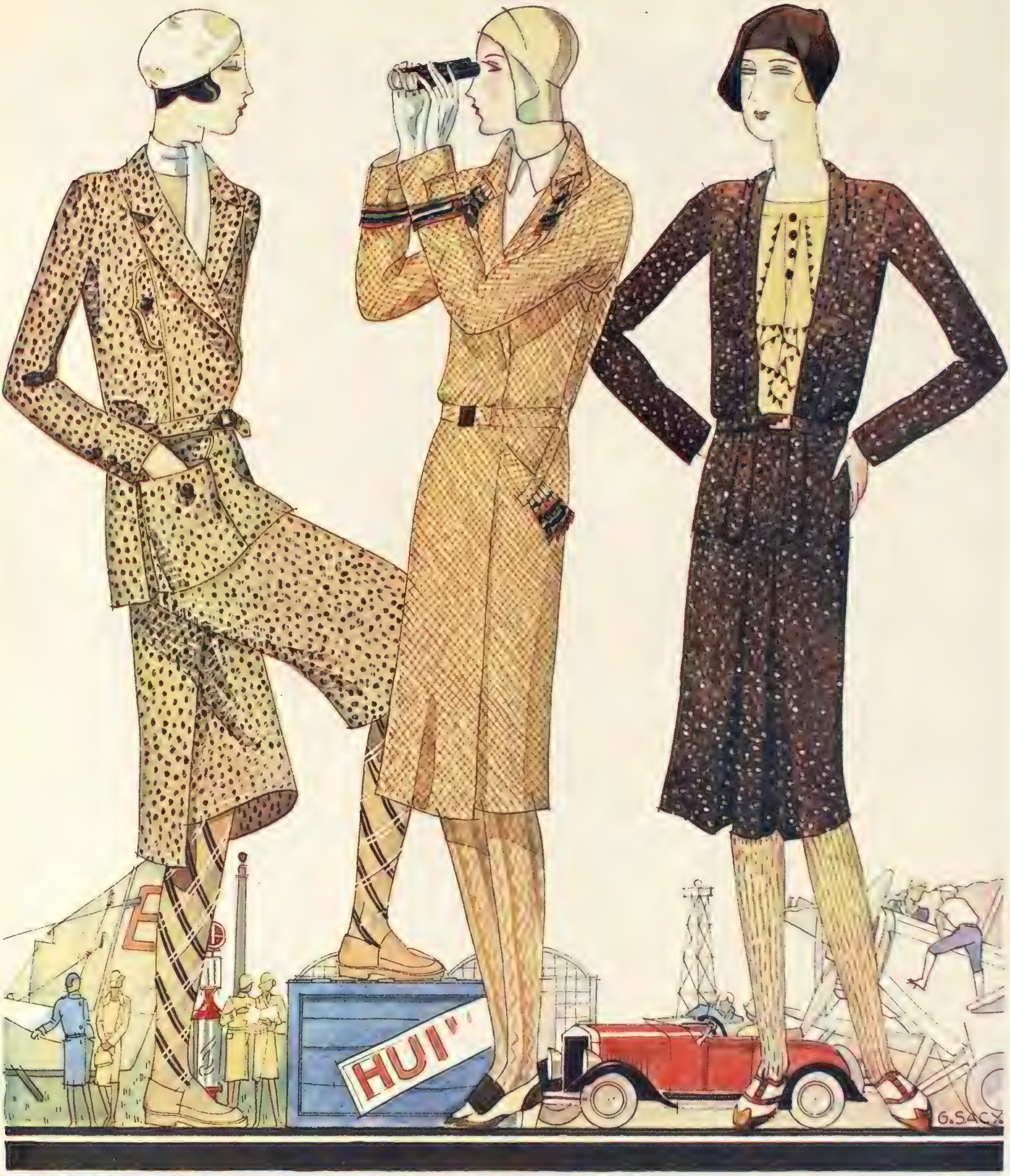
FASHION TURNS THE AUTUMN LEAVES



Blending with the Soft Tints of October

Specially designed and drawn for "Britannia and Eve," by Gordon Conway.

"Tweed for morning wear this Autumn," says Paris, "in soft blended shades that tone with the Season's tints." Beige, blue and red is the effective colour-scheme of this costume, that, striking Fashion's latest notes, has a straight coat, fastening with two buttons at the natural waist-line, and a skirt that is cut with a yoke. The wool-jersey jumper stresses the same colours, also the scarf, and the felt hat, of a warm shade of red.

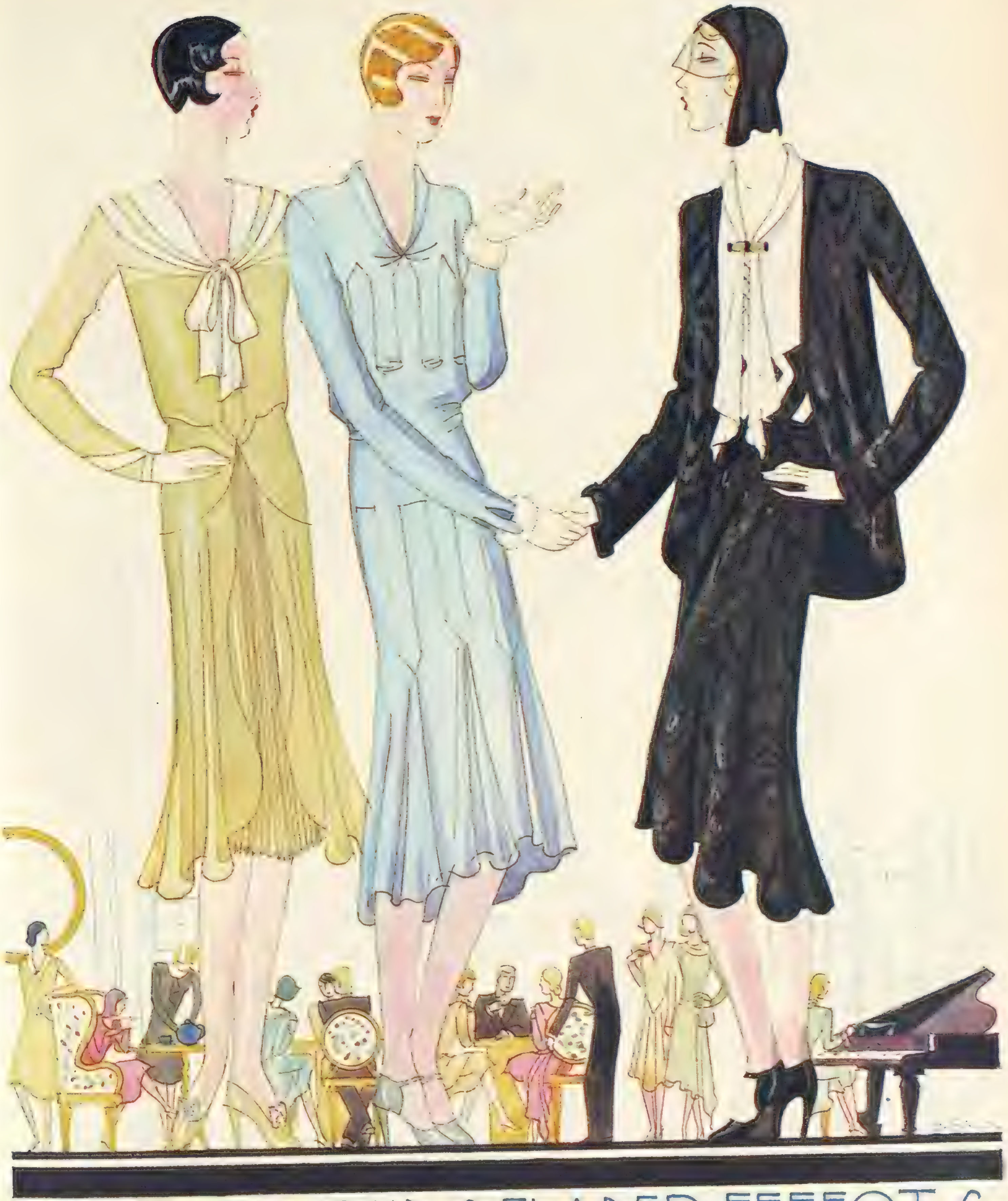


FLECKED TWEEDS—A NEW NOTE FOR SPORT

Speckled tweed in colourings of black, white, and turtle-grey, carries out something very up-to-date in sports suits, with a skirt that has the new trouser effect and a practical coat, with neatly buttoned pockets.
(AMY LINKER.)

For Autumn Race Meetings! A smart overcoat of beige chiné tweed, with a coloured border in green, red, and black, which is used, after the manner of braid, to trim the collar, cuffs, and slanting side pocket.
(AMY LINKER.)

A blouse of yellow crêpe-de-Chine is an effective finish to a débonair tailored costume of nigger-brown tweed, flecked with black, white, and buttercup-yellow. Note, too, that the brown belt-buckle is made of wood.
(BLANCHE LEBOUVIER.)

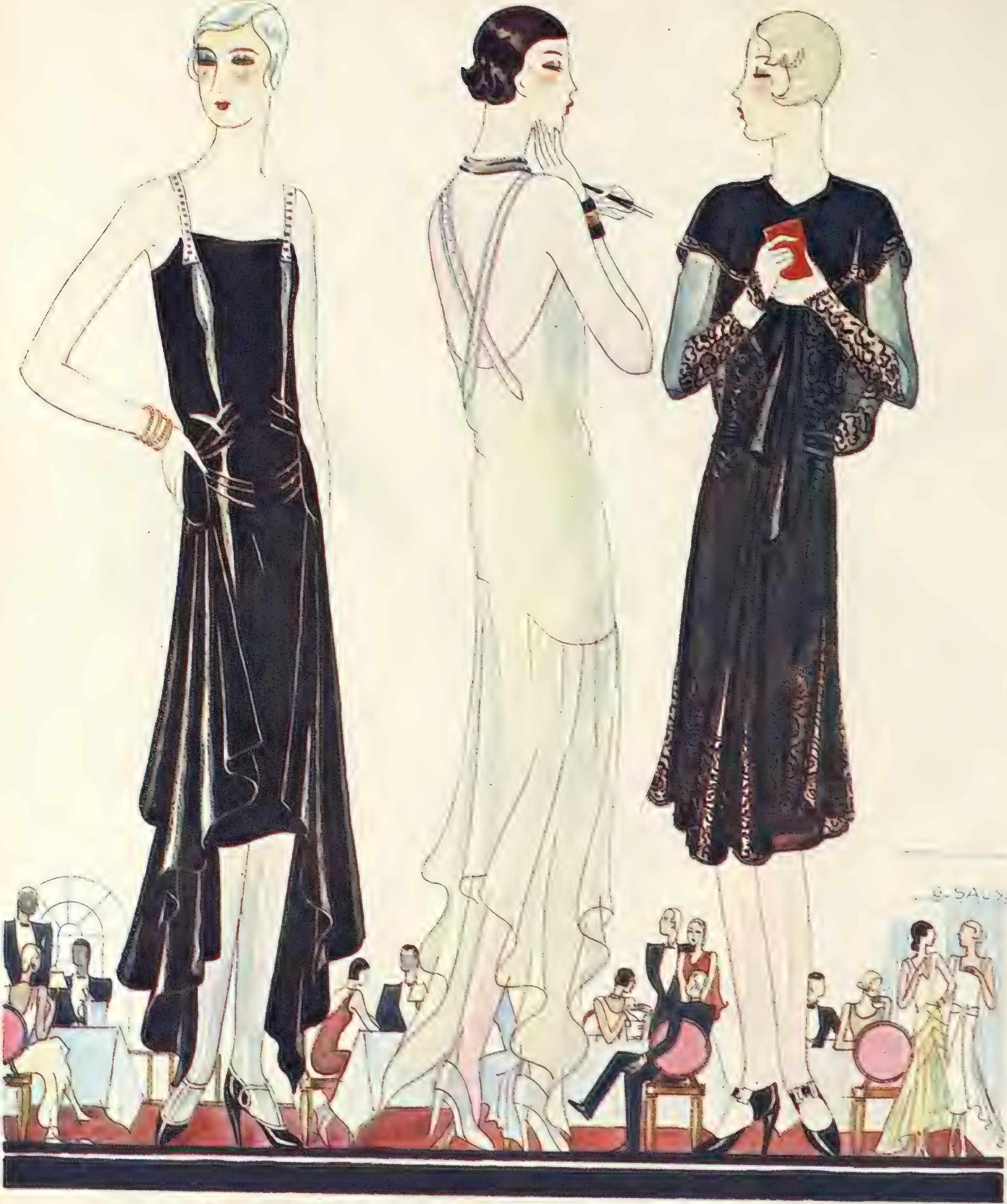


PARIS FAVOURS FLARED EFFECTS

This afternoon gown of turtle-grey georgette has a berthe collar of the same material in pink and grey, and insertions of pink at the sleeves, whilst the skirt flares in tunic fashion over a pleated centre panel.
(MELLES DE SAINT CLAIRE.)

Insertions form an effective trimming on both bodice and skirt of a frock of lavender-blue crêpe, with ermine cuffs as a finish to the long, close-fitting sleeves. Note the godet effect and the uneven hem of this skirt.
(BRUYERE.)

Black moiré is used for this costume, to which belongs a blouse appliqued with black moiré. A jade and crystal motif makes a delightful finish to the collar, which is finished at the back by a long bow with ermine tails.
(BLANCHE LEBOUVIER.)



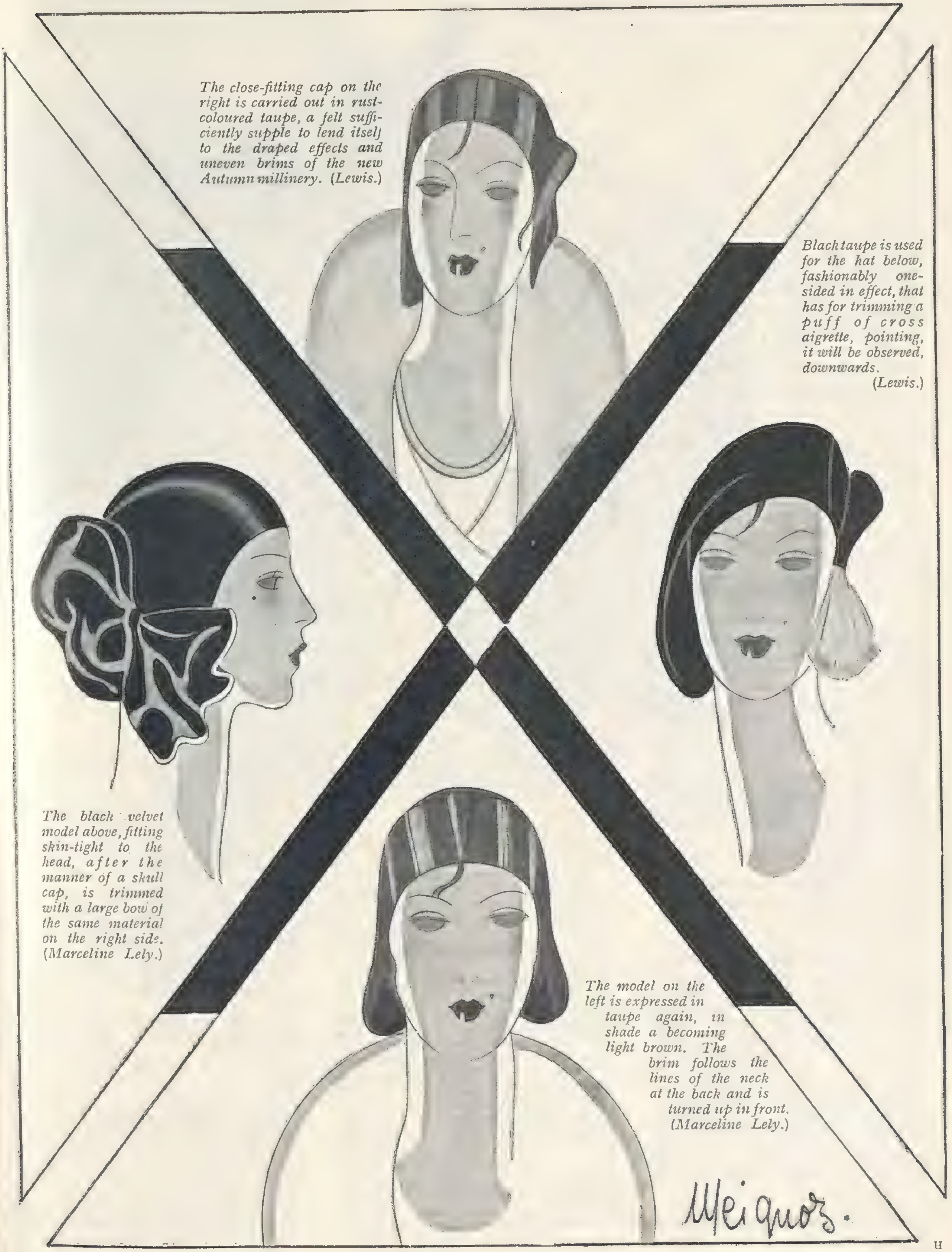
LA MODE IN EVENING MOOD STANDS SPONSOR FOR BLACK AND WHITE

Flared panels are a feature on many of the new evening gowns, and certainly lend grace and distinction to this black satin model, with its shoulder-straps beaded in white and blue. (BRUYERE.)

Among frocks that will "dance well" this Autumn must be included an ivory satin model, with the new, long, flaring skirt and rhinestone shoulder-straps, effectively crossed at the back. (CYBER.)

Something particularly chic in Dinner gowns, carried out in black Georgette and lace! The cape collar is tied in front over the lace bodice, and the fullness in the skirt is drawn to the centre. (MARTHE ET RENE.)

Millinery Ways that Twist and Turn



The close-fitting cap on the right is carried out in rust-coloured taupe, a felt sufficiently supple to lend itself to the draped effects and uneven brims of the new Autumn millinery. (Lewis.)

Black taupe is used for the hat below, fashionably one-sided in effect, that has for trimming a puff of cross aigrette, pointing, it will be observed, downwards. (Lewis.)

The black velvet model above, fitting skin-tight to the head, after the manner of a skull cap, is trimmed with a large bow of the same material on the right side. (Marceline Lely.)

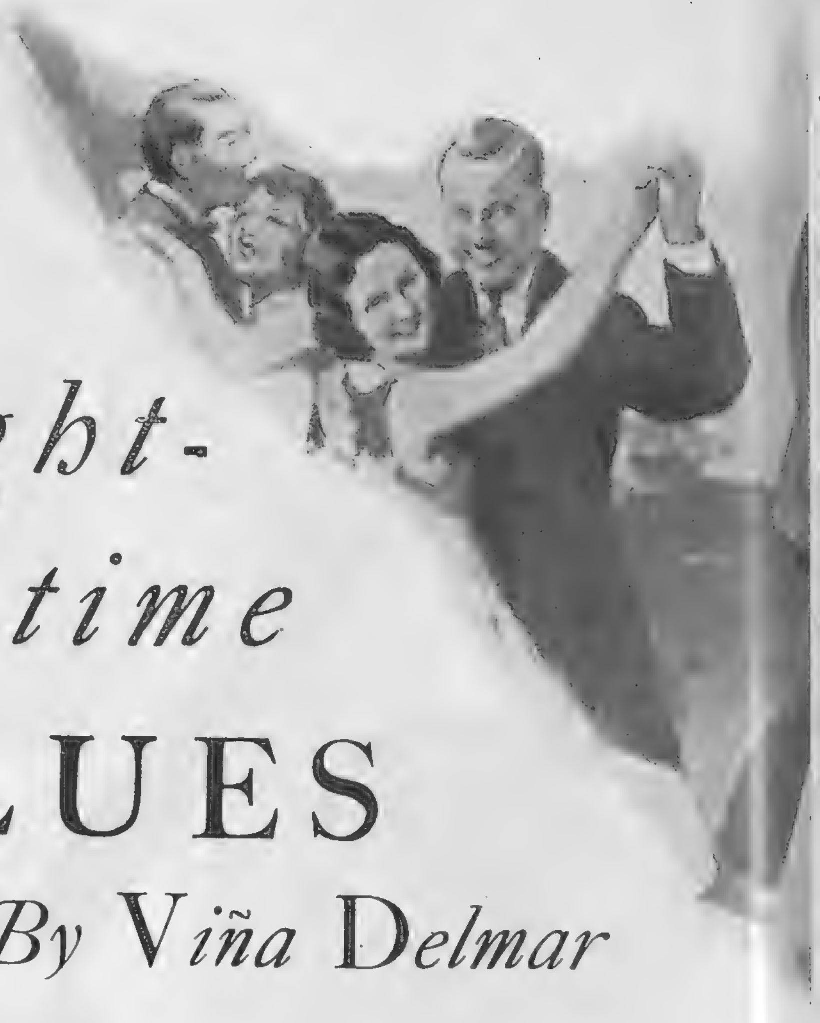
The model on the left is expressed in taupe again, in shade a becoming light brown. The brim follows the lines of the neck at the back and is turned up in front. (Marceline Lely.)

Carlotta somehow thought marriage would be different. . . . She had counted on a little home life. But married to Billy it became one mad dash after pleasure

Night-time BLUES

By Viña Delmar

Illustrated by William Meade Prince



CARLOTTA, sipping iced tea on the veranda of the hotel, listened as the orchestra within played the first few whining bars of the "St. Louis Blues."

"Wow! St. Louis Blues," exclaimed Billy Trent, throwing his cigarette away. "Come on, Carlo—let's dance."

There was a monotony to the melody, a wild recurrence that made you a little nervous. A fascination, too. Carlo wasn't sure that she liked it. There was a sweep of lawlessness in the rhythm that urged you to dance with a disgraceful abandon. Carlo knew that the old cats of the hotel were watching her; but then, they always watched her. Their glances had never spurred her on before; but with the beat of the St. Louis Blues in her ears, it suddenly seemed that it would be fun to shock them. Billy and she edged slowly across the dance-floor. He was very close to her. The cats were watching intently. Carlo didn't care. Had Billy kissed her full on the lips at that moment with all the gossips looking on, she would not have cared.

"St. Louis woman with her diamond rings,
Tied him right to her apron-strings—"

Billy sang the words as he danced. Carlo had never heard them before. A sudden depression came over her. Those were sad words. A song doesn't need ballad lyrics to be sad. The most tragic thing in the world is sorrow behind a screen of levity.

"St. Louis woman——"

THEY were back at their table now.

"Carlo, you dance marvellously."

"Thank you." She did not meet his eyes as she spoke. She was gazing across the lawns without seeing.

"What's the matter, darling? A penny for your thoughts."

"I was thinking of that song." Carlo turned dream-filled eyes upon her companion. "Those two lines you sang—I'm thinking of them."

"What about them?"

"That St. Louis woman, she would be tall and slender. Straight as a knife. Her eyes would be very black and brilliant, and I think they would slant a trifle. Her smile would be sweet, Billy, very sweet and treacherous. Her fingers would be slim, and they'd be a beautiful shade of brown, and simply loaded with paste jewellery."

"What are you talking about, Carlo?"

"Just listen: There'd be a handsome coloured boy, and a pretty brown girl who loved him. She'd lose him, Billy; she couldn't hold him against the lure of that love-wise St. Louis negress with her diamond rings."

"Stop——"

"No, listen, Billy: The little brown girl would follow them in time, and there would be a dark, hot Missouri night when she would find them together. There would be a razor, red and tell-tale, Billy, a little brown hand that had——"

"Oh, for God's sake, Carlo, you're insane! That isn't what's meant in the song."

"But that's the way I see it."

They looked at each other in silence. Their eyes were sullen and defiant. Their attitudes suggested that a crisis had arisen.

"You don't understand, Billy; you're too thick."

"Is that so? Well, you're crazy. What do you think of that?"

He glanced over at the little face across from him. He saw a pink, angry flush under her deep tan, the little red mouth set in a hard line. Her grey eyes flashed with rage. Even at that moment he took time to tell himself that she was the best looking girl at the shore.

Carlo glared back at him. Her anger was feigned—not for Billy's benefit, but for her own. She was trying to hide from herself that she was disappointed in him. He was so good-looking, such a jolly companion. Why couldn't he understand her feeling about the St. Louis woman?

"Come on," he said, after a moment of deadlock. "Get your bathing-suit, Carlo; let's swim."

"Can't you ever rest a moment, Billy? Must you always be doing something?"

"Sure. Why not? Come on. Don't sulk; I'm crazy about you. I hate to see you sore. You know what I asked you this morning coming home from the tennis-court?"

"Don't talk about it now, Billy. Give me a chance to think."

"Oh, you and your thinking! Your father likes me, and your brother is my best friend, and, if you'd admit it, you know you love me. Say yes, Carlo."

"How can I when you don't understand me even a little bit?"

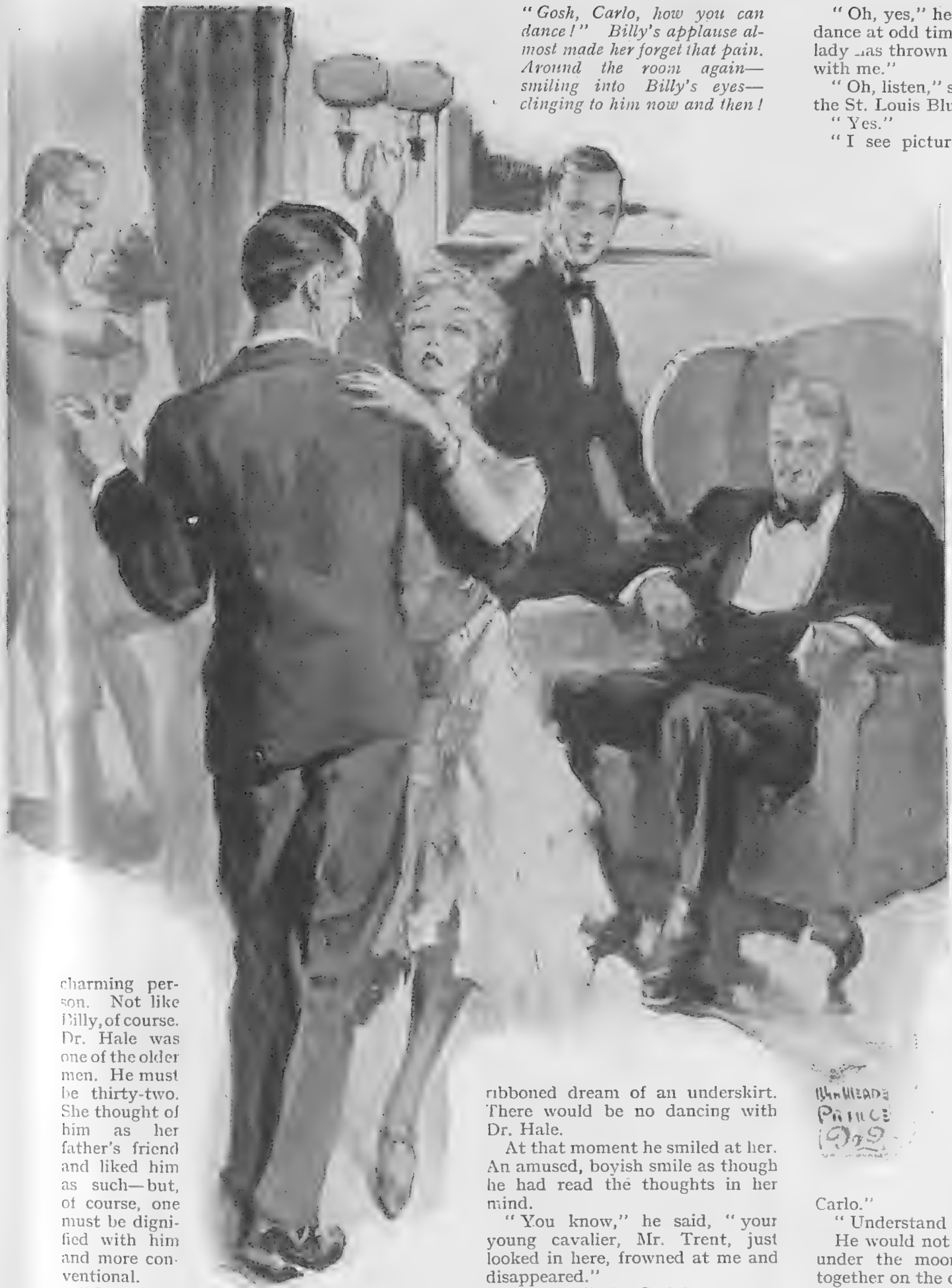
"Oh, are you going to bring that stuff about razors up again? You're a fine one, you are!"

"But, Billy, I'd like you to understand."

CARLO, having dinner with Dr. Leonard Hale, looked out of the window and sighed.

"What is it, Carlo?" He was so attentive, so quick to miss her bright smile.

"Nothing, nothing at all," she assured him hastily. She must not make him feel that she was bored. He was such a



"Gosh, Carlo, how you can dance!" Billy's applause almost made her forget that pain. Around the room again—smiling into Billy's eyes—clinging to him now and then!

charming person. Not like Billy, of course. Dr. Hale was one of the older men. He must be thirty-two. She thought of him as her father's friend and liked him as such—but, of course, one must be dignified with him and more conventional.

"I see your father," he said, after a moment. "He's watching the men fishing. See, he's drawn up his car right there by the board-walk steps."

"Oh, yes."

Silence again. It was hard to talk to Dr. Hale. He was nice-looking, too, but so settled. Still, one had to say something. But what?

The orchestra began to play for the dinner dancing. Carlo sighed again. She was wearing a white georgette frock with a wide skirt. When she danced, it floated out gracefully and showed a lacy beribboned dream of an underskirt. There would be no dancing with Dr. Hale.

At that moment he smiled at her. An amused, boyish smile as though he had read the thoughts in her mind.

"You know," he said, "your young cavalier, Mr. Trent, just looked in here, frowned at me and disappeared."

"Oh, really." Carlo's tone was not convincing. There was not the light scorn in it which she had intended.

"Would you like to dance?" asked Dr. Hale. "Or would it be a treat for you to sit quiet for a time?"

HE had been watching her. Tennis, fishing, dancing, swimming, boating. He had perhaps even noticed the tired droop of her shoulders at times. Billy was so very alive.

Dr. Hale smiled at the surprised look on her face. Such a pretty little face in its frame of demure, taffy-coloured curls.

"Oh, yes," he answered the look. "I dance at odd times. When a very young lady has thrown away an evening to dine with me."

"Oh, listen," said Carlo sharply. "It's the St. Louis Blues!"

"Yes."

"I see pictures with that song, Dr. Hale."

"Pictures? What sort of pictures?"

"Sure I won't bore you?"

"Oh, do tell me. I'm consumed with curiosity."

"Well, I see the St. Louis woman, a tall, slim, handsome negress, stealing away a fickle coloured boy. He loves her sophisticated charm and he is dazzled by the paste jewellery that she wears. He leaves a little brown girl for her, and she sings with the half-humorous pathos of her race the St. Louis Blues. In time she follows him, and there's a dark night in a gas-lit café when a razor flashes suddenly, and a little brown girl gets her faithless man."

Dr. Hale smiled. "And," he picked up Carlo's story, "nobody could find it in their hearts to betray the poor brown girl. She was never caught, but she went mad from worry. And when she sang those two lines again, it was not merely a recital of her woes, but an explanation to God of her crime. She became known as Mad Hannah in the neighbourhood, and when she finally died——"

"*You* understood, didn't you, Dr. Hale?"

"Yes. I wish you could understand, Carlo."

"Understand what?"

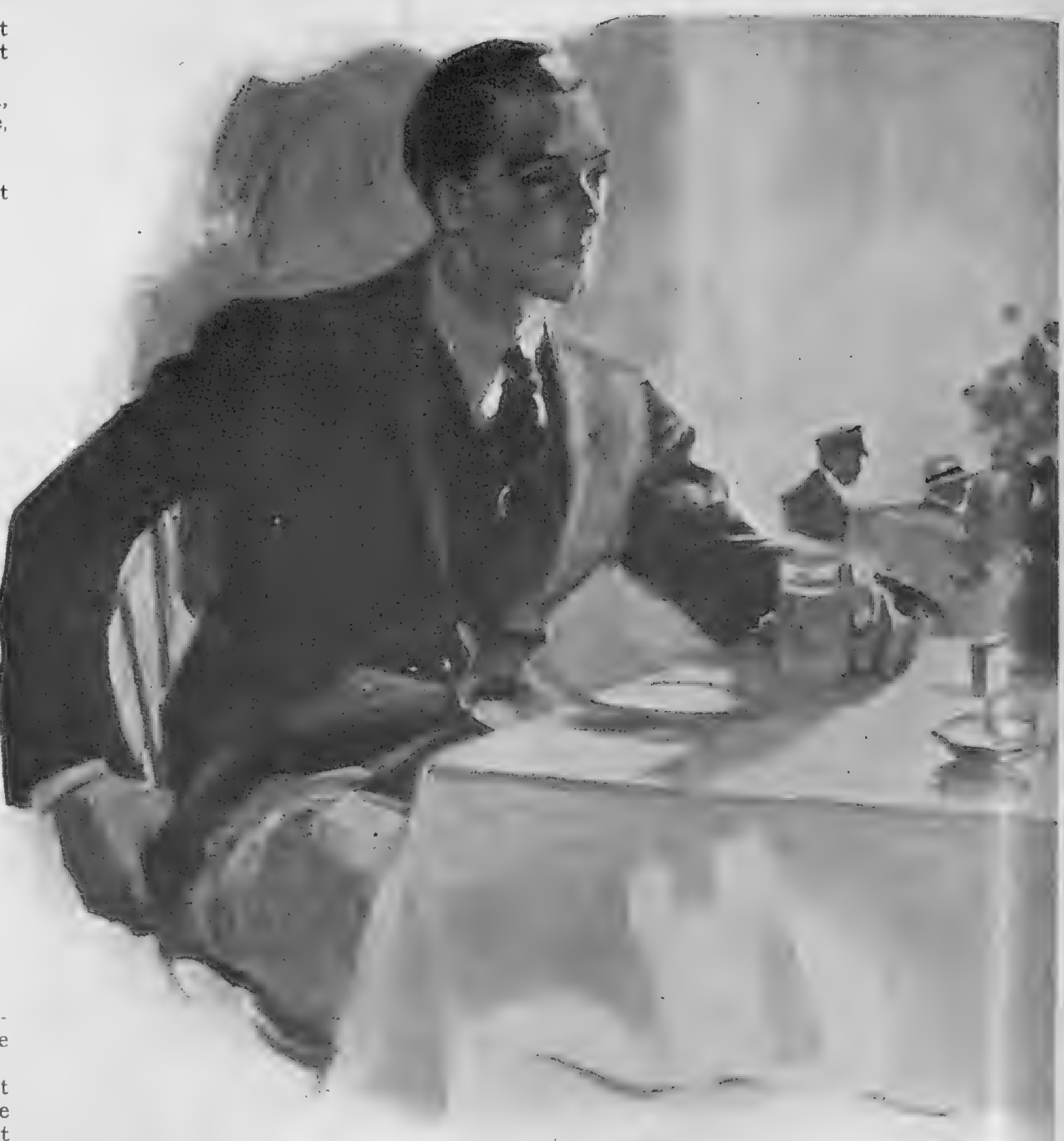
He would not tell her then—but later, under the moon, he did. They stood together on the close-cropped, green lawn of the hotel. Carlo felt the salt breath of the evening on her cheek and saw the bar of silver upon the ocean. It was all very beautiful.

"Oh, Carlo, Carlo darling! I love you, sweetheart."

His voice was warm and musical with sincerity—but Carlo could see the dance-floor of the hotel from where she stood. The orchestra was playing St. Louis Blues and Billy was dancing with a fat-faced red-head from Baltimore.

"Carlo, have I a chance?"

The sound of the ocean pounding upon the beach and the tang of the salt air were



"Would you like to dance?" asked Dr. Hale. He smiled at the surprise in her face. "Oh, yes, I dance," he answered the look.

destined to linger with Carlo for ever; but at the moment she pulled eagerly at Leonard Hale's arm.

"Get me in there quickly," she ordered, breathlessly. "And if you *can* dance, dance as you never have before."

IT was only a few months afterward that the cards were sent out:

Mr. Rutherford Santrey
Announces the marriage
of his daughter
Carlotta Marie
to
Mr. William Hayes Trent
October Tenth Nineteen Twenty

Billy and Carlo took an apartment in the newest, grandest building that Billy could find. Carlo thought it foolish to take seven rooms for the two of them, but Billy was insistent.

"You must have room, dearest," he protested. "You can't throw a really good party in less room than this."

Carlo had not figured on the parties. Her brow was puckered with misgiving.

"You'll love this place," Billy went on. "See, in this room we'll have bookcases built, and that will make it awfully cosy."

The bookcases were never built. Billy had really meant to order them, but somehow he didn't. Besides, they were home so rarely. Billy liked Carlo to meet him downtown for dinner; then there was perhaps a show afterward, and you know how you're always running into people. Billy saw somebody he knew everywhere he went. Everybody liked him. He and Carlo were invited everywhere.

She was not like Billy. She could not forget that he had to be up at nine the next morning. She could not forget that she had promised to visit her father that evening. Things troubled Carlo. Billy never thought, so he was never troubled. He lived too fast to think. He was too active. There was not a spark of meanness in his character. He was just going too fast a pace to notice details along the road.

At nine o'clock the alarm went off. Billy jumped from his bed and raced like a fiend with his bath, shave and dressing.

His breakfast was bolted. His little roadster leaped toward the office with Billy watching for policemen all along the road. His day at the office was one long effort to catch up with yesterday and perhaps do a little something that would make to-morrow easier. Dinner with Carlo. Some place where they could dance. The theatre, and afterwards look in on somebody or other. Bed between two and five a.m.

Carlo had somehow thought marriage would be different. She had counted on a little home life. It would be nice if she and Billy sat and talked some evening, or read. But he was not contented so. If they had been invited nowhere and were tired of the theatre, Billy telephoned people. He could collect a dozen guests in fifteen minutes. Carlo was a perfect hostess, people said. They talked then of Billy. He was a good scout, a great fellow.

ONCE a month they had dinner with Carlo's father. Billy was very nice to Mr. Santrey, but it gave him the fidgets to sit there talking. He would look at his father-in-law and think for five minutes of something to say. He would say it and then feel that he had done his share towards making conversation. Perhaps now they would let him play the new records. He would dance by himself, looking very ridiculous, Carlo thought. He could not sit quietly. She would go and dance with him so that her father would not think him an absolute ass.

Sometimes Dr. Hale was there and he would watch Carlo and Billy dancing. Billy would put on a record of St. Louis Blues and Dr. Hale would look into the fireplace, and for a while he, too, would find conversation difficult.

"There never was anybody who could dance the Blues like you," Billy would exult. "Let's play it again."

Mr. Santrey and Dr. Hale would look sympathetic and amused. Carlo felt embarrassed for Billy's shallow enthusiasms. To defend him she too would rave idiotically.

"St. Louis wom—an"

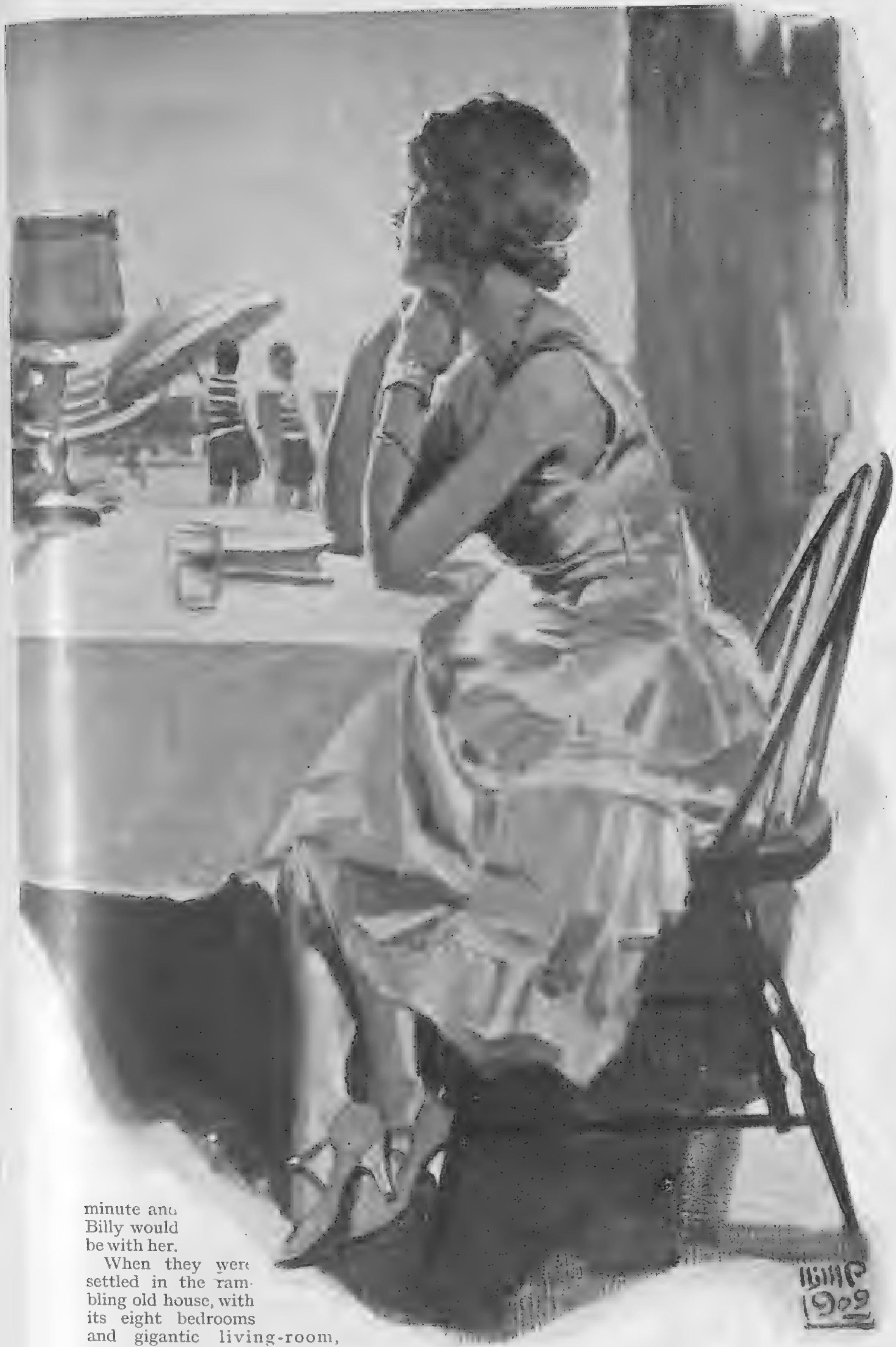
He had never understood about the faithless coloured boy. She couldn't make him see her pictures. But she loved him. He was so sweet and good. If only he didn't run panting through life. If for a moment he stopped. But he'd never stop. And she couldn't, for she knew that if she did, he would pause only long enough to make sure that she was comfortable; then he would run on again . .

WHEN Carlo knew that she was going to have a child, she was not dismayed. She wanted to have a child but Billy must not be at all inconvenienced. That was important. The idea had to be presented to him cleverly decorated.

"I thought for the summer," Carlo said, "we'd take a real big house at the shore. A place with plenty of guest-rooms. I want a place close enough so it won't be inconvenient for people to reach us. How does the idea strike you?"

"O.K." That would be fun, throwing parties at the shore. A midnight dip with a whole gang of people would be great: Carlo did get the best ideas.

Carlo went to the shore, found a house and leased it before Billy could change his mind. Blessed house in which Billy could throw his parties. Had he voted against the shore, she would have been sunk. She could not have danced with him throughout the summer, and she knew by now that Billy had to dance. Here she could entertain till the last



minute and Billy would be with her.

When they were settled in the rambling old house, with its eight bedrooms and gigantic living-room, Carlo told Billy about the baby.

He was delighted. She had known that the idea would please him. It was only a matter now of keeping him happy and not letting the baby interfere with any of his plans.

Carlo was different from the girl she had been the first year of her marriage. Her father found her regrettably changed. She smoked more than was good for her, and often there was an oath on her lips.

" I don't mind men swearing," he said: " I swear myself at times. But I hate to hear a woman swear."

" What makes a man swear, Daddy ? "

" Why, they swear when they have no words with which to express their feelings. They swear when something gets too much for them."

" I see," said Carlo.

Her eyes were circled with misty grey shadows.

" You must get more sleep, young lady, and do less gadding about."

" I don't gad about now, Daddy."

" No, but you always have a house full of people. What is Billy thinking of to let you go on this way ? "

" Daddy, Billy is the sweetest, dearest man who has been born since you were, and I love him—but Billy isn't thinking of anything. He can't think."

" I was a fool to let him——"

" No, no, Daddy. If you'd said we couldn't marry, I'd have run off with him. I loved him then and I love him now. I'm happy, but oh, Daddy, I know now what *Alice* felt like when she was running with the *Red Queen*."

CARLO'S baby was born on a Saturday night. The house was crowded with week-end guests and Billy never remembered having had a better time in his life. The doctor told him not to worry and he obeyed the doctor. No use in paying the man a big price and then not following his orders.

It was a little girl who came into the huge third-story room that night. Billy was pleased when the nurse called him and told him.

" I'll get them to drink a toast to the flapper right away," said Billy, starting for the stairs.

" You ought to see Mrs. Trent first," the nurse reproved him.

Billy, contrite and ashamed, went to Carlo. She was very white and quiet, but smiled reassuringly. He dropped to his knees beside her and kissed her hand.

" The doctor said you didn't have a bad time, Carlo."

" It was all right, Billy. The nurse will show you the baby if you like."

He saw the baby and a moment later rejoined his friends in high spirits. First there had to be a toast to the baby, then one to Carlo, next to the doctor; the nurse mustn't be excluded, and how about a small, thoroughly pious toast to the man who would baptize the child ?

After the toasting, Billy led his friends on a raid of every really fine garden in town. Carlo had to have flowers at once.

" Do you know a doctor named Leonard Hale ? " Carlo asked weakly of her nurse.

" No, Mrs. Trent. Why ? "

" I was just wondering. You see, downstairs they're playing some music that reminded me of him."

" St. Louis Blues ? "

" Yes. He never sang it or anything. It was just a little incident——"

Carlo fell asleep, but through her fevered dreams she could hear the record being played over and over:

" *St. Louis woman with her diamond rings*——"

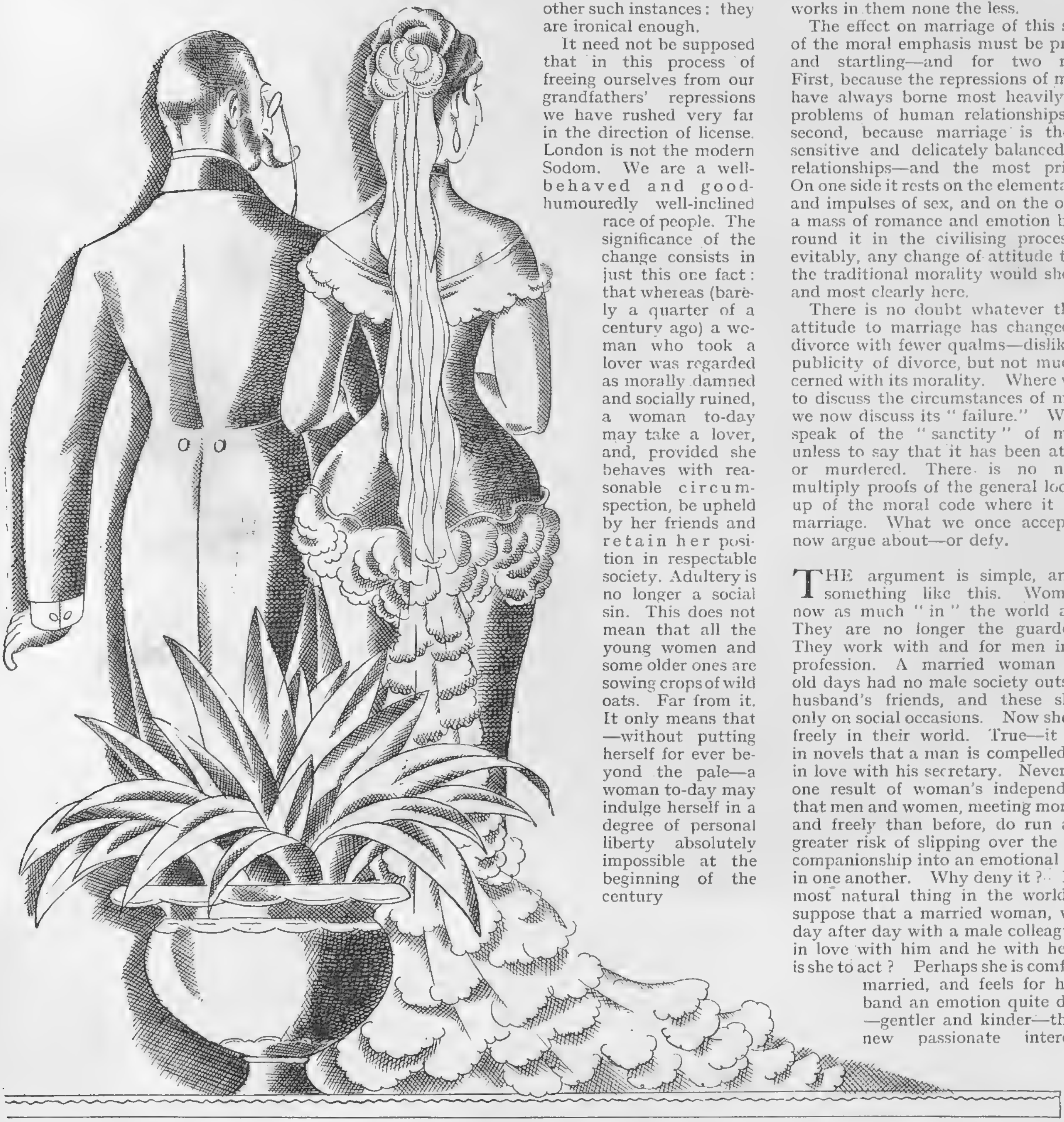
(*Continued on page* 188)

MARRIAGE *and the*

ONLY the blind, the frightened, and the angry can shut their eyes to the changes in the moral landscape. Religion and morality are two quite different impulses of the human spirit, but they grow up together, and what affects one inevitably affects the other. No one any longer supposes that the modern man's attitude to religion is the same as his grandfather's; the empty churches are witness enough to the change. In precisely the same way the modern man's attitude to his grandfather's morality has changed—and is changing, under our eyes. The change—which began in an unconscious reaction against the harsh repressions practised by our grandfathers—is now conscious and deliberate. It is talked about, anathematised, welcomed taken for granted.

One odd aspect of the change (to be noted in passing) is the way in which certain points in the Christian teaching—hitherto ignored and disobeyed by stern moralists—are now respected by default. Our grandfathers threw at the woman taken in adultery enough stones to bury her. To-day we let her go in peace—not because we are the better Christians but because we no longer care. There are other such instances: they are ironical enough.

It need not be supposed that in this process of freeing ourselves from our grandfathers' repressions we have rushed very far in the direction of license. London is not the modern Sodom. We are a well-behaved and good-humouredly well-inclined race of people. The significance of the change consists in just this one fact: that whereas (barely a quarter of a century ago) a woman who took a lover was regarded as morally damned and socially ruined, a woman to-day may take a lover, and, provided she behaves with reasonable circumspection, be upheld by her friends and retain her position in respectable society. Adultery is no longer a social sin. This does not mean that all the young women and some older ones are sowing crops of wild oats. Far from it. It only means that—without putting herself for ever beyond the pale—a woman to-day may indulge herself in a degree of personal liberty absolutely impossible at the beginning of the century



THIS amounts to a moral revolution—even though, in the vast majority of households, no daughter or wife attempts to avail herself of her new opportunities. Most women continue to behave and talk as if the world had not changed since 1900. Yet the change affects them too. They have become restless and dissatisfied—without knowing why. The freedom demanded and taken by those other—"emancipated"—women is moving in them—an infection of which they are unconscious, but which works in them none the less.

The effect on marriage of this shifting of the moral emphasis must be profound and startling—and for two reasons. First, because the repressions of morality have always borne most heavily on all problems of human relationships. And second, because marriage is the most sensitive and delicately balanced of all relationships—and the most primitive. On one side it rests on the elemental needs and impulses of sex, and on the other on a mass of romance and emotion built up round it in the civilising process. Inevitably, any change of attitude towards the traditional morality would show first and most clearly here.

There is no doubt whatever that our attitude to marriage has changed. We divorce with fewer qualms—disliking the publicity of divorce, but not much concerned with its morality. Where we used to discuss the circumstances of marriage we now discuss its "failure." We never speak of the "sanctity" of marriage unless to say that it has been attacked, or murdered. There is no need to multiply proofs of the general loosening-up of the moral code where it touches marriage. What we once accepted we now argue about—or defy.

THE argument is simple, and runs something like this. Women are now as much "in" the world as men. They are no longer the guarded sex. They work with and for men in every profession. A married woman in the old days had no male society outside her husband's friends, and these she met only on social occasions. Now she moves freely in their world. True—it is only in novels that a man is compelled to fall in love with his secretary. Nevertheless, one result of woman's independence is that men and women, meeting more easily and freely than before, do run a much greater risk of slipping over the edge of companionship into an emotional interest in one another. Why deny it? It is the most natural thing in the world. And suppose that a married woman, working day after day with a male colleague, falls in love with him and he with her—how is she to act? Perhaps she is comfortably married, and feels for her husband an emotion quite different—gentler and kinder—than this new passionate interest in

NEW MORALITY:

By Storm Jameson

Woman's sudden freedom and the shaking loose of the old ties of repression have wrought deep changes in the social code. There is now, for better or for worse, a new moral declension of Marriage, a new morality

another man. Wifely love does not and never did preclude this possibility. Victorian wives, living a more restricted life, were less exposed to the risk—that is all.

No—not quite all. When a Victorian wife found herself falling in love she knew at once that if she yielded she was committing a sin. Her granddaughter has no such definite awareness of sin. Her qualms are quite different. Is she to repress in herself what is, after all, a sincere and profound emotion—or is she to yield to it and either engage in a furtive love affair (a distasteful business) or break up her marriage, divorce herself, and start again? What was, for our grandmothers, a clear issue is no longer clear. We are all infected with the desire and consciousness of "freedom." We talk of living our own lives. We resent being asked to suppress what we call "personality." We feel a duty to ourselves, where our grandmothers felt a duty only to their husbands and children. We say: "Very few husbands are strictly faithful: why should we be more so?"

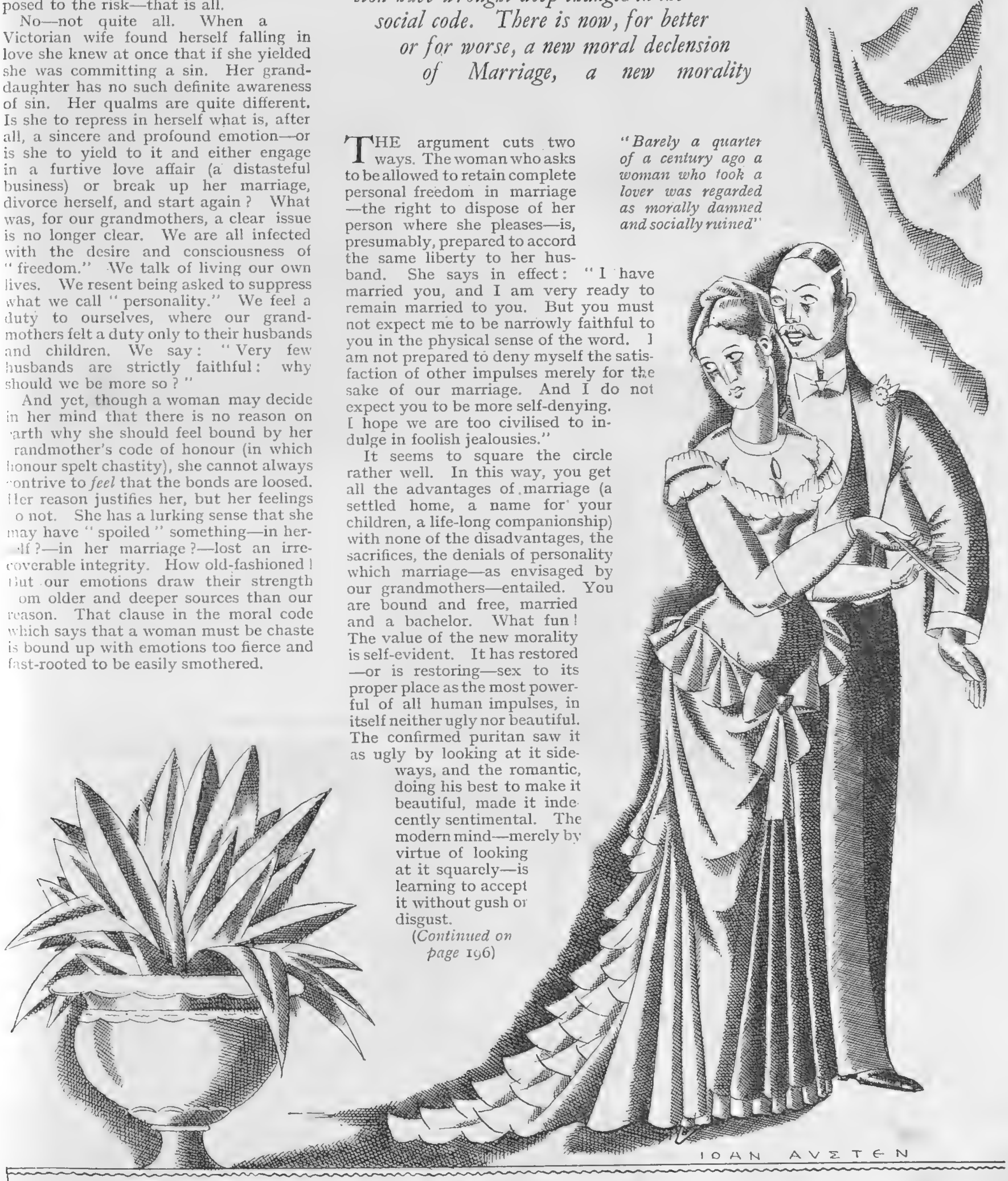
And yet, though a woman may decide in her mind that there is no reason on earth why she should feel bound by her grandmother's code of honour (in which honour spelt chastity), she cannot always contrive to *feel* that the bonds are loosed. Her reason justifies her, but her feelings do not. She has a lurking sense that she may have "spoiled" something—in herself?—in her marriage?—lost an irrecoverable integrity. How old-fashioned! But our emotions draw their strength from older and deeper sources than our reason. That clause in the moral code which says that a woman must be chaste is bound up with emotions too fierce and fast-rooted to be easily smothered.

"Barely a quarter of a century ago a woman who took a lover was regarded as morally damned and socially ruined"

THE argument cuts two ways. The woman who asks to be allowed to retain complete personal freedom in marriage—the right to dispose of her person where she pleases—is, presumably, prepared to accord the same liberty to her husband. She says in effect: "I have married you, and I am very ready to remain married to you. But you must not expect me to be narrowly faithful to you in the physical sense of the word. I am not prepared to deny myself the satisfaction of other impulses merely for the sake of our marriage. And I do not expect you to be more self-denying. I hope we are too civilised to indulge in foolish jealousies."

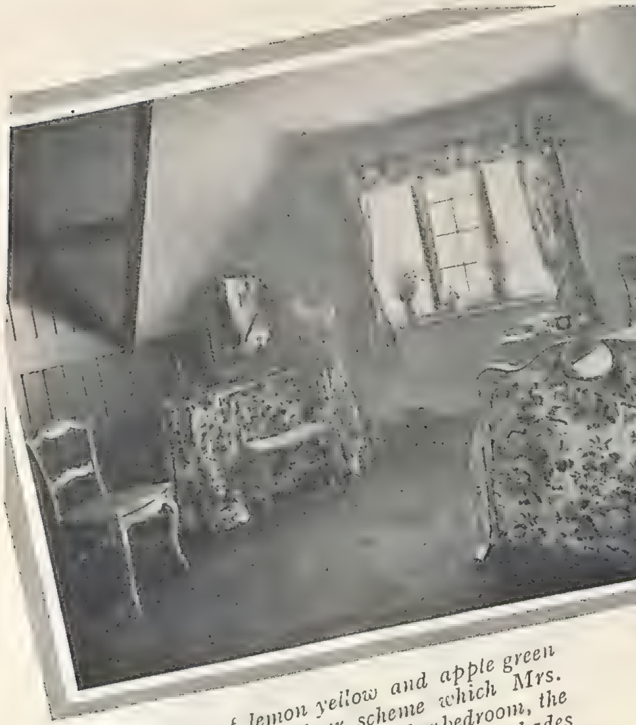
It seems to square the circle rather well. In this way, you get all the advantages of marriage (a settled home, a name for your children, a life-long companionship) with none of the disadvantages, the sacrifices, the denials of personality which marriage—as envisaged by our grandmothers—entailed. You are bound and free, married and a bachelor. What fun! The value of the new morality is self-evident. It has restored—or is restoring—sex to its proper place as the most powerful of all human impulses, in itself neither ugly nor beautiful. The confirmed puritan saw it as ugly by looking at it sideways, and the romantic, doing his best to make it beautiful, made it indecently sentimental. The modern mind—merely by virtue of looking at it squarely—is learning to accept it without gush or disgust.

(*Continued on page* 196)

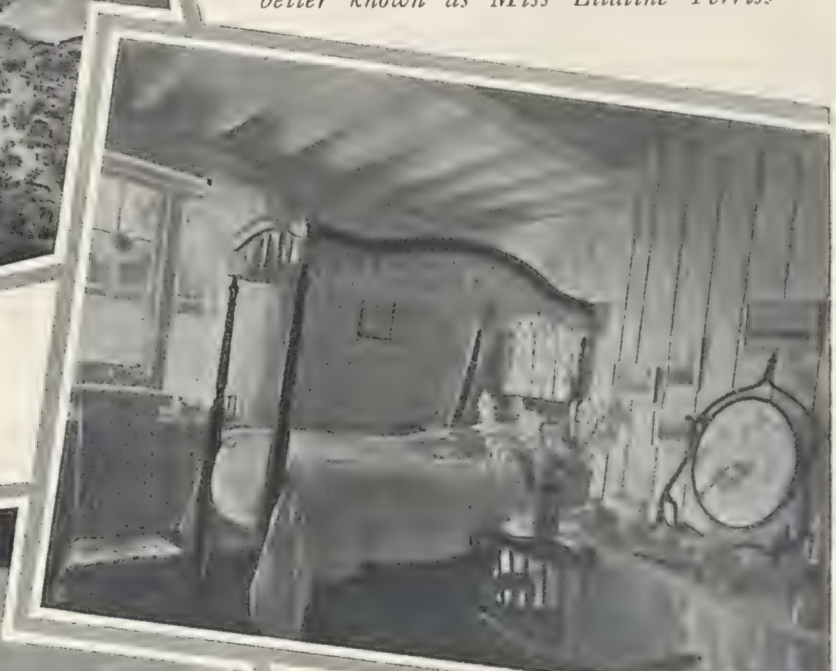


The Cottage in the Woods

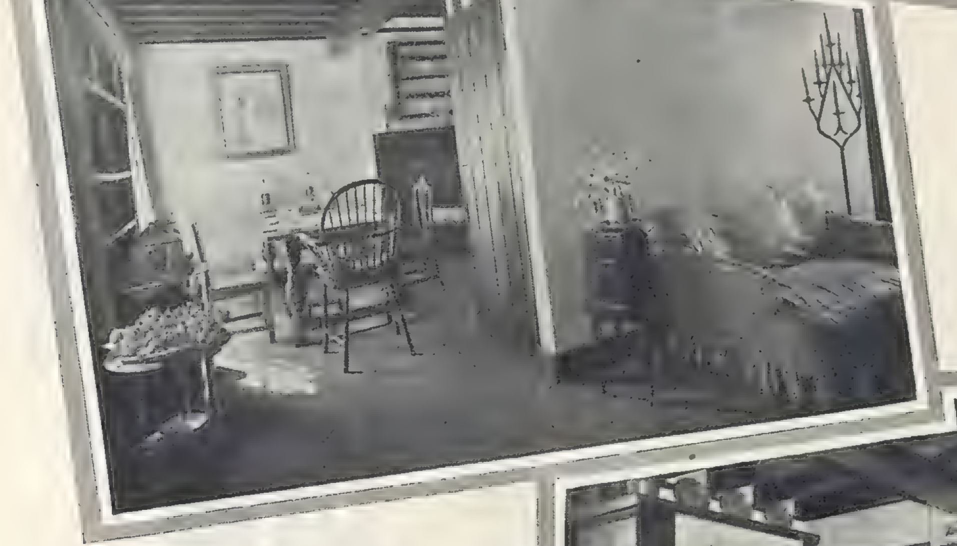
A place of enchantment, both inside and out, is the Buckinghamshire home of Mrs. Seymour Hicks, who is perhaps even better known as Miss Ellaline Terriss



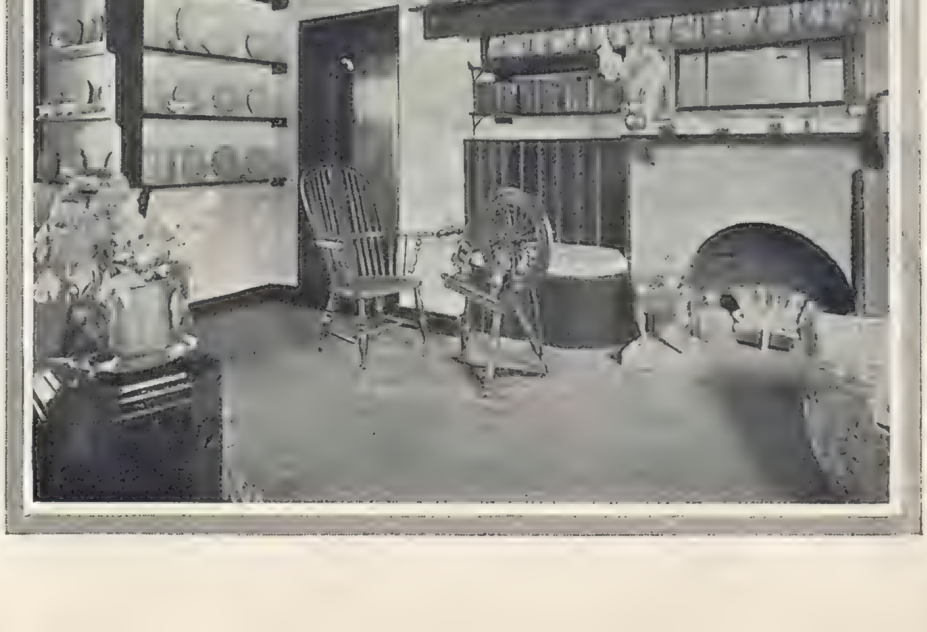
A harmony of lemon yellow and apple green is the delightful colour scheme which Mrs. Seymour Hicks has chosen for her bedroom, the gaily flowered chintzes repeating these shades



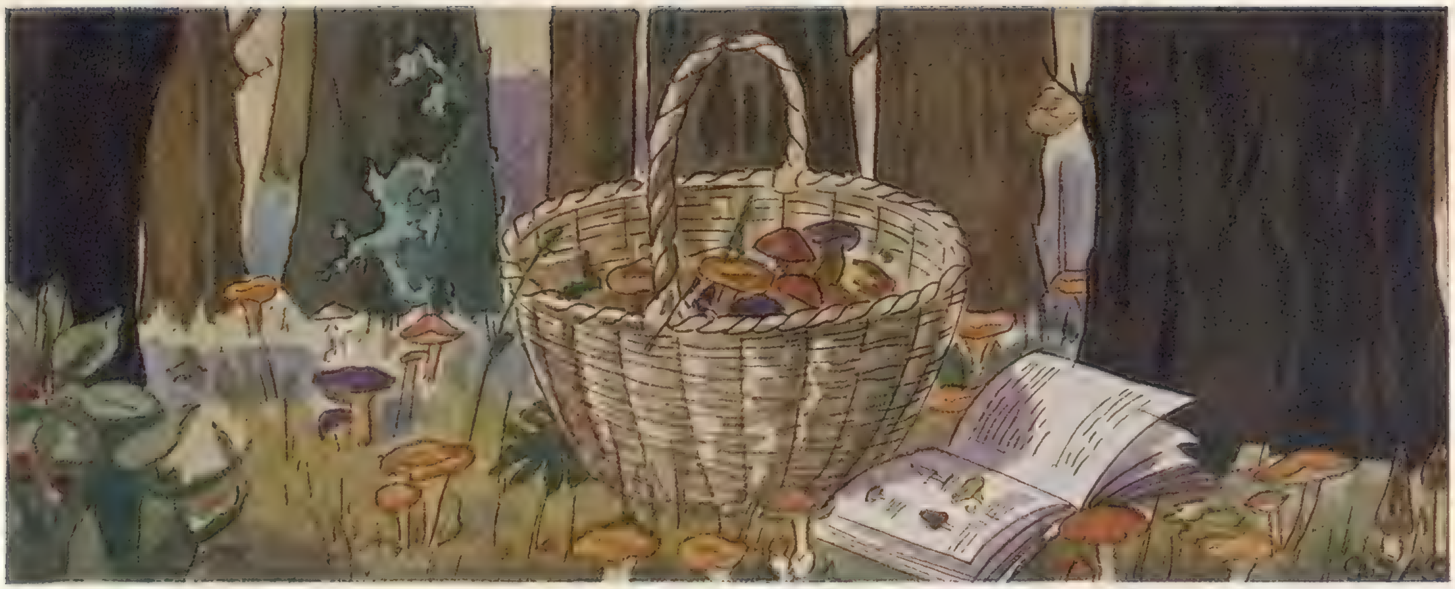
Miss Betty Hicks' bedroom is a "Cranford" room, and reproduces the spirit of the rooms mentioned in Mrs. Gaskell's well-known book. The walls are papered with an old-fashioned flowered paper, and be-sprigged chintzes accord with the old-time atmosphere



Here is the dining end of the drawing-room, showing the handsome antique oak refectory table, the Chippendale style chairs and the Windsor armchair. Hanging above the table is Miss Pusinelli's beautiful water-colour portrait of Ellaline Terriss



The drawing-room, where antique ivory walls make a charming background for the old oak furniture, pewter, and blue old Spode china. Two of the most treasured possessions of this room are the Windsor chair and the old-time spinning wheel



DEAR ENEMY

In which our contributor infers that the poet's "season of mist and mellow fruitfulness" is nothing but a pitfall for the unwary gourmet!

By GERMAINE BEAUMONT

WOODS are supposed to provide in autumn several kinds of delicacies, such as berries and mushrooms. Of berries there is little to say, except that even good housekeepers make jam or wine out of them. The jam is given to children, because children have no sense of discrimination, and the wine is offered to old ladies, who become very giddy when they have a sip of it—that is to say, they feel giddy when they lift the glass, but as to what they feel afterwards there is no knowing, because they were too well brought up years ago to express their opinion.

On the other hand, mushrooms possess a high importance, the same importance that one attaches to the great necessary devastating plagues of the world.

With Three
FRENCH DISHES
specially created for this issue of "Britannia & Eve" by
MADAME RAMILLON

These plagues are: pest, war, 'flu, whipped cream, and, of course, mushrooms. Perhaps mushrooms are worse than anything else, because they destroy, under the sign of geniality vitamins and butter sauce.

MUSHROOMS never attack the single, but they lay low whole families, especially families who gather to celebrate a wedding party, or a christening, or a birthday. It may be that there are mushrooms of a comestible kind, with no homicidal dispositions, but these are like good people—they never attract attention. In fact, they are rather dull, with little colour and almost no flavour.

All would, therefore, be well with the world if good people ate good mushrooms, and bad people bad mushrooms. But almost every time it is the good people who eat the bad mushrooms and *vice versa.* There cannot be any mistake about that, if one believes what one reads in the papers. In the papers you never read that a roomful of thieves or murderers has been destroyed by a plate of mushrooms. They are too cautious apparently to eat mushrooms, or perhaps they don't like them. If they do, they try them first on the head waiter, or the landlady's dog, or the person they are going to rob.

Why is it, then, that only good people eat bad mushrooms? It is not that they are suicidal maniacs. It is merely because, being good, they are conceited.

WHEN people don't know anything, they don't make any mistakes. It is when they think they know something that the trouble begins. Nobody would ever die because of a mushroom if everybody let the mushrooms well alone, good or bad. But no, fathers of large families, hosts of large week-end parties, must go out in the woods and boast: "This one is good, but that one's bad," and always be wrong.

This being known, guests could still save themselves by refusing to eat the fungi when they come to the table. Guests never do. There must be something fatally attractive about the look of a cooked mushroom. Perhaps Medusa was a mushroom. Perhaps the Sphinx was a mushroom, and her famous riddle was whether she was eatable or not.

One thing is certain: neither Medusa nor the Sphinx nor Baal has destroyed as many devotees as a plain mushroom.

Also the famous Biblical plate of lentils must have been a plate of mushrooms. Esau may have been a fool, but let's suppose he was also a gourmet, and that at the beginning of the ages the deadly reputation of mushrooms couldn't have been as solidly established as it is now. It is true, on the other hand, that had the lentils been really mushrooms, the question of birthright would have been settled at once by Esau's death.

ALL these facts being known about mushrooms, how is it that people with a grudge against human life have taken so much trouble to invent murderous weapons such as arms and medicines? Wouldn't it have been wiser and more respectful to trust nature?

Mushrooms cost nothing when gathered straight from the woods, and they never fail. Also, as it has been proved before, people beware of guns and distrust chemist's bottles. But let their worst enemy send them a plateful of mushrooms, and they will praise their enemy and lick the plate on to death.

N.B.—Some housekeepers are supposed to pickle mushrooms. Probably because, as the French say, vengeance is a meal that should be served cold

Three FRENCH Dishes

By Madame RAMILLON

Cold Fish in Shells

COLD FISH IN SHELLS (For 4 people)

½ lb. of cooked fish, cold, shredded or cut in small pieces
¼ lb. ordinary shrimps. 3 hard boiled eggs.
2 ozs. of butter or Margarine. 1 or 2 large spoonsful of thick cream
4 slices of tomatoes.
A little mayonnaise sauce.
Some seasoning herbs
Salt and pepper.

1. Shell the shrimps.

2. Shell the eggs. Put the yolks in a bowl.

3. Warm the butter or margarine.

4. Mash the egg yolks, with a fork, until well mixed. Add salt and pepper.

5. Add the shrimps and the shredded fish. Mix well with a little cream. Put it in a cool place for a few hours to harden.

6. Then garnish some pretty shells with the mixture so obtained. Cover these shells with a well-seasoned mayonnaise sauce.

7. Decorate the top with a slice of tomato or a radish at will, etc., and trim the dish all around with the whites of eggs and chopped herbs

Brioches Pompadour

FOX-TROT TEA CAKE

(For 5 or 6 people)

3 ozs. skinned almonds, finely chopped
½ lb. powdered sugar
1 oz. fecula. 5 eggs and 1 yolk
½ teaspoonful of vanilla powder. 1 oz. of butter or margarine

1. In a bowl, mix the sugar with 4 egg yolks until a whitish mixture is obtained.

2. In another bowl, mix the almonds with a whole egg and the additional yolk (keep the 4 whites apart).

3. Mix the contents of the two bowls.

4. Add the fecula stirring it up carefully, and then add the vanilla and melted butter

5. Beat the 4 whites of eggs, add them to the mixture carefully, lastly

6. Butter plentifully a deep round or square mould. Place a buttered paper on the bottom.

7. Then pour the mixture into it, and put it immediately in a moderately hot oven for ½ hour

8. Take it out of the mould hot, and eat cold

Garnish the cake with a layer of gooseberry or quince jelly.

Decorate it with candied fruit and roasted almonds

BRIOCHES POMPADOUR HOT EGG DISH

(For 6 people)

1 brioche and 1 egg per person
6 small round brioches.
6 small eggs.
1 small can of chopped goose liver (purée de foie gras).
6 teaspoonsful of very thick tomato sauce
A little fine salt.

1. Slice off the top of each brioche.

Hollow out the brioche slightly, so as to have a kind of patty.

2. Coat the inside of the brioche with the chopped goose liver.

3. Then, break an egg in each brioche and add a little salt.

4. Place the brioche on an iron tray; put it in a hot oven for a few minutes.

5. In the meantime, warm the tomato sauce; add seasoning.

6. As soon as the egg white is hardened, take the brioche out of the oven, and quickly top each egg with a teaspoonful of tomato sauce.

Place on a dish and serve.

Fox Trot Tea Cake

LITTLE LUNCHEONS in OCTOBER

A selection of interesting hors d'œuvre or an unusual entrée is quite enough to turn a very ordinary luncheon into a menu of distinction

By CATHERINE IVES

IN London, or in any town with large and well-found provision shops, it is easy to buy quite small quantities of the kind of provender from which you may build up amusing hors d'œuvres without lavish expenditure.

In the country this is not quite so easily and inexpensively managed, unless either you or your cook excels at stocking the store cupboard with preserved home produce, and inventing interesting combinations.

In London, therefore, you may easily begin an October luncheon with a single dish containing a variety of hors d'œuvre to which people may help themselves; or one of those very neat trays which hold four or six oblong glass dishes, each containing something different.

Wafer-thin slices of smoked salmon are best accompanied by half-lemons tied up in muslin, so that pressure produces the requisite amount of juice without any pips.

Curried apples and Bismarck herrings; tomatoes in French dressing and anchovies, olives and gherkins make a selection of Hors d'œuvre which is easy to keep in hand and improvise

Sole Méunière and a Fish Soufflé are both dishes which are well within the powers of the average cook, yet very effective in their flavours and their final appearance

Tinned sweet corn is cooked for ten minutes with two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream and allowed to get very cold.

Tart apples, peeled, cored and cut into rings, are masked with a cold curry sauce.

Prawns or shrimps are covered with mayonnaise, a powdering of paprika, and the yolk of a hard-boiled egg rubbed through a sieve.

Olives, fillets of anchovy or Bismarck herrings or both.

Shredded celery may be mixed with strips of tomato and French dressing.

Strips of sardines can be embedded in cold boiled rice and diced beetroot—these are only a few of the things upon which the changes may be rung for the first course of the luncheon, and the smoked salmon and prawns are the only two which need be at all expensive.

WHEN hors d'œuvres do not appeal at all you may fall back on one of the innumerable egg dishes (though not an omelette, unless your cook is unusually competent).

Scrambled eggs which are really properly done and attractively served need very little decoration in order to turn them into party dishes.

The chief secret is to avoid overcooking the eggs. They should be soft, creamy and only just set before they are turned out on to rounds of toast placed in flat round ramekins, and enlivened with strips of cooked mushrooms, some minced chicken livers, or a few capers.

Eggs broken into the little ramekins with judicious seasoning, a spoonful of cream or tinned milk, a scattering of breadcrumbs, a dab of butter and possibly some tiny dice of bacon or ham, are even easier to prepare and usually very welcome.

For the fish course?

When soles are cheap, and they quite often are, I do not think you can better a Sole Meunière, or two, if the party is large enough. This dish always gives the impression of being most professional, yet actually it is almost absurdly easy for a person of moderate intelligence.

With a fish that is not quite so worthy of such simple treatment you may prefer a fricassée, especially if you can include a few mushrooms; a soufflé, if you can spare a brace of eggs; or a curry, if this will not interfere with what you have chosen to follow after.

OCTOBER provides a great deal of variety where the principal course is concerned.

Wild duck is one of those friendly birds which go a long way without enlarging the weekly books unduly. Brown breadcrumbs, bread sauce, a little gravy and an orange and watercress salad are all it needs for escort.

A Puchero is an unusual dish on English tables, yet by no means difficult to prepare. This will be accompanied by fried chicken, if you are feeling lavish; and fried rabbit if you are not.

On other occasions it might be preferable to choose an elegant little ragoût or escallop of veal, served in the casserole in which it was cooked.

It is possible that a simple dish of grilled chops, grilled steak or grilled cutlets will meet the occasion even better, especially if they are lifted out of the usual rut by a purée of mushrooms or a particularly good walnut sauce; and there are two or three ways of turning little fillets of beef or noisettes of mutton into a most excellent ensemble.

ELABORATE sweets are not nearly so popular as in the days of our forbears, and a great many people definitely prefer to finish a meal with fresh fruit and cheese; or a simple concoction in which fruit plays the principal part.

A Chinese fruit salad is good. You add a little chopped preserved ginger and a little ginger syrup to your medley of fruits and syrup.

A crême renversée, which is merely a cold baked custard turned out into a good-looking dish before being dealt with further, may be finished in several different ways—and the profusion of decorated coloured glass containers which to-day's hostess can so easily provide for her table enhances the charm of any fruit fool or preserve, especially when capped with cream.

RECIPES for OCTOBER LUNCHEONS

Suggestions for a few among the very many things which will make an October luncheon delightful are given in the article on the preceding page. The recipes for some of these things follow here

By CATHERINE IVES

The ordinary method of preparing an Escalope de Veau is one of the simplest of culinary processes. A tablespoonful of sherry is a marked improveme

SOLE MEUNIÈRE

(From *When the Cook is Away*, by Catherine Ives)

Ingredients.—1 sole. 4 ozs. butter. Pepper. Salt. Flour Lemon juice. Thin slices of lemon. Chopped parsley.

Utensils.—1 frying pan or fireproof dish. 1 fish slice. 1 knife.

Instructions.—Have the sole skinned before it is sent home. Mix the salt, pepper and flour and sprinkle the fish lightly with these. Make the butter very hot and golden brown, either in the frying pan or in the fireproof dish. Put in the fish and either fry it or bake it until it is a golden brown on both sides, turning it once during the process. Take up the fish with the fish slice, transfer it to the serving dish, and keep it hot. Add the remaining 2 ozs. of butter to the butter remaining in the pan or baking dish. Make it all very hot and golden brown, and sprinkle in a few drops of lemon juice. Pour this over and round the fish, and arrange a few thin slices of lemon and a little chopped parsley on and around it.

Another way of preparing the same dish is to substitute orange for the lemon, using a few drops of orange juice in the butter, carefully skinned sections of orange all round the fish and a little row of sliced and cooked mushrooms down the middle of its back.

FISH SOUFFLÉ (For 5 people)

(Also from *When the Cook is Away*)

Ingredients.—1 lb. of hake. ¼ lb. dried haddock. 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. 2 eggs. Butter. Béchamel sauce. Court bouillon.

Utensils.—1 or 2 saucepans. Fish knife and fork. 1 basin. 1 wooden spoon. 1 soufflé dish. Baking sheet.

Instructions.—Cook the fish, either in the milk you are going to use for the Béchamel sauce or in a Court bouillon of water, onion, carrot, peppercorns, a bouquet garni of herbs, and a tablespoonful of vinegar (wine vinegar for choice). Use a fish knife and fork to separate the fish from the bones and skin, and flake it. Separate the yolks and whites of eggs. Beat the yolks in a basin. Heat the sauce gently in a saucepan. Add the fish, yolks of eggs, and lemon juice, mixing them all well together. Remove from the fire. Butter your soufflé dish (the easiest way to do this is to melt the butter slightly and then brush or rub it all over the inside of the dish).

Half an hour before you want to eat the fish, beat the whites of eggs very stiffly (one of those whirling egg whisks does this more rapidly than the ordinary kind). Stir them gently but thoroughly into the fish, put it in a soufflé dish, and bake it in a hot oven for 20 to 30 minutes.

N.B.—Strictly speaking, a soufflé mixture should only three parts fill the dish in which it is to be cooked, but if your dish is rather shallow for the quantities you are using deepen it by tying a band of paper round the outside, so that your soufflé can rise easily.

Another point to remember about soufflés is that once they are in the oven you must trust them to know what to do. You must naturally see that the oven is as it should be before you put them in (a piece of white paper placed on the shelf of the oven should take four or five minutes to turn a dark yellow).

A Puchero combines a good many different ingredients into an interesting blend which makes a superb background for a fried chicken or a fried rabbit

ESCALLOPS OF VEAL

Ingredients.—Slices of lean veal about one inch thick. About 2 ozs. butter. 1 wineglassful of good stock

Utensils.—1 saucepan or casserole.

Instructions.—Beat the slices of veal well to make them tender. Melt the butter in a large saucepan or casserole. Add the slices of veal and brown them over a quick fire. Put on the cover of the pan and let the contents simmer for a few minutes. Add the stock and let the veal continue to cook until the liquid is very much reduced

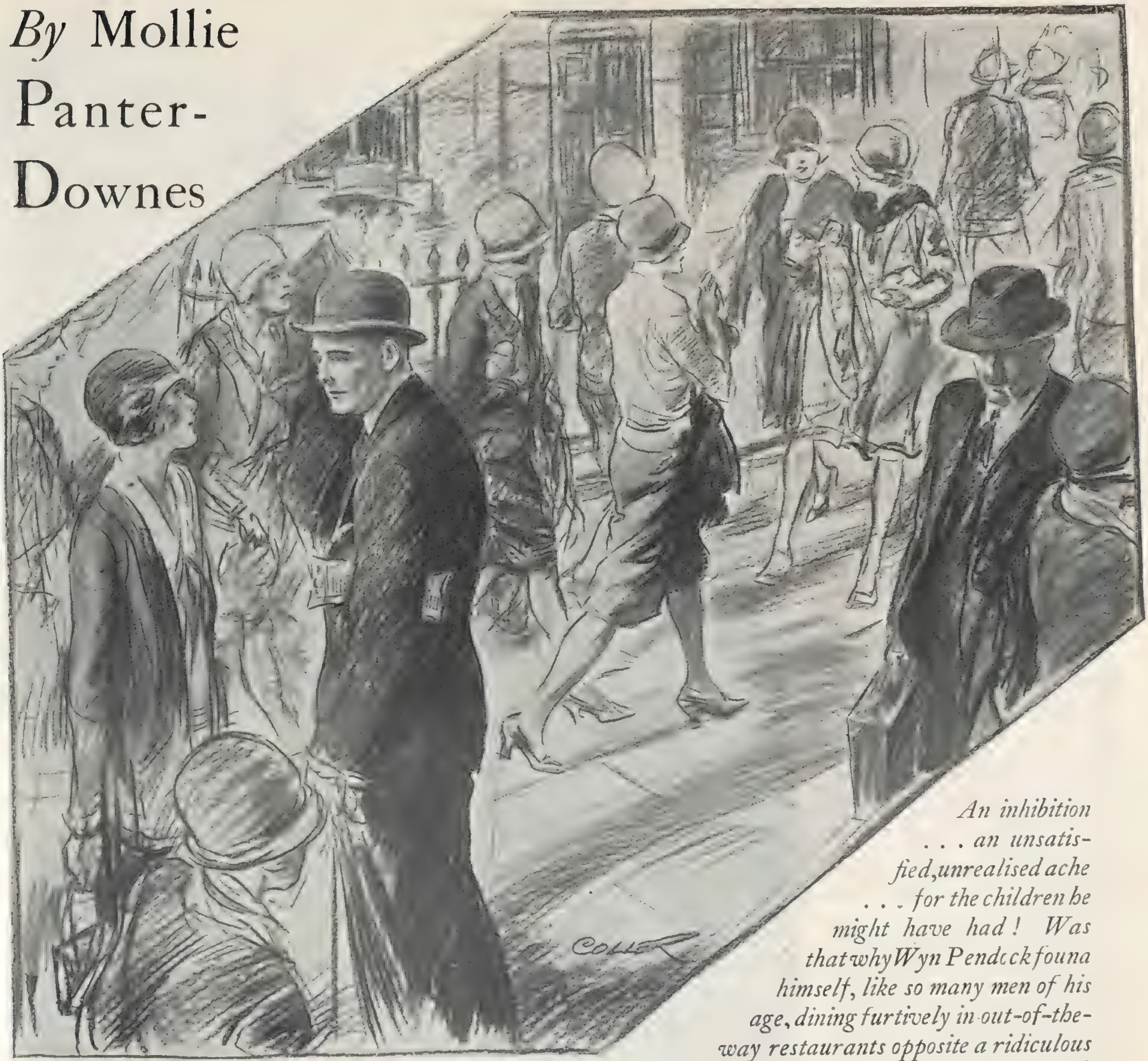
PUCHERO

Ingredients.—½ lb. soaked dried haricot beans. ½ lb. tomatoes. 2 ozs. mushrooms. 2 carrots. 2 onions. ½ lb. French beans or scarlet runners. 3 ozs. raisins. Pepper and salt. Split clove of garlic rubbed on a slice of crust. A slip of lemon peel. 2 rashers of bacon. 1 teaspoon vinegar. Water. Chicken or rabbit. Butter or olive oil.

Utensils.—Knife. Saucepan. Wooden spoon.

Instructions.—Chop the bacon. Peel and chop the vegetables. Cut the raisins and beans into small pieces. Fry the bacon gently in the saucepan. Add all the other ingredients except the chicken or rabbit. Stir well and add just enough water to cover. Simmer for two hours. Cut up the chicken or rabbit. Flour lightly and fry gently in butter or olive oil until tender. Add this to the finished Puchero. Reheat and serve

By Mollie Panter-Downes



“Ain't you EVER going to speak to me, huh?”

An inhibition . . . an unsatisfied, unrealised ache . . . for the children he might have had! Was that why Wyn Pendock found himself, like so many men of his age, dining furtively in out-of-the-way restaurants opposite a ridiculous little hat and absurd little-girl frock?

“SUGAR Daddy”

Illustrated by COLLER

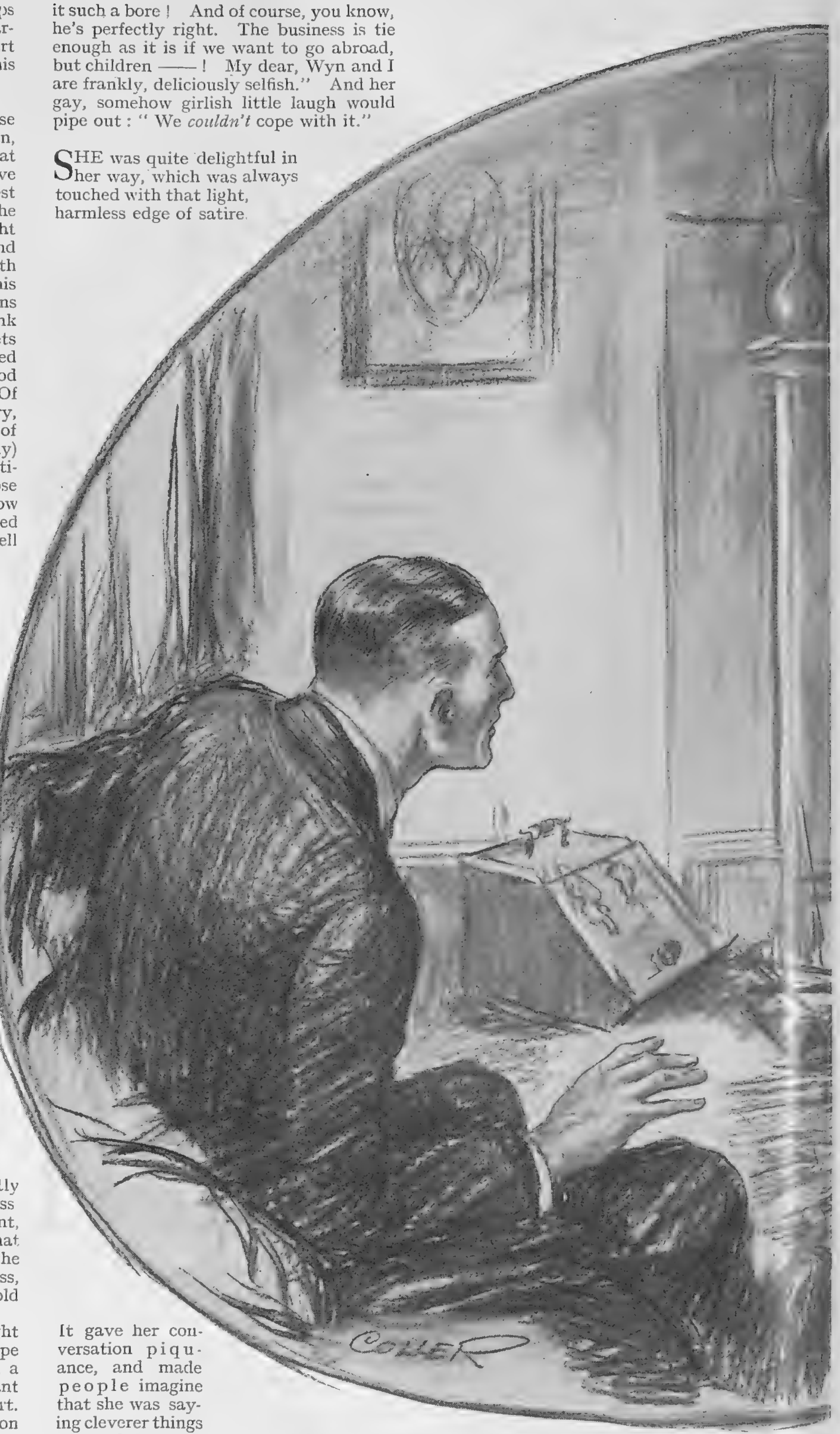
PEOPLE who penetrated for the first time behind the Wyn Pendocks' marbled yellow front door (so original with its orange trees and the just different bronze knocker Wyn had brought back from Florence) always exclaimed, as they took their first breath of its central-heated, silken atmosphere, “My *dear*, how perfectly charming!” And Sylvia Pendock, secretly pleased but hiding her pleasure under a slightly ironic smile, would say, “Do you like it? My dear, I'm *so* glad. Peter Hartnell did it for us—but it doesn't reek too much of the smart interior decorators, does it? They're quite all right, you know, if only you're firm about your own ideas.” The friend would peep despairingly into Sylvia's own room, which was deliciously rosy and of no particular period except that of many cushions and lamps with amusing shades pleated like a ballet skirt, then into Wyn's room, masculine in a rather forbidding way and panelled in pickled pine. “My *de-ah*!” A wail of envy and chagrin, not really very acute—of course, Sylvia Pendock had oceans of money, and anyone with her indecent income could fix a place like this. “You really are a marvel! How do you keep the place so spick and span with a great man in the house?” And Sylvia, smiling, thinking that little Mrs. So-and-so was rather a nice little soul and they must see more of her, would murmur, “Oh, Wyn is far tidier than I am, the old darling.”

Charm. It had oozed over the outside of the house as well, a rather touched-up charm, as was only natural in a sedate stucco lady of the Victorian era who has had her face lifted and massaged into an incredibly juvenile friskiness of latticed windows, fluted and striped sun blinds, yellow marbled paint. House agents, eyeing it covetously as they passed (the Pendocks never let, not even for the months when they were abroad), felt the inevitable phrases crowding to their lips . . . this charming residence of character . . . situated in the best part of Belgravia . . . bijou . . this charming . . . charm. . . .

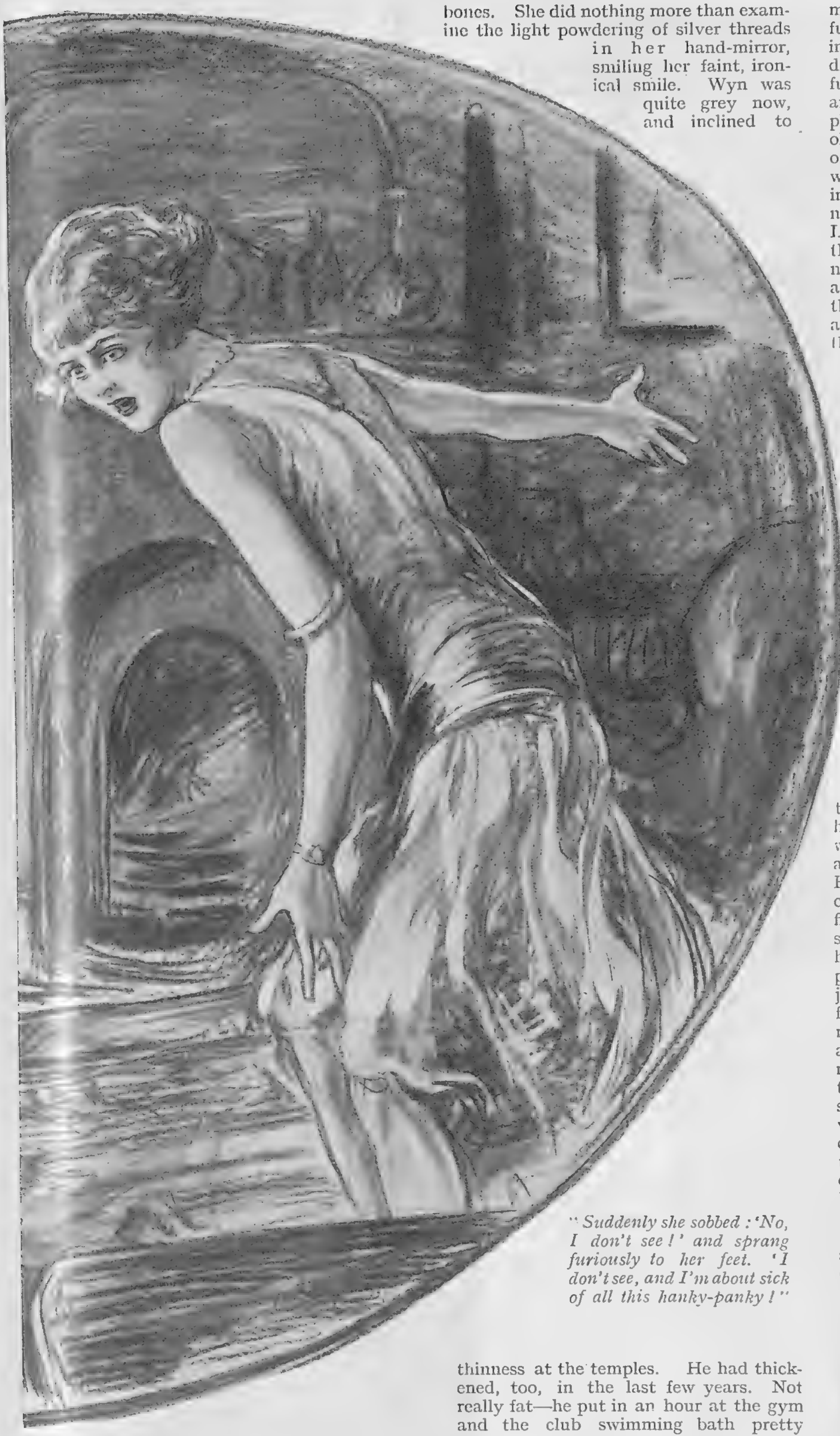
ONLY one thing about the house remained obstinately Victorian, resisting the all-pervading ooze, and that Sylvia "simply couldn't bother to have taken down." Therefore, any guest who couched himself comfortably for the night in her front guest room, so bright in its Marie Laurecin pastel colours and bunchy black taffetas patterned with brilliant flowers and birds, found that his double view of the distant square gardens was blocked, not only pleasantly by pink and blue gauze, but grimly by two sets of iron bars. A moment's startled reflection would send the guest's blood pressure back to normal again. Of course, this was meant to be the nursery, and Sylvia had turned it into another of her charmingly (it had to be charmingly) individual little guest rooms—the sentimental were even led to wonder if those jolly big cupboards by the fireplace, now devoted to endless rows of gay ribboned shoe trees and coat hangers and a smell of [expensive Coty, had not, in their time, stabled many a real skin horse and lovingly sucked, tremendously dappled cow. Such was the influence of the room that one of Sylvia's perfectly trained housemaids, entering noiselessly to draw the taffeta curtains and start running the hot water into the shining great, silver-and-tiled tub next door, was often surprised to find the gentleman mooing melodiously as he unknotted his tie, beaming at her and crying that the mouse ran up the clock, riding a cock horse cheerfully, but somewhat stumblingly, towards Banbury Cross as he tied the cord of his dressing-gown.

The Pendocks had been married fifteen years, no children. They did not regret it. Wyn, except for a vague, dull disappointment at the beginning, had never been conscious of any particular frustrated paternal feelings. He was faddy, too, in his way, liked everything to be just so; liked perfect service; liked the feeling of shutting his front door and himself with it into a quiet, warm little circle of peace. In the hall and all the way up the beautifully curved stairs was dim jade green carpet, into which the feet sank softly and springily as though it were moss Wyn liked walking along the pavement, finding his latchkey, sinking into that carpet. It seemed symbolical of the whole of Sylvia's household—noiseless, beautiful, muffling you in fold upon fold of the best that money could buy.

However many buffers money might put between you and them in the shape of nurses, under-nurses, padded doors, a country house, children had an unpleasant way of interfering with your comfort. Toys left about, pudgy finger-marks on Peter Hartnell's delicate spring-green panelling, a perambulator eternally coming or going. Wyn, if he ever thought of it, shuddered with relief. Sylvia, in her delicate, ironical way, was perfectly frank too. "My dear, of course I wanted them at first—but poor Wyn would have found it such a bore! And of course, you know, he's perfectly right. The business is tie enough as it is if we want to go abroad, but children ——! My dear, Wyn and I are frankly, deliciously selfish." And her gay, somehow girlish little laugh would pipe out: "We *couldn't* cope with it."



SHE was quite delightful in her way, which was always touched with that light, harmless edge of satire. It gave her conversation piquance, and made people imagine that she was saying cleverer things than she was. Hostesses, plotting a difficult dinner party, would sigh: "I'll put Sylvia Pendock this end, between George and Sir Herbert—clever little thing, she'd make anything go!" At twenty-one, when Wyn married her, she had been really rather plain, good eyes, but inclined to sallowness. At thirty-six she was "striking," wore her smart clothes well, used a clever touch of rouge, went in daringly for a lot of black which she relieved with a flawless string of pearls and a great cabochan emerald on



" Suddenly she sobbed : 'No, I don't see ! ' and sprang furiously to her feet. 'I don't see, and I'm about sick of all this hanky-panky ! "

the left hand—her hands were almost her best point, and she kept them tipped cruelly, brightly, with a lovely liquid vermilion.

Just lately her hair had begun to go grey at the sides, where Antoine cut it so cunningly to soften her rather high cheek bones. She did nothing more than examine the light powdering of silver threads in her hand-mirror, smiling her faint, ironical smile. Wyn was quite grey now, and inclined to thinness at the temples. He had thickened, too, in the last few years. Not really fat—he put in an hour at the gym and the club swimming bath pretty regularly for so busy a man—but he seemed to fill out his suits more importantly than he used to, and in certain positions the back of his neck just above the collar reddened into a crease.

PEOPLE considered, and sometimes he considered too, that for these promiscuous days Wyn had been wonderfully faithful to Sylvia. You never ran into Wyn having supper with something dimpled and blonde, and received a furtive nod, and were studiously cut ever after. Sylvia never answered the telephone and said, Mr. Pendock ? . . . oh, hold the line, I'll fetch him . . . one of your friends, I think, dear. They were extraordinarily fond of each other, in the affectionate, humorous, second-nature way of fifteen years' standing. Life was all on the soft, cushiony par of that jade green carpet. Sylvia made it as much her business to study Wyn, his likes and dislikes, his little moods, as to see that the bath water was eternally steaming and the kitchen equipped with the latest thing in *Bains Marie.*

She drove him with silken reins, the iron hand concealed under the most attractive and delicate of velvet gloves. Never any serious upsets—they would have driven Wyn mad—although trivial imperfections in the studiously cherished perfection of the house, the parquet not quite so menacing to life and limb as it should be, or a housemaid in tears over a broken Venetian finger-bowl, would bring a nervous, irritable edge of bad temper to the surface.

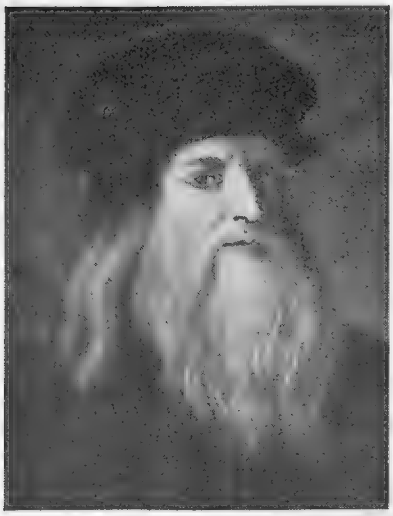
She had quite flared out when Harridges, the big stores a couple of corners away, took over Pendock's quiet street as a parking-place for their customers' cars. It was quite insufferable . . . noise day and night . . . County Council . . . Wyn must complain. And when Wyn had complained, with the result that Harridges were apologetic and the chauffeurs went on kicking their heels against the Pendocks' railings, Sylvia had behaved, quite unreasonably, as though it were his fault. It was certainly " insufferable." She withdrew her account from Harridges. Later on, her sense of humour coming cleverly to the rescue, she began to find it " really rather amusing." The street was less quiet, it was true, but it had a new air of liveliness, of someone perpetually giving a large party. She enjoyed turning the corner, walking home from a near-by bridge-tea, and seeing the row of waiting cars, all slim and shining and perfectly groomed, like a stable of nervous young thoroughbreds. One or two of the smart little *coupés de ville* seemed almost to paw the ground as they waited . . . and the disturbing proximity of so many neat gaitered legs appeared to have no damaging effect on the *morale* of her staff. Sylvia smilingly made the best of it. She was excellent at that. " Oh, my dear, of *course* it's annoying—but I've got to make the best of it ! And sometimes it's really rather amusing—one sees so many of one's friends ! Effie Hartop parked her Rolls just opposite here yesterday morning, and presently along she came, my dear, carrying several *pounds* of spaghetti . . ."

HARRIDGES, the big stores, rather dominated the Pendocks. Not alone content with parking its customers' cars beneath their drawing-room windows, its towering bulk and the top of one soot, red dome were visible over the tree-tops from all their top back rooms. Luckily, the servants slept up there, so, of course, it did not matter. Another glimpse one got from the windows of the third bath

(*Continued on page 202*)

Great ITALIAN

This is the second of the articles on the Italian "Old Masters" which Mr. R. H. Wilenski, the well-known art critic, is writing in relation to the great exhibition of Italian Art which opens at the Academy in the first week of 1930

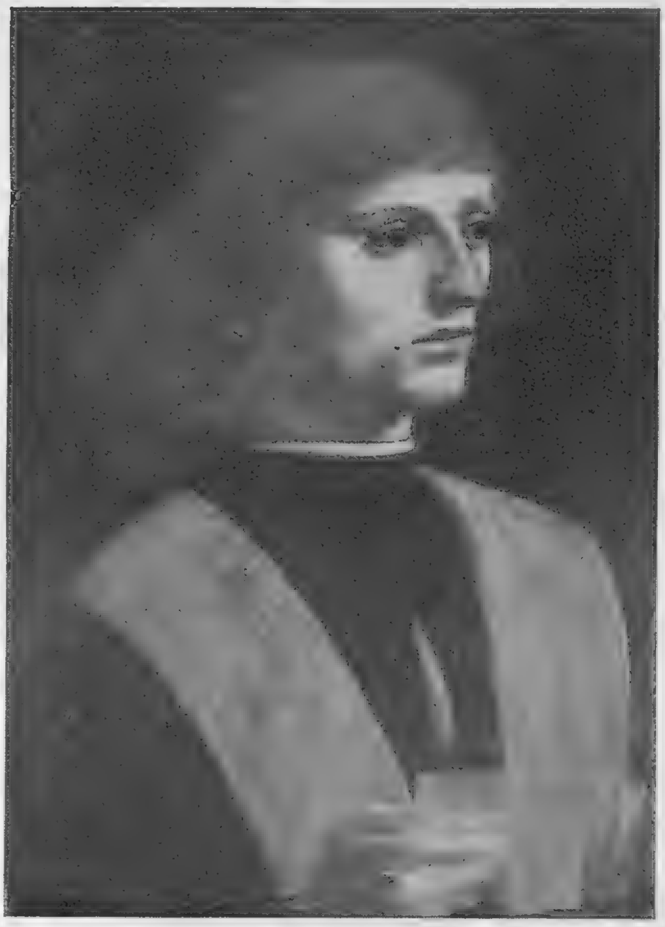


Mansell

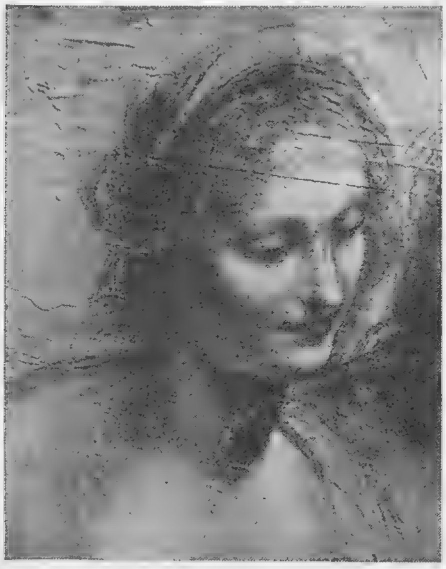
Portrait of Leonardo da Vinci

LEONARDO DA VINCI was not only one of the great artists of the world but also one of the master minds in history. He was engineer, research scientist, mathematician, philosopher, architect, painter and sculptor. He painted the "Mona Lisa" and invented the wheelbarrow, a heavier-than-air flying machine, and the parachute; and at a time when such knowledge was too dangerous to be revealed to his contemporaries he knew that the sun does not move round the earth.

He was born in 1452. His mother was a peasant girl of the village of Vinci, between Florence and Siena. His father was a Florentine notary who was visiting the village. After his birth his mother married a peasant in her village and Leonardo was sent to Florence, where he was brought up in his father's house. At fourteen he was apprenticed to the sculptor-painter Verrocchio, who set him the example of a scientific type of mind. He lived in Verrocchio's house for ten years; then a legitimate heir was born to his father and he set out on a career of his own.



"The Musician," by Leonardo



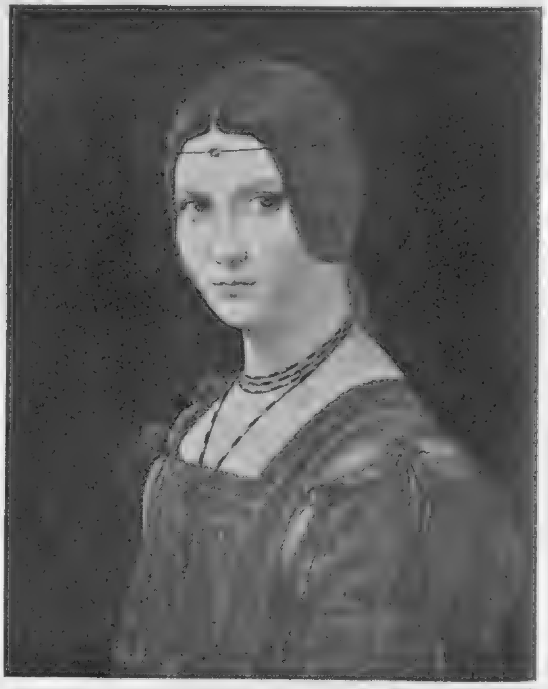
Mansell

Head of the Virgin. Drawn by Leonardo; part of a cartoon in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House. This shows the influence of Greek sculpture on Leonardo's ar

WE tend to think of Leonardo as an old man with long flowing beard—a patriarchal version of the self-portrait in the Uffizi. But he was probably clean-shaven and, by all accounts, of striking good looks when he began to attract attention by his work and personality in Florence. Then, after seven years, in which he had won a measure of fame and made, I suspect, enemies, he suddenly left Florence and entered the service of the Duke of Milan.

Leonardo offered his services to the Duke in a letter which survives. He represents himself as a civil and military engineer, architect and sculptor, and adds: *"In painting also I can do what can be done as well as any other be he who he may."* And four hundred and fifty years later his paintings are with us to prove that in this afterthought he stated nothing but the sober truth

IN Milan Leonardo lived at first in a modest house with his apprentices and pupils; later he occupied a country house and vineyard which had been made a present to him by the Duke. In the seventeen years of his stay he was occupied in all the capacities set forth in his first letter of qualifications. As pageant master he designed dresses, and invented pantomimes on festive occasions; as architect he made plans for rebuilding the cathedral, and decorated rooms in the Duke's castle: as hydraulic engineer he drained the plains of Lombardy, and made a bath for the Duchess Beatrice in the castle park; as sculptor he worked for sixteen years on an equestrian statue for which the Duke could never afford to provide the bronze and which was eventually destroyed when the French invaded Lombardy; and as painter he produced "The



Mansell

La Belle Ferronnière

Masters

No. 2. LEONARDO DA VINCI

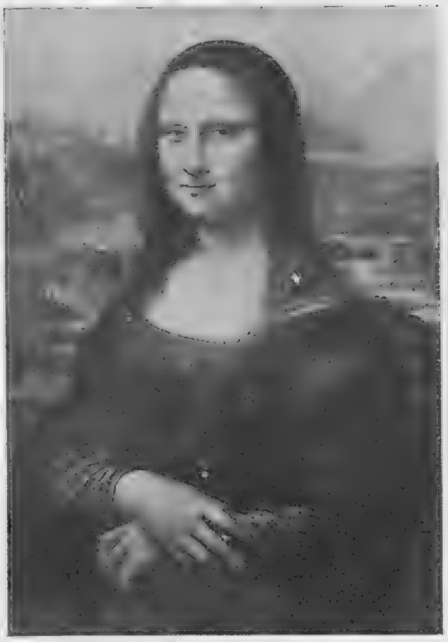
The Painter with the Master Mind

By
R. H. Wilenski

Virgin of the Rocks," "The Last Supper," and the portrait of the Duke's mistress, "Lucrezia Crivelli," which is possibly the picture known as "La Belle Ferronnière."

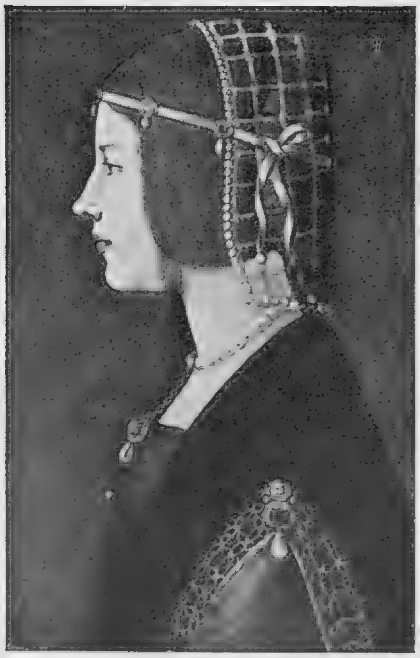
And all the time he was pursuing his scientific studies, and filling countless notebooks with records of his observations and experiments in anatomy, geology, botany and so forth Some of these notebooks survive; they are written, as Leonardo's pictures were painted, with his left hand.

When the French invaded Milan and the Duke's Court collapsed, Leonardo went to Mantua, where he painted the famous Isabella d' Este, and thence to Venice, where he paid his way by drawing up plans for flooding the Valley of the Isonzo against a threatened invasion of Venetian territory by the Turks; and he brought out from his portfolios some designs for diving-dresses, and perhaps also that design for a submarine which—as we can read in one of his notebooks at Holkham—he had invented, but was resolved to keep secret "*because of the evil nature of men who would use it for murders at sea by sinking ships together with those in them.*"


Mansell
The "Mona Lisa," by Leonardo

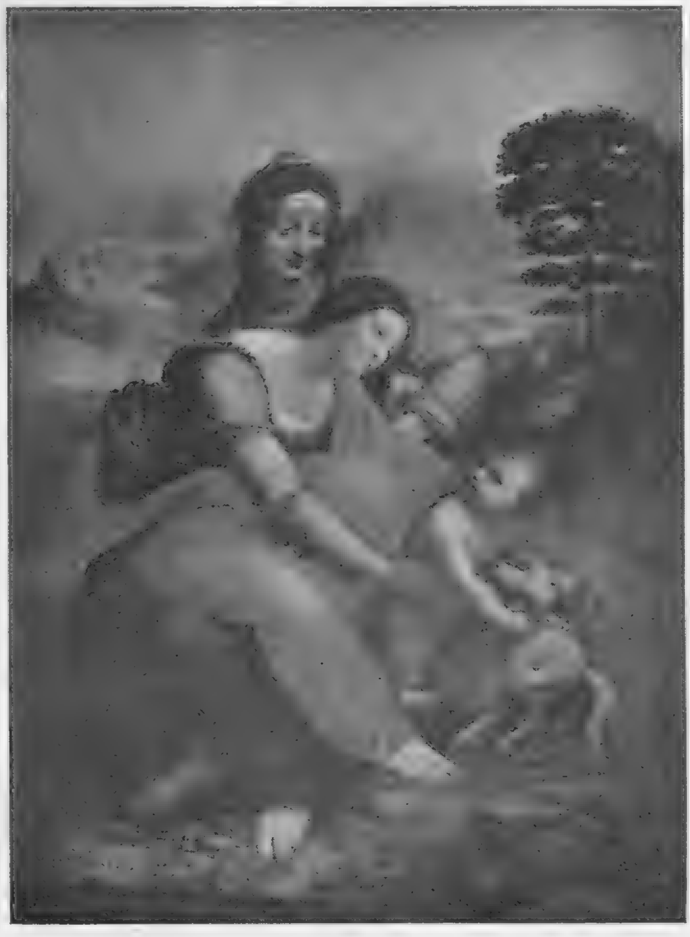
FROM Venice he returned to Florence. He had left the year that Savonarola first went to Florence; he returned two years after the great revivalist—who, as I pointed out last month, so greatly influenced Botticelli—had been burnt. Verrocchio, his old master, was now dead; Botticelli was fifty-six and engaged on "The Nativity," now in the National Gallery, which was one of his last pictures; Michelangelo, who was twenty-five, was about to receive the commission from the Florentine Board of Works for his "David"; Raphael was seventeen and Andrea del Sarto a year younger; Leonardo himself was forty-eight.

In Florence he immersed himself in studies—particularly in geometry, and he was said by a contemporary to be growing "most impatient of painting." But he produced, nevertheless, the cartoon for "The Virgin and St. Anne," which is now in the Burlington House Diploma Gallery, and from which he afterwards painted the lovely picture in the Louvre; and then suddenly he threw up his studies and his painting and went off to join the army of Cæsar Borgia as military engineer.


Mansell
Beatrice d' Este, by a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci

Cæsar Borgia, the celebrated son of the Borgia Pope Alexander VI, had married a French princess in 1499, and had accompanied the French in their invasion of Milan which had driven Leonardo to Mantua and Venice. In 1501 he was leading a Papal army in the Romagna; he had probably heard of Leonardo's services as engineer to the Duke of Milan, and he either applied for his services or accepted an application made by the artist. Leonardo was on his staff for the best part of a year at the very time, incidentally, when Machiavelli, representing the Florentine Council of War, was also there making notes, between his official despatches, for "The Prince." By March, 1503, Leonardo was back in Florence, and soon after he painted the portrait known as "Mona Lisa," on which he is said to have worked—on and off, of course—for four years. The sitter for this famous picture was the wife of Francesco del Giocondo, and the picture was acquired by Francis I of France and became French national property after the Revolution.

But Leonardo was not destined to remain long in Florence. In 1507 he was invited by the French to return to Milan. Six years later we find him travelling with Giuliano dei Medici to Rome, and about 1515, when he was sixty-three, he settled in France at the invitation of Francis I, and there at Cloux near Amboise, he died at the age of sixty-seven.


Mansell
"The Virgin with St. Anne," by Leonardo

BRING up a

" He comes to you inquisi

" The bundle grew "

" . . . The days went by and the bundle grew,
And broke the commandments, and stole and slew,
And covered the lawn with a varied loot,
Of rag and feather, and bone and boot,
Scratched in the garden a hundred holes,
And wearied our bodies and damned our souls,
As we chased him over the plots, and swore
There'd be 'training a puppy' for us, no more ! "

PRACTICAL common sense, patience, and an unfailing sense of humour, are man's best allies in bringing up the young canine idea in the way he should go—happy the puppy whose owner combines all three qualities.

There are such a lot of things your puppy must be taught. He comes to you, inquisitive, intelligent, mischievous, say at the age of ten weeks, and for fifteen months thereafter you must satisfy his inquisitiveness, develop his intelligence, curb his mischief. You must be invariably kind, and as invariably firm, and you must not hesitate to slap him when he is naughty (his little seat is the right place, ear-boxing may injure him). Once or twice before he is broken in he may need a sound thrashing—not necessarily though ; an imposing looking hunting-crop hangs on my kennel door, but though every inmate goes to cover when it is taken down, not one has ever felt its lash.

A dirty dog about the house is an intolerable nuisance, and a disobedient one almost as bad, but whilst house cleanliness is accomplished in a few weeks, sound general deportment is the outcome of consistent and methodical care extending over many months ; there is no short cut, and impatient scoldings and indiscriminate coaxing are of no use whatsoever, indeed they are a hindrance, as they leave utter confusion in a puppy's little mind. Trouble will be reduced to a minimum if you start to discipline him whilst he is still a baby—if he is allowed to grow up troublesome it will be extremely difficult, and in many cases impossible, to break him in. We all know the horrid yapping little beast who pays not the slightest heed to his owner's orders, whose hand is against everybody, and against whom everybody's hand would also be, were it not that he is clever enough to keep just out of reach.

PUT your puppy out of doors for a few minutes night and morning, and after each meal and sleep. Never forget that nature does not intend the average pup up to four or five months to sleep the night through, and on this account it is just as well to sleep him in an outhouse or outside kennel, making sure, of course, that he is warm and dry and away from draughts. From ten weeks he is quite old enough to sleep alone, although he may whimper a bit at first, being accustomed as he is to sleep several in a bed. At this age, too, he has generally learned not to foul his own nest (a habit very prevalent amongst puppies taken from their dam too early). Some people recommend shutting a puppy in a small sleeping-box all night ; unless you have it in your bedroom, and let the puppy out when he cries, this will not only cause severe pain but will probably injure him internally. In a town flat a box of earth can be kept for the dog to go to, and which is quite effective and solves an awkward problem.

Accustomed to sleeping several in a bed

" Handle him constantly, especially as he eats "

PUPPY *in the* Way *it should* Go

By Violet Small

(*"Troytown"*)

tive, intelligent, mischievous"

As soon as you are sure that the pup understands, you can scold him when he transgresses, and later give a sound spanking if you catch the little sinner in the act. Two or three weeks should suffice to train a bitch; a dog, probably owing to his masculine obtuseness, usually takes longer. If you manage your dog properly it will soon be distasteful to him to misbehave in your house, but unfortunately you cannot guarantee his manners in a strange house—so why take him there?

If you handle your puppy constantly, especially as he eats, and encourage others to handle him too, and at the same time absolutely forbid any teasing over food and bones, he will soon learn that man is his friend, and forget how to growl and bite. Don't be afraid that encouraging him to be friendly with everyone will impair his usefulness as a watch-dog—dogs have an uncanny instinct as to who has or has not legitimate business about the place. Gain his confidence further by calling him often and making much of him when he responds, but don't allow him to clamber over you uninvited or jump on chairs and sofas, or the dog he grows into will do the same, and perhaps with muddy feet; you can be on really affectionate terms with him and still keep him in his place.

An intelligent puppy and a small boy have one outstanding point in common—there is literally no end to their mischief. At ten weeks your puppy is adorably attractive in his mischief; he pulls gently at the fringe of the hearthrug, steals a tiny bit of coal to chew, empties the waste paper basket, and plays tag with its contents, worries a duster and hides it, and maybe curls up to sleep on the newly bedded-out begonias. Then his milk teeth come out, one by one, and the irritation in his mouth is almost more than he can bear; the new teeth, moreover, present great possibilities. He has the corner off that hearthrug before you can look round, empties the whole coal-box over the room, and finds *The Times* or a new library book infinitely more interesting than old envelopes. It is much more fun to chew slippers than hide dusters, and as for gardening, that is a game at which he can beat the gardener every time. The only time you are quite sure of him is after his daily walk, when he is stretched out in his box, fast asleep, the picture of innocence.

He is, of course, easier to manage, easier to train, easier to keep happy, if there are two of him. Feed and groom a brace, and shut them in a garden run with a ball and a couple of bones, and they'll play contentedly all day long.

Teach your puppy early to run on a lead, for, this lesson learned walks will be the happiest times of his life. The easiest way is to knot a piece of string lightly round his neck, leaving about a yard's length to dangle; this accustoms him to the feel of it and he soon tumbles to its use.

"He is, of course, easier to manage and train if there are two of him"

"There is literally no end to their mischief"

If the lucky little chap is a country pup he can run in the fields without a lead provided he returns to your side instantly when you whistle him, and an introduction to a bunny or rat-hole should have the effect of confining his gardening activities to nosing round for gamey smells. Your town pup, on the other hand, learns to compete with traffic—it is fascinating to watch the sophisticated fellow look first this way then that, as he crosses a street, and he probably gets a scamper across the park or is taken into the country on Sunday.

My Châlet *in the* Alps: *by* Mrs. PATRICK MACGILL

(*Continued from page 29*)

intelligence that at first surprises and then commands the respect of the city-bred individual who is apt to believe that brains, and that knowledge of their best use which is true education, is the monopoly of their own kind.

Near to us is a tiny village known as The Village of Dwarfs. The reason is that the village, being built on the wrong side of the mountain, does not get the sun, even in the summer, until late in the afternoon, and in the winter the people live in a kind of perpetual twilight, which results in stunted growth, cretinism, and many other diseases directly traceable to lack of light.

DRINKING in the splendour of the Alpine sun, revelling in the magic of ice-bound fields and meadows, I have learned to love the leisure that a country life holds, for the formless impersonality of life in a great city yet sucks up one's time as a sponge absorbs water, and leaves just as little trace behind.

The educative influence of a country life on the plastic minds of children is an extremely interesting, as well as heartening, thing to witness. During our morning walks in the forest we made a list of the birds, and their number and variety, at such a high altitude, astonished me, and, having them pointed out to them in their natural surroundings instead of being shown pictures in a book, the little ones learned them by heart with avid interest, totally unaware that they were acquiring "schoolroom" knowledge. The chaffinch, lark, thrush, blackbird, goldfinch, robin, wren, chiff-chaff, redstart, and the yellow-hammer were some of our feathered "finds."

The nights, too, on these Alpine heights are filled with magic to those whose senses are newly awakened to the beauty of those things of the earth that are ageless because their roots are in the dawn of time and stretch forth into eternity.

One by one the lights go out. The clinics are resting for the night. On the wooded slopes of the Chamossaire a charcoal fire burns luridly, like a fresh wound. Nothing is heard save the little noises of infinitesimal living things that are moving in the grasses, but in the hearts of the watchers, those who have eyes that see and ears that catch even a faint echo of the symphony of creation—in the hearts of these is a little flame lighted, one which neither time nor circumstance will serve to quench, unless they will it so.

Thus summer in the high Alps.

IN the winter one's days are filled with the sound of bells; the forests, the high pastures, the ravines, the mountain roads ring with them; ring as if glade, glen, and slope are calling to an eternal Angelus.

Donald McLeish

The typical Swiss Alpine village of Trient

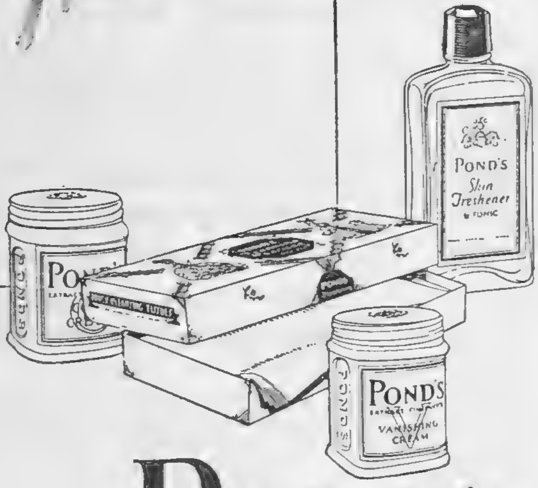
Horse bells are of tinkling silver; those of the donkeys are of brass; the dogs wear bells which sound as if they might be of steel, and in the season the cows have huge iron bells slung on leather around their patient necks, which they sometimes shake so impatiently that an uninformed observer imagines that the weight is irksome to the poor creature. On mentioning this to a French-Swiss peasant, I was told that were a cow robbed of its bell, it would at once sicken and die.

Ski-ing, lugeing, bob-sleighing, skating, ice carnivals—there is something to do every minute of the sun-gladdened, ice-bound day during the winter, and even the patients from the clinics, those whose cure is sufficiently advanced to allow of participation in sports, can join in.

The percentage of total cures in Leysin is as high as 70 per cent., and of the remaining 30 per cent. I am told that at least 20 per cent. are benefited; but naturally there are some whose hold on life is so slight or whose coming has been so long delayed that no earthly power suffices to save them. But even to these, because of the sunshine, and the loveliness, and the great white peace of the mountains, Death comes gently, like the voice of a friend from a distant field, and they are taken secretly, in the dead of night, to the little churchyard where the sleepers are gathered together from all nations, the sighing of the wind their requiem, snow their shroud, while the sun shines royally on them all.

I think that there will be a great void and a strange lack in life when it is taken up once more in London—or, possibly, Paris—for the high Alps breathe a message of eternal aspiration—they are one with the brotherhood of immortals, the sea, the mountains, and love.

A native of the Sass valley. The hay from the mountain pastures is gathered in baskets supported by straps over the shoulders



THERE are so many beautiful cars at this year's Exhibition that it will be difficult to make a choice, but there is one choice upon which no woman motorist will hesitate—the choice of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* to protect her complexion from the wind and dust.

Pond's Vanishing Cream forms a fine film upon the surface of the skin, visible only as a beautiful bloom, which not only protects and beautifies the skin but also makes it possible to apply the powder more evenly.

For cleansing the skin after a drive and at other times, *Pond's Cold Cream* is unrivalled. Its pure oils sink into the pores and dissolve all the accumulations of dust, etc. which gather there beyond the reach of soap and water, gently easing them to the surface where they can be removed by wiping with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues.* These tissues are softer and more absorbent than towels, and are thrown away after use.

A delightfully exhilarating skin tonic for closing the pores after the use of Cold Cream is *Pond's Skin Freshener.* After each daytime cleansing finish off with *Pond's Vanishing Cream*; the skin should also be cleansed with *Pond's Cold Cream* last thing at night, but on this occasion it is, of course, unnecessary to use the Vanishing Cream.

If you have not tried these four preparations, Pond's Extract Co. will be pleased to send you a "four sample" box for 1/- addressed to Pond's Extract Co., Dept. 621, 103 St. John St., London, E.C.1.

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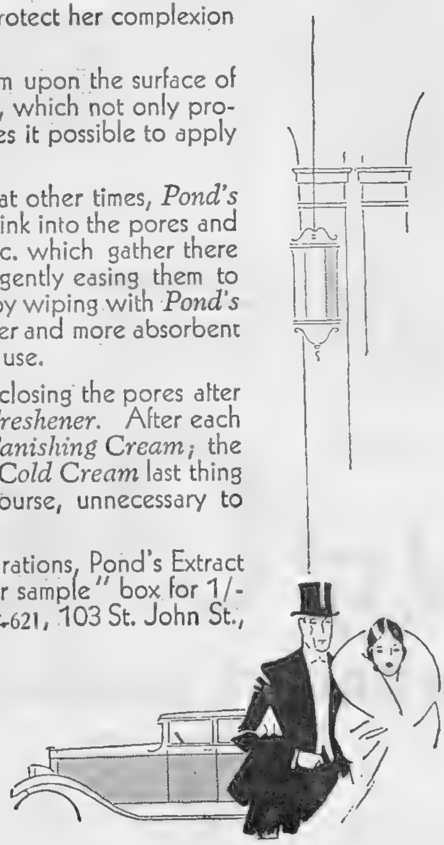

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That's what I have been told, but sometimes that is part of my work on the stage. Restless feet are not necessary always, and when one's shoes fit properly, there need be no such thing! You know what I mean; perfect fit, proper length, right width, all those you get at Babers; just dreams of shoes which fit exactly everywhere. In fact, I know, because I saw myself in the X-ray machine, which is a most fascinating device, and shows you everything. So to you people with restless feet—not quite an ordinary stock size—I can recommend Babers; and their shoes are really lovely.

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PLAYS *and* Players

Thinking of the Audience —Heaven help it !

By Diana Bourbon

Stage Photo Co.

Basil Foster (as the Captain) and Olive Blakeney in one of the few sentimental passages of "The Middle Watch" at the Shaftesbury

ONE thing I can never understand about the theatre is why actors and actresses should serve up an entirely different performance to the unfortunate (paying) public on, say, the 129th night of a run, from that with which they favour us on the first . . . *and think they can get away with it.*

But they do.

Constantly one comes up against it. "How could you praise So-and-So's performance in "Thing" ? some friend will ask me. "It's perfectly dreadful . . . overdone . . ."

And sure enough when, out of curiosity, I look in again on "Thing," So-and-So *is* giving an exaggerated performance, bearing only the faintest relationship to its original. And the whole balance of the play has been upset.

The particular play I am thinking of under the pseudonym of "Thing" is a drama. But recently I have also revisited two musical comedies of which I retained particularly pleasant memories.

In one, whose hard-worked principals were loyally serving their audience, the chorus—which had been singled out for special praise on the first night—were slopping through their numbers in a way that was almost an insult to the people "out front" whose money eventually pays their salaries.

In the other, a couple of fantasticall high-priced "stars" were languidly condescending to deliver their lines, do their "business," and nothing more—against a background of vital, throbbing, eager, three-pound-a-week humanity whose enthusiasm for the job in hand effectually put them to shame.

INDIVIDUAL actors are known for their propensities for gagging, giggling, or playing the fool in any part, so soon as they begin to get tired of it. One—a really famous leading lady—is such a bad offender that she can hardly be said to "act" any part after the first week . . . and she is finding it a little harder to get a good "shop" on this account, than she used to do, too. Authors have a not unreasonable objection to seeing their work mutilated by a lazy bundle of conceit who imagines that anything he (she) cares to serve up is good enough for what Shakespeare called the groundlings.

But managers are still unaccountably lax about the abuse.

They pay some producer a large fee in the first place and he, having put the play on, and pocketed the result, thinks no more about it. The stage manager has often not enough authority to keep important, or numerous, offenders in order. Besides, he is hard worked in other ways.

Every play needs intermittent and stern rehearsal at intervals during the run. The longer the run, the more urgently needed is the rehearsal. One constructive suggestion one can offer is that a general upkeep clause should form part of every theatrical contract.

For the audience that pays to see the last performance of any play *has a right to see as good a performance of it as has ever been given.*

The thing is a little more serious now than many theatrical folk realise. Whatever one may think of the films and the talkies—and what *I* think is hardly printable—the fact remains that, once made, film *or* talkie remains the same for all comers. The celluloid may get a little scratched, but the performances are as good (or bad) as they originally were ; the clothes and scenery as fresh and beautiful.

While it is doing so *much* talking about the talkie menace, the theatre might stop it scoring unnecessarily in these preventable ways.

TWO bright entertainments served up during the high summer months deserve to continue till Christmas and beyond it.

For one, Gertrude Jennings's amusing trifle, "These Pretty Things," at the Garrick Theatre, a light-hearted piece of mildly "naughty" frivolling, dealt with unnecessarily harshly by the critics, and flawlessly acted by, among others, Athene Seyler and Marie Lohr. (It is also distinguished by a vintage morning coat worn by Mr. Lawrence Grossmith. This is a tailor's curiosity and really wants to be seen to be believed.)

For the other, that *really* amusing naval farce "The Middle Watch," at the Shaftesbury —an entertainment that can be guaranteed to provide all and sundry with a hilarious evening — or afternoon. The fun aboard the cruiser Falcon waxed fast and furious ; Mr. Aubrey Mather as a marine on sentry-go, and several small part performances, being cause for particular joy.

In addition to these, Mr. G. B. Shaw has lately favoured us with a satire that has—just a little — missed fire. The ultra-high-brow camp, admittedly, has hailed it with joy, and Mr. Shaw himself is unlikely to be anything but flattered by derogatory opinions from the rest of us. But it does seem a pity that the once glorious apostle of the undignified should have descended in his old age to taking himself with such biblical seriousness.

Sasha

Olive Blakeney has a fine sense of comedy. She can say volumes with the movement of an eyebrow.

"The Movie Finger writes . . ."

A Monthly review of Current Film Topics

By Sydney Tremayne

Warner Baxter and Lois Moran in "Behind that Curtain"

Nancy Carroll and Richard Alexander give a strong dramatic flavour to the Fox film "The Sin Sister"

FOLLOWING on the supremely good "Blackmail," a number of British talking-films promise to establish England's position in this field during the autumn. There are "The American Prisoner," with Carl Brisson in the chief part; "Atlantic," of which Dupont has made both an English and a German version; and the film of Thomas Hardy's novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree," from Elstree.

"To What Red Hell" should be an interesting picture. Greenwood directed it for Tiffany first as a silent film, but they decided to come into line with prevalent competition and re-made it as a talkie.

It has a very strong story. Sybil Thorndike is well cast in the exacting part of the mother of the boy tried for murder (played by Bramwell Fletcher), John Hamilton is in the cast, and Jill Sande, a young English actress, who has beauty, talent and personality, plays the extremely emotional part of the girl whose murder is the cause of all the trouble.

If one can judge by work in the studio this picture should establish Jill Sande's reputation and show producers that there is youthful talent in England if they know where to look for it.

Basil Emmot, who did the excellent photography of Sir Alan Cobham's African flight (not always in the easiest and most comfortable circumstances), is responsible for the camera work in "To What Red Hell."

NONE of these pictures has been trade shown at the moment of going to press, so I am obliged to concentrate on October silent film releases.

Among the most recommendable is "The Trail of '98," made from Robert Service's explicit story about the great Klondike gold rush.

This is the stuff films should be made of: spectacular heroics and scenery!

Dolores del Rio is the heroine. She has not sufficient scope for the display of her great talent, but her beauty establishes a precedent which makes the fair and fluffy young things who have graduated from bathing beauty choruses to the screen, look as undistinguished as they are, for the most part, undistinguishable.

There are some magnificent snow scenes and any amount of grim and dramatic incident. One scene shows a man, whose *soubriquet,* "the worm," indicates the unheroic nature of his acts, finding gold at the moment when his frost-bitten fingers cannot even grasp it and retributory death is overtaking him. And later, his fleshless bones lead the hero, whose tiresomeness Ralph Forbes does nothing to mitigate, to the golden nuggets.

As a climax, the villain is burned to death by an exploded oil lamp. How this piece of convincing spectacle was accomplished without actually burning the actor, Harry Carey, to death, is one of the mysteries of cinematography with which the screen maintains its glamour and power to thrill.

AN outstanding and unusual silent film is "Shiraz," the Indian romance, made in India, with a native cast, which tells the story of the building of the Taj Mahal. This film is beautiful not only because of its scenic and architectural effects but because the story it tells is beautiful.

If, at times, it seems to move slowly, in contrast with the hectic, syncopated rhythm of American jazz filmery (or flummery!), its leisurely pace is in keeping with its Eastern theme and settings. It is by no means lacking in dramatic incident. The heroine is kidnapped and sold in the market by slave traders. There are the plottings and a murder, by poison, of a jealous woman to liven things up, and the ill-fated Shiraz only escapes at the last moment death by the elephant's foot—a most unpleasant form of execution.

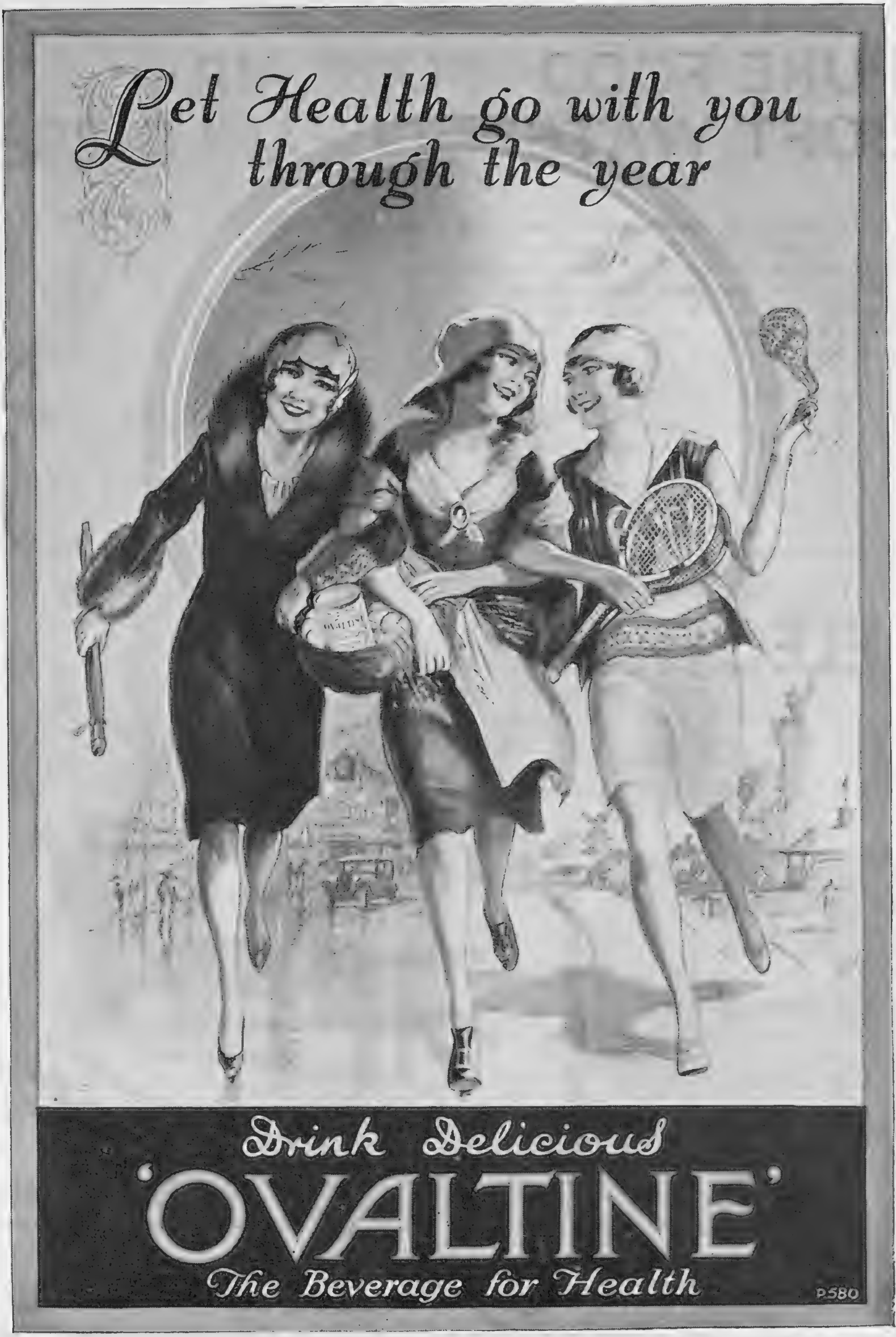
THE English studios have a good output of silent films this month. There is Edgar Wallace's "Flying Squad," made under his supervision by the British Lion Film Corporation, which is dedicated to the production of this author's work—and should have plenty of material.

Warner Bros. present "The Flying Squad" as their first quota picture. It is a well-knit crime story from the characteristic "Wallace Collection" and well acted by a representative British cast.

Donald Calthrop and John Longden, who are both admirable in "Blackmail," have similar *rôles* in "The Flying Squad." The former is a crook, and the latter a detective and the hero of the story.

Walter Forde, whose production and acting in the Nettlefold comedy "You'd be Surprised" made it a record-breaker, produced "The Silent House," another crime and mystery film, with murder and detection, and an inscrutable Chinese master criminal to create more shivers than does an English summer.

"The Bondman," the film of Sir Hall Caine's novel, is another good English film for those who like the picturesque, and to see their heroes and heroines having a really rotten time and beir simply splendid.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P.580

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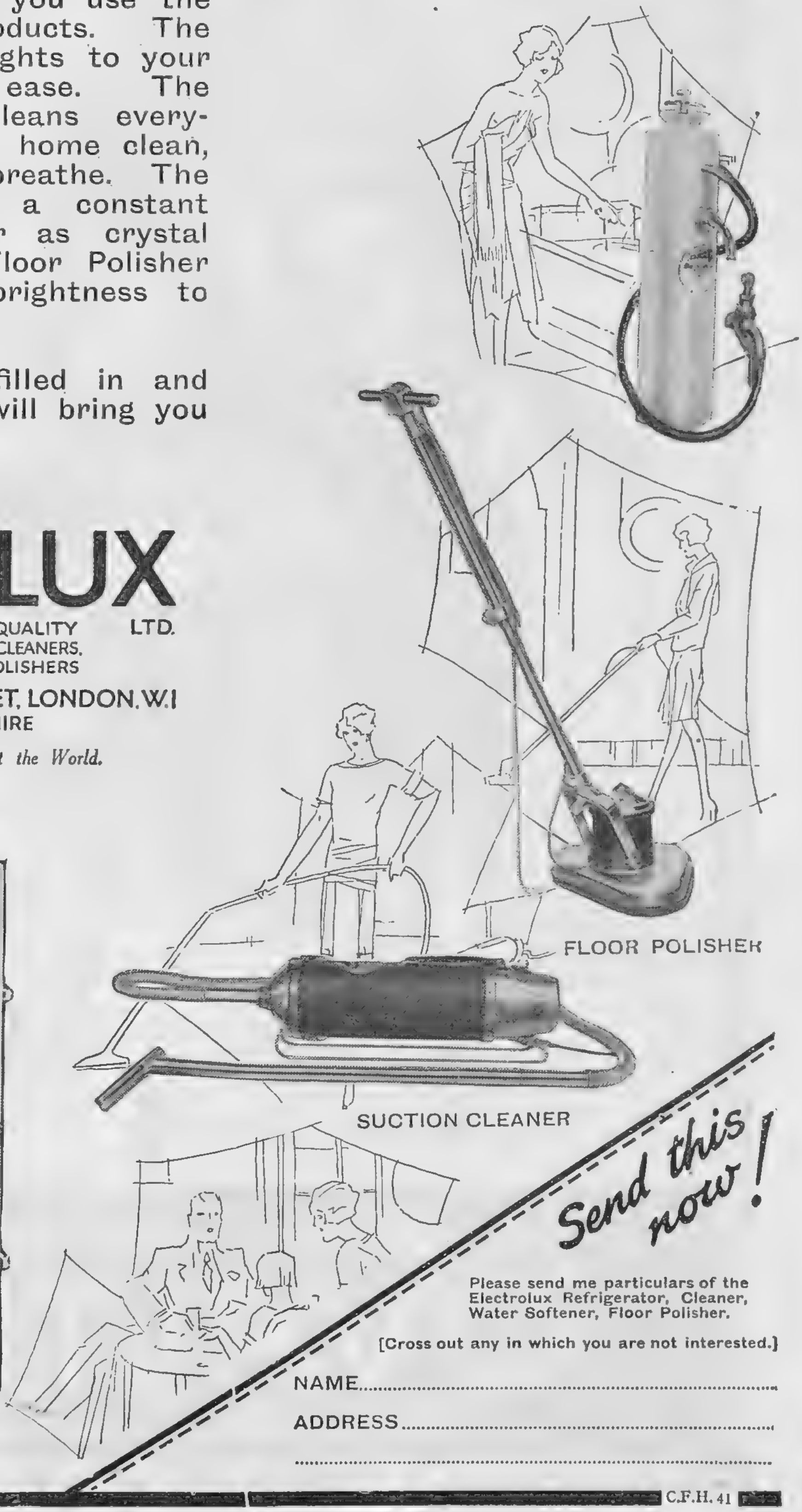

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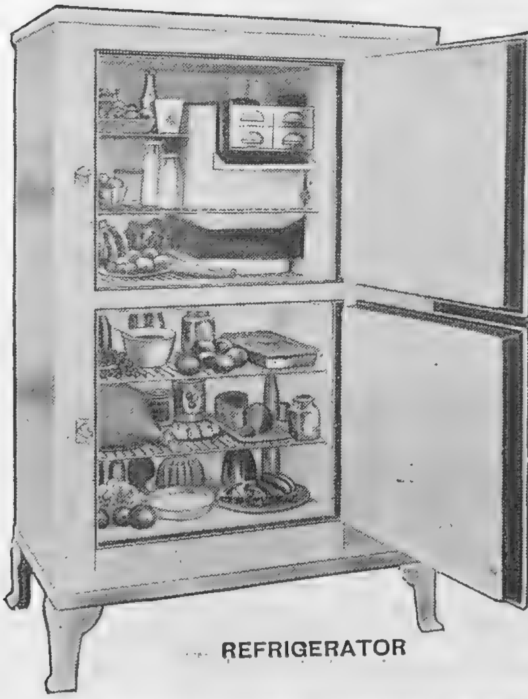

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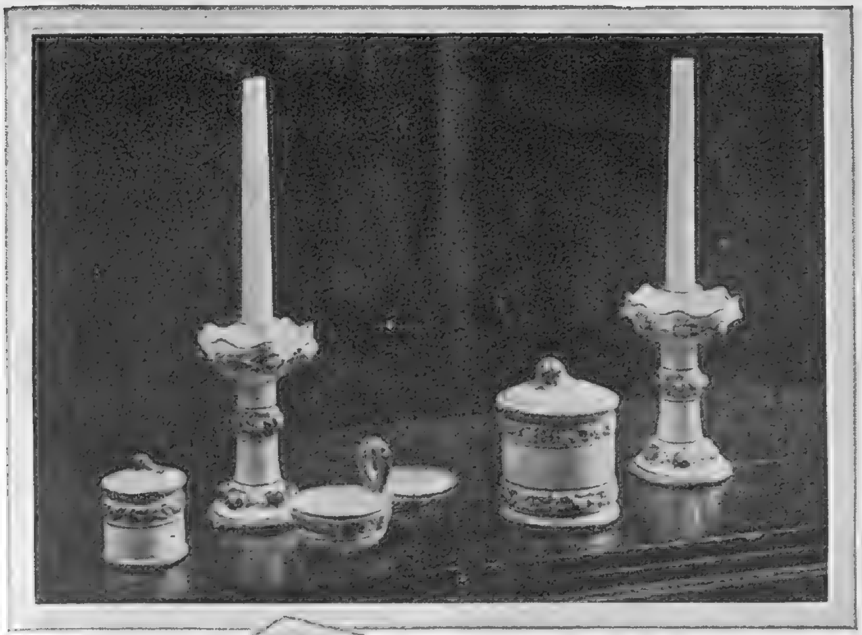
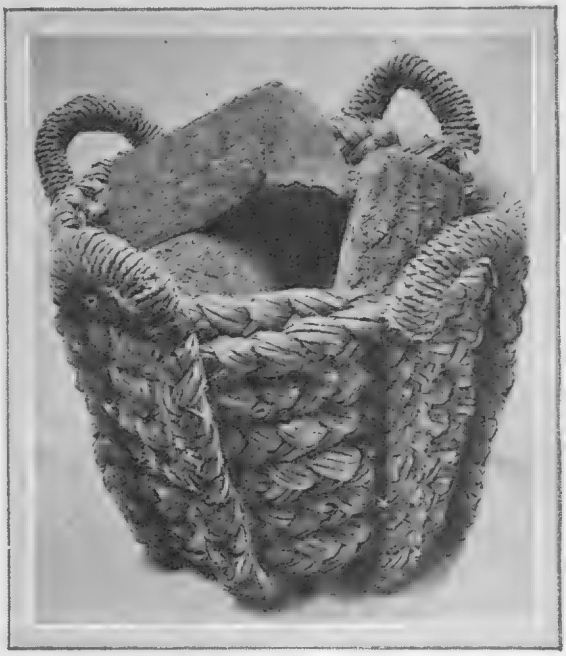
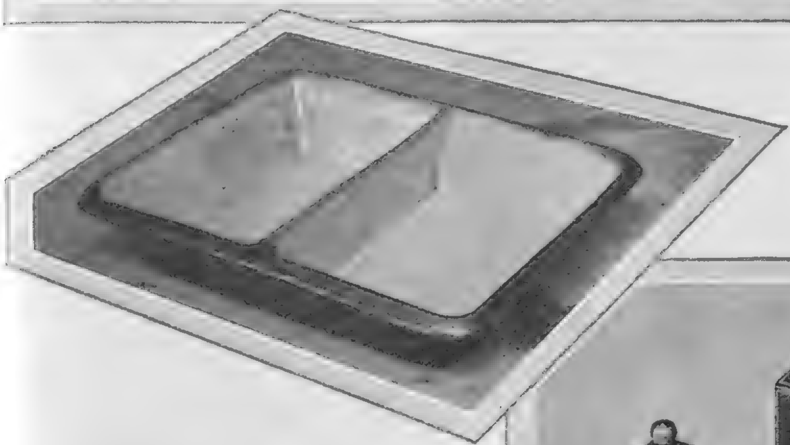
Window Shopping



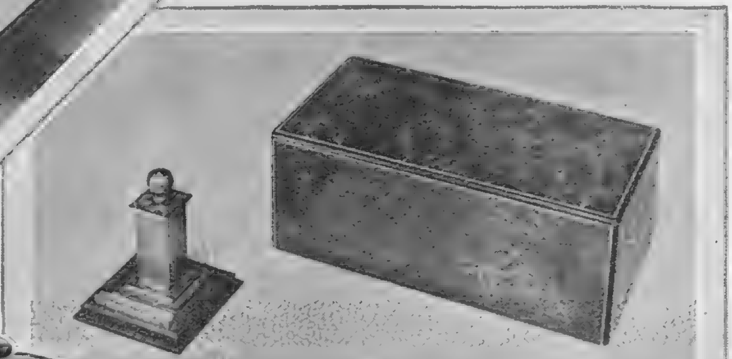
The china candlesticks (left), jam or marmalade pot and cruet stands are in the same blue as Della Robbia babies, with gay raised flower designs. Candlesticks, 5/6 each. Jam pot, 4/-. Mustard, 2/-. Cruet, 2/-



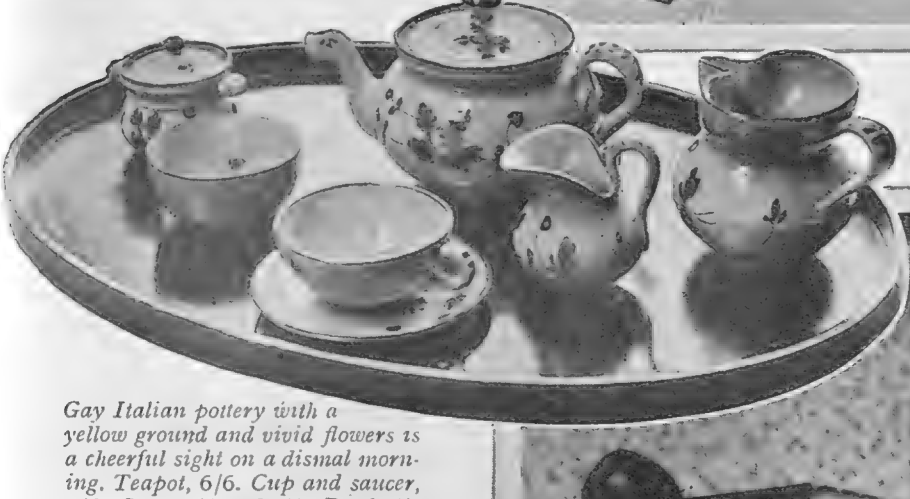
A good-looking basket made of plaited rushes holds a quantity of the logs which are so heartening on winter fires, and has four handles so that it can be easily carried. It costs 22/6



A double dish of fireproof pottery, brown outside and yellow in, is extremely useful when one wants to bake two vegetables, or an entrée and a vegetable at the same time, and saves washing up. 3/9

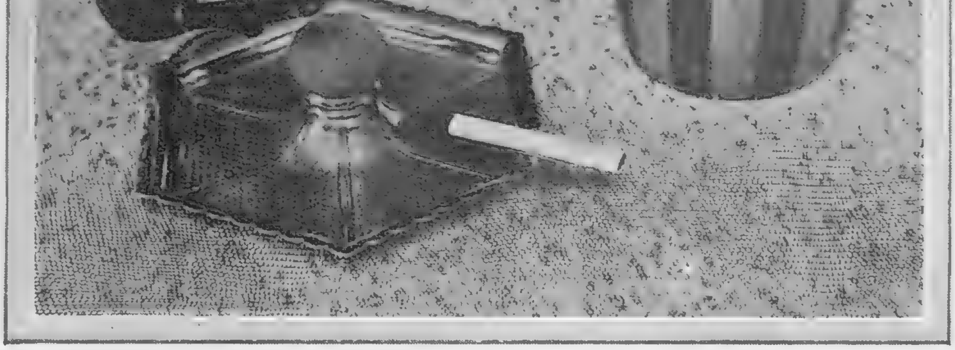


The cigarette box of highly polished and beautifully marked Tuya wood is also a musical box and plays whenever it is opened. It is 7×3×3 inches and costs £2 . 0 . 0. The steady little lighter is 21/-



Gay Italian pottery with a yellow ground and vivid flowers is a cheerful sight on a dismal morning. Teapot, 6/6. Cup and saucer, 2/6. Jugs, 2/6 and 1/6. Bowl, 1/9

The names and addresses of the firms from which the articles illustrated on this and the following page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a postcard addressed to "*Britannia & Eve*," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.



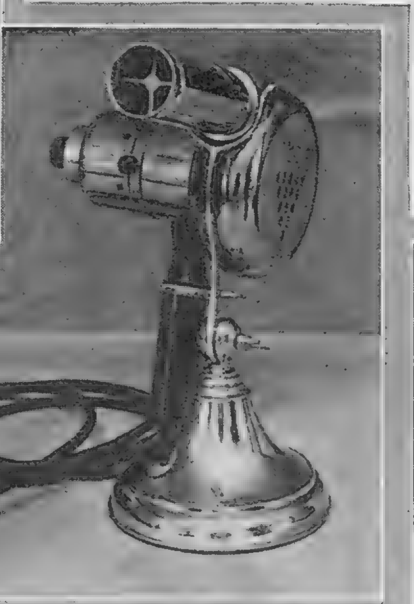
This capable brass ash-tray holds both a pipe and a cigarette, and has a cork knob on which to knock the pipe. The tobacco jar is of polished oak and satinwood. Ash-tray, £1 . 0 . 0. Jar, 16/-

Window Shopping

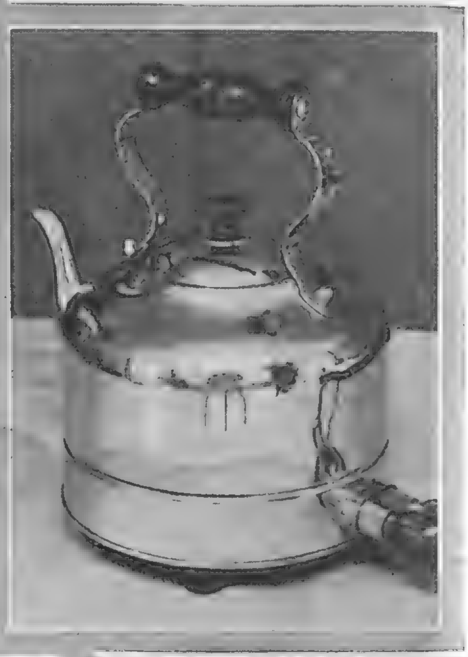
More Novelties from the London Shops

Polished wood bowls filled with shaving soap are as convenient for travelling as for daily use at home. The larger bowl costs 6/- and its refills 3/- each. The smaller one is 3/6 and its refills 2/6

Low glass candlesticks filled with tall coloured candles are a great assistance towards making the dinner table attractive. The pair in the photograph are amber, but are also available in powder blue and pink. 3/6 each



Shampooing the hair at home is easy when one has an electric drier. This one can be held in the hand or placed on its stand. Drier, £2 18 0. Stand, 15/-



This is what is called a "Cut-Out" kettle; and the great point about it is that if it is neglected and allowed to boil dry a simple device cuts off the current. Three-pint kettle, 32/-

A small oval mirror with a gilt frame and barbola work in soft blues is one of the things which can be used to fill an empty corner or serve for an emergency dressing table. 25/-

Green pottery Dutch jugs are excellent for leaves or flowers. The smaller one can also be used for drinks. The tall one is 12 inches high and costs 8/6. The smaller is 9 inches and costs 4/6

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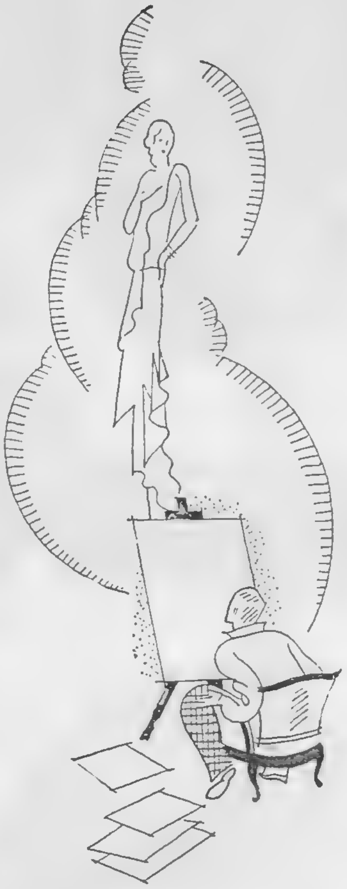

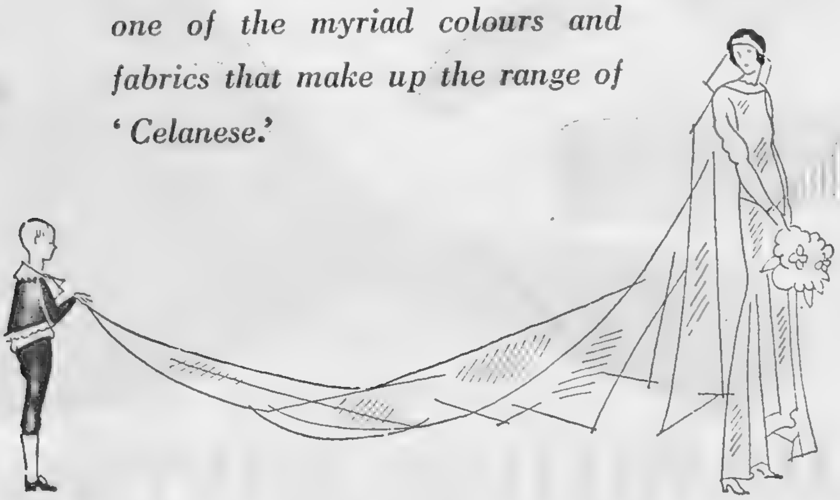

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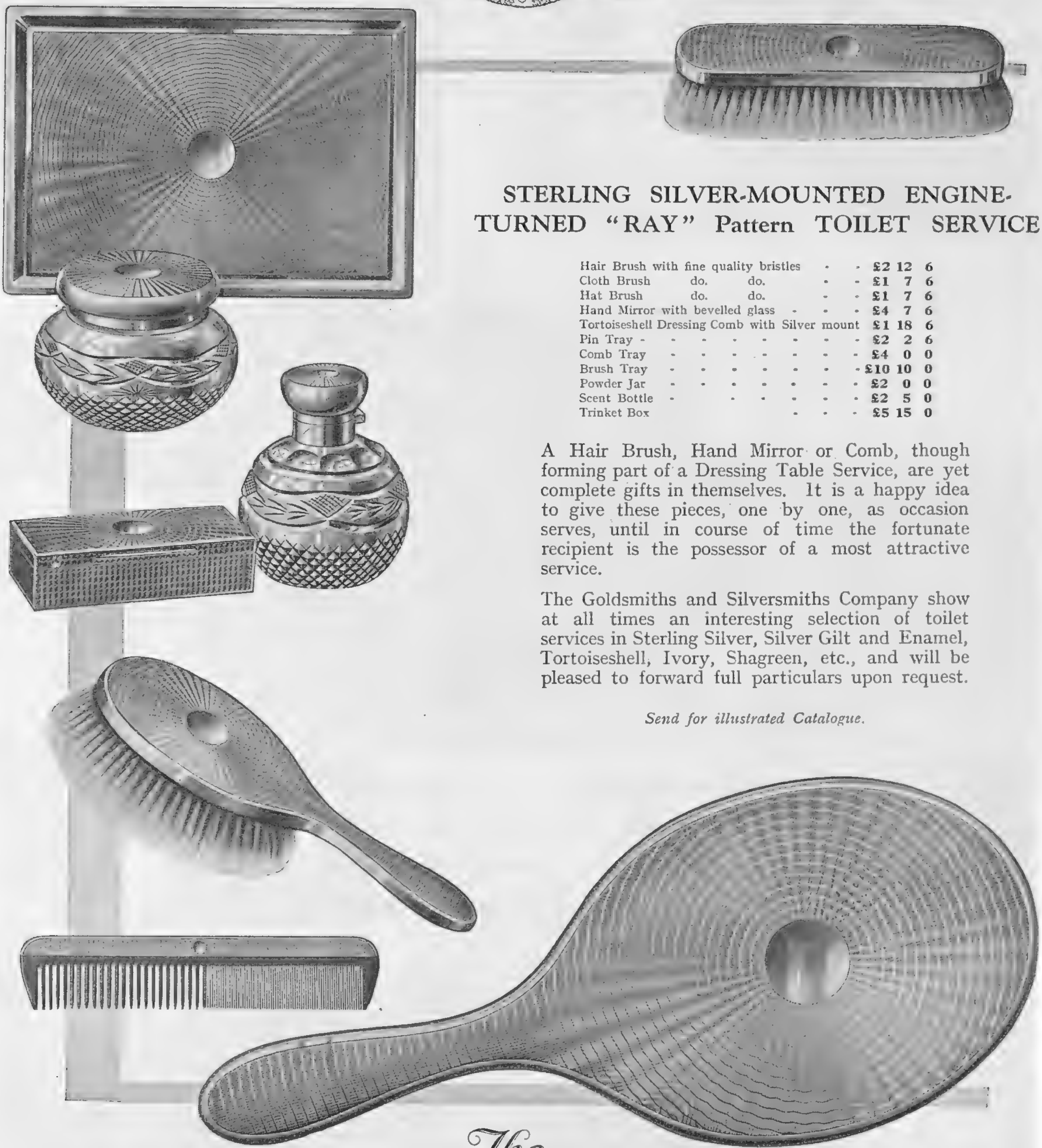

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A Hair Brush, Hand Mirror or Comb, though forming part of a Dressing Table Service, are yet complete gifts in themselves. It is a happy idea to give these pieces, one by one, as occasion serves, until in course of time the fortunate recipient is the possessor of a most attractive service.

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Some Secrets of the Well-found House

The choice of equipment to give the utmost value in service, and the judicious arrangement of furniture and accessories, make all the difference between the well and the indifferently equipped house

By CATHERINE IVES

THE majority of householders cherish a dream of the really "well-found" house at the back of their minds.

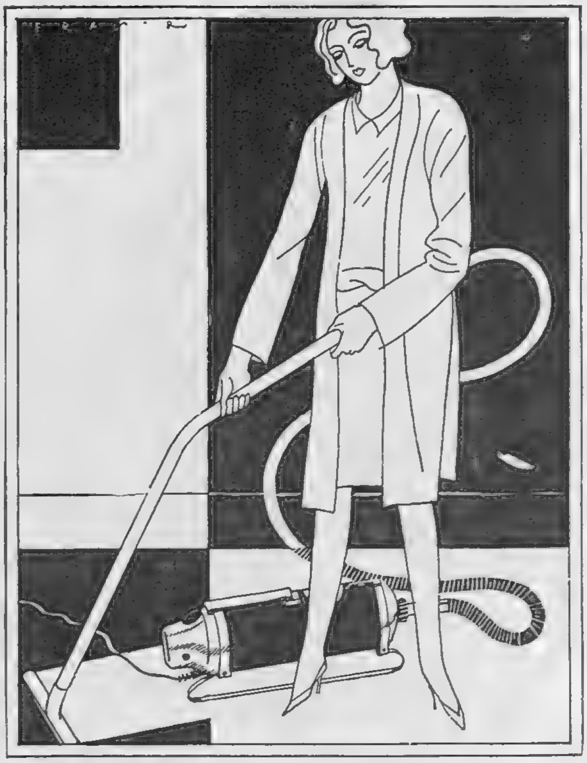
Often it is very far back indeed, and only stimulated into prominence by a visit to someone else's orderly and attractive dwelling; or by an unusually alluring advertisement for something that has been lacking for ages.

Sometimes it is a constant dream; but one which never seems to advance towards realisation.

There are a great many cases in which a proper amount of the thought which should precede purchase, and due consideration of the respective merits of different labour-saving devices, would result in buying only those which will give the greatest value in an individual instance. The logical result of this is greater saving of time and labour and very possibly of expenditure as well—a condition which leads eventually to the acquisition of other desired and desirable things.

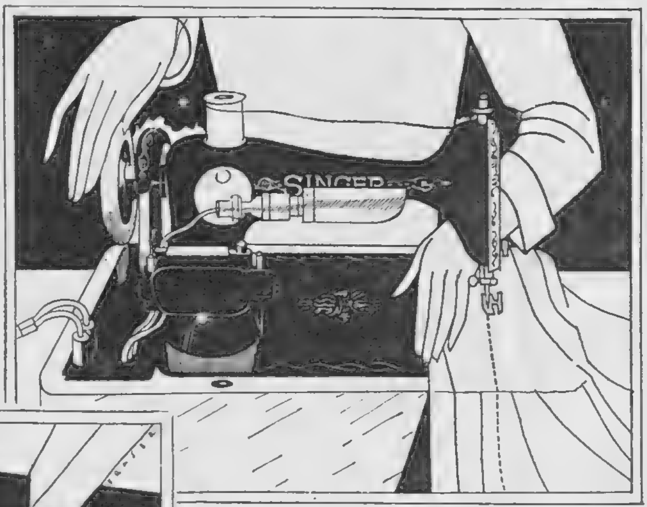
If you have parquet, paint or linoleum on your floors, the minimum of rugs, and a preference for curtains and covers of glazed chintz or one of the innumerable washable fabrics, a vacuum cleaner will be extremely useful when you want to clean your own furs or your dog's coat; but it will not be nearly so essential as in a house where there are many carpets, heavy curtains, and rough textured furniture covers.

A mechanical refrigerator, on the other hand, may relieve your mind of most of the problems created by an indifferent larder (which is all too common) and a hungry and unpunctual family.



Electrolux Ltd.

A vacuum cleaner is essential in a house where there are many carpets and heavy curtains



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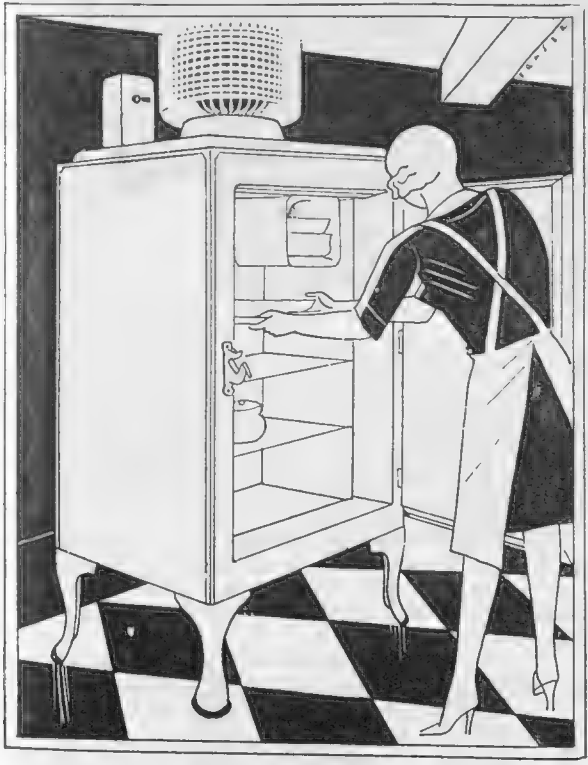
A household will find a really good sewing machine a marvellous saving to the family purse



British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd.

A mechanical refrigerator will relieve your mind of most of the problems created by an indifferent larder

The household in which the principal lady (or one of those rare individuals, a daughter who stays at home) is expert at cutting out and putting together many of her own and her family's garments will find a really good sewing machine a marvellous saving to the family purse.

ANOTHER woman, with none of what the French call the "sense" of making clothes, or even curtains, might easily find a sewing machine something of a white elephant; whereas the purchase of a washing and ironing machine would end in halving the amount of Monday's work or the weekly laundry book.

This habit of weighing the pros and cons of all household equipment before purchasing is as valuable when it is applied to furnishing and decorative objects and the smaller household tools as when it is related to the larger items we have been discussing.

If you need new curtains and a bedspread to enhance a bedroom without spending much money, you may decide that a pleasant gingham will meet your purpose admirably; but before buying many yards of gingham and of the necessary lining, and setting out to make it up or have it done for you, it is worth a little search to discover whether three or four Indian or Egyptian cotton bedspreads would not produce an equally charming effect at a much smaller cost in labour and cash.

The inner or glass curtains which are necessary for windows that are overlooked are frequent causes of disappointment because of the shortness of their lives and their aversion to being cleaned.

Some varieties of coloured net look delightful when they are new, but lose most of their shape and some of their colour after they have been washed once. A triple ninon may cost about as much again, but it will keep its shape and colour for years with innumerable washings.

The most convenient size for bath towels, a matter which varies according to individual members of the family—the size of blankets and sheets in relation to the beds on which they are to be used—of pillowcases, with respect to the pillows they are to cover—all these things are twice as efficient in service when properly chosen as when they are too long or too short, too narrow or too wide.

A little thought in these and innumerable other household matters saves a great deal of time, a certain amount of worry, and, quite frequently, considerable expense.

Madam, *did you Know . . . ?*

Practical Paragraphs *for* Home Consumption

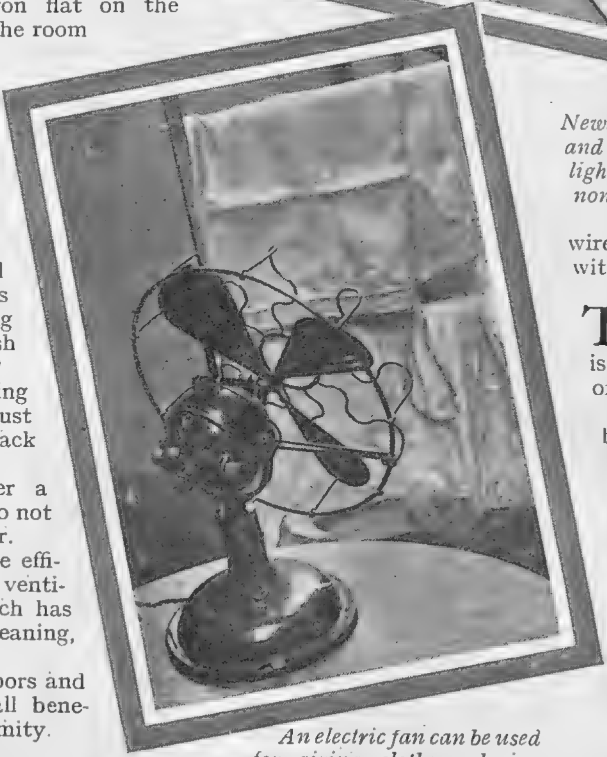
The safest electric irons stand on end when not actually in use. This eliminates the danger of fire if the current is inadvertently left on

THAT in any kind of plain sewing, whether you are using a machine or making lingerie by hand, the final result will be more satisfactory and look more professional if you press each seam, hem, etc., as you finish it?

This is one of the first things learnt in every good workroom, and is well worth remembering by the amateur dressmaker or seamstress.

If you use an electric iron for the purpose, be sure that you do not leave the current on and the iron flat on the table when you leave the room or have finished work. The safest plan is to have one of the irons which are made to stand on end whenever they are not actually in use.

Newspaper sticks and balls are valuable for lighting fires when wood is damp or non-existent and there are no fire lighters



An electric fan can be used for airing clothes, drying hair after a shampoo and ventilating a refrigerator which has just been cleaned

THAT if you possess an electric fan it will do several little odd jobs for you besides keeping your rooms cool and fresh on hot and sultry days?

It assists largely in airing the clothes that have just been ironed or come back from the laundry.

It is invaluable after a home shampoo, if you do not own an electric hair drier.

Nothing could be more efficacious for drying and ventilating a refrigerator which has just had a thorough cleaning,

And

Damp shoes, damp floors and musty wardrobes are all benefited by its active proximity.

THAT there is a new brush made of thickish strands of rubber which is really excellent for cleaning suède coats and shoes? It is better than a wire brush because it does not rub off the pile.

THAT when mice persist in coming into the house it is folly to take all kinds of preventive measures without trying to find out where they come from at the same time?

They often find their way in through unsuspected holes in the larder or in cupboards, especially in cupboards under stairs. Damaged ventilator gratings make another common way of ingress for these household pests.

The ventilator gratings may be renewed or covered with wire netting in a very fine mesh. Holes should be stopped with cement. Worn floor boards should be replaced.

THAT if rugs or carpets which have been put away show traces of the deadly moth the best thing to do is to iron them with a very hot iron over a thick sheet of blotting paper or a damp huckaback towel?

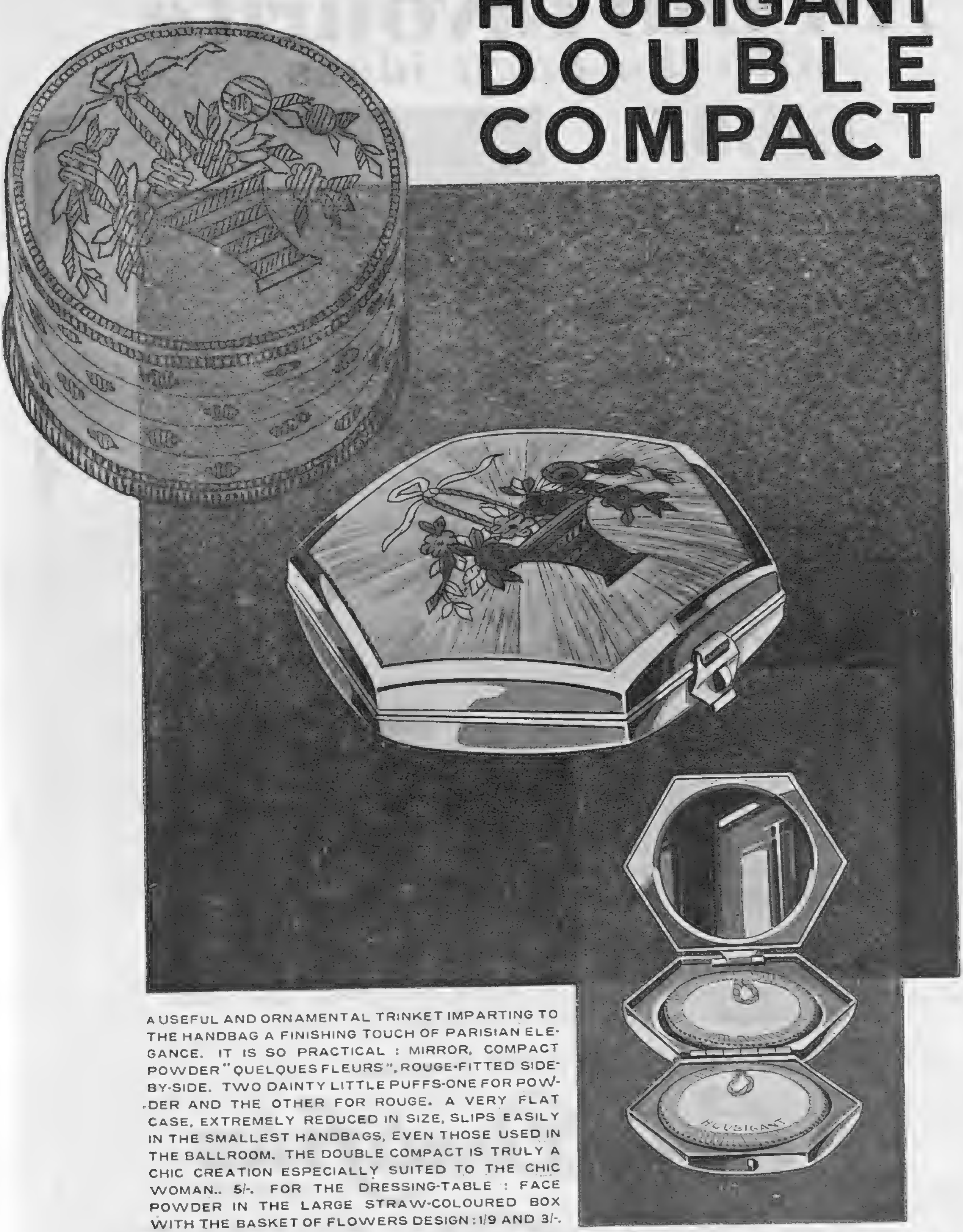
Care must be taken to avoid scorching the carpet, but the iron needs to be really hot in order to destroy the moth eggs.

THAT if a chimney catches fire you should first shut all the doors and windows in order to prevent draughts, then throw a few handfuls of salt on the fire and hold a blanket in front of it?

THAT if you must have hearthstone used on steps, hearths, and so on, it will be less liable to rub off if thin starch water is used with it instead of plain water?

THAT if you have no picture rail and wish to hang pictures without spoiling your wall the best kind of nails to use are those which are like a very strong needle and are set into the wall at an angle through a hook which holds the picture cord or ring?

HOUBIGANT DOUBLE COMPACT



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Meanwhile the gentle polishing agent is bringing out the natural pearly lustre of the teeth—with never a scratch. Not even on the thin enamel at the danger-line where teeth meet gums. Gibbs Dentifrice is good. Buy a case to-day.

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Refills, 11d.
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Also in Tubes, 6d. and 1/-
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GD27

THE ORIGINAL FOAMING DENTIFRICE

PHYSICAL CULTURE, HEALTH and BEAUT

The Road to a Radiant Complexion

There is no greater asset than the fine clear skin of perfect health

By MARGARET GAYE

Photographs posed by Miss Pat Paterson, of Charlot's Cabaret Revue Co. Bathing suit and cap from Messrs. Shoolbred

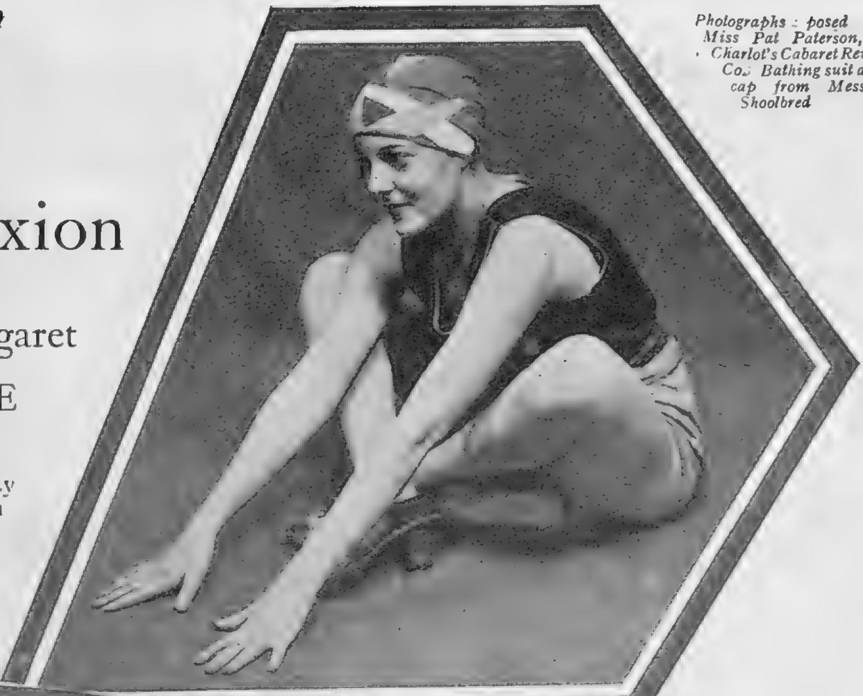


Fig 1.—Second position of one of the finest tonic exercises imaginable

MOST of the sallow, blotchy skins of to-day are avoidable. English girls and women were once famous for their radiant complexions—complexions you still see throughout the countryside where healthy exercise is a concomitant of life. It is the absence of exercise, with its inevitable train of sluggish liver, inefficient elimination of waste, and poor circulation, that is to blame for the usual "urban" skin.

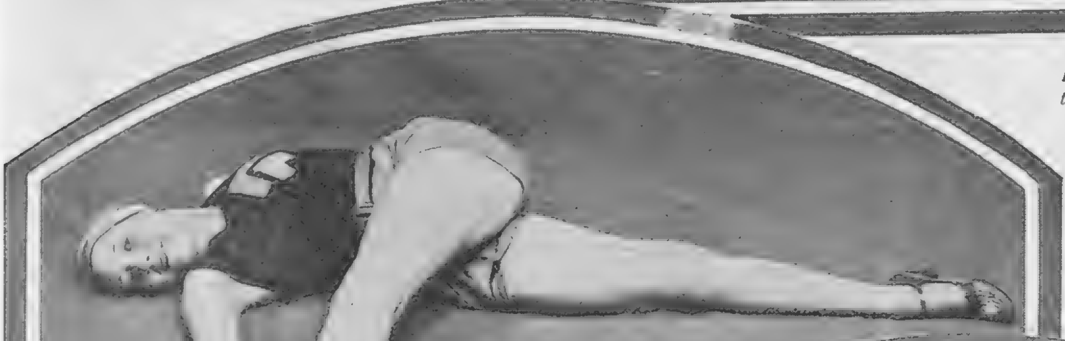


Fig. 2.—Besides stimulating and toning up the digestive system, this exercise has a markedly slimming effect on the hips

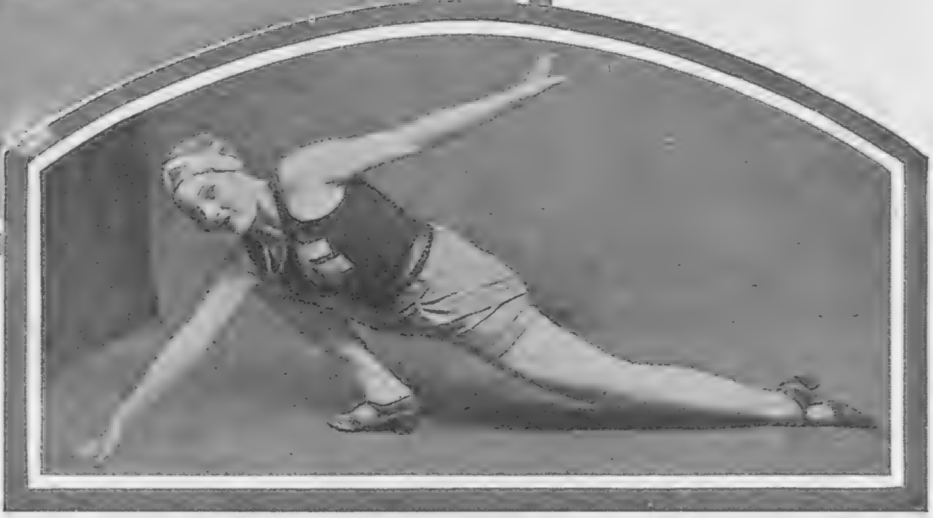


Fig. 3.—Lunging and reaching; from a kneeling position. Another curative exercise for sluggish circulation, liver and digestion

This month's exercises are specially designed to correct this condition. They are strenuous. Also—to do any good—they must be persistently, *and violently*, performed.

For the first exercise, lie perfectly flat on your back, on the floor; arms straight, and fully extended above the head; legs straight, and also fully extended; toes pointed; every muscle, in fact, *stretched* as far as it will go. (No part of your body must be slack.)

Now in one swift movement assume the position shown in Fig. 1—*i.e.*, bring the legs up towards the body, crossing the feet; at the same time sitting up and bringing the arms forward, over the head, and down to touch the floor—stretching them as far in front of you as you can.

Equally suddenly and swiftly, re-assume the first position. Repeat this at least 10 times, and always as fast as you can. Later, when you are very proficient, the exercise may be made more difficult (and still more beneficial) if in the extended position you never allow either feet or shoulders actually to touch the ground. This means that your muscles are taut and in play all the time.

FOR the second exercise, again lie on your back on the floor, but with the arms extended in a straight line with the shoulders on each side, so that your body forms a cross. Raise the left leg in the air, toe pointed, and swing it over and down smartly, to touch your extended right hand, as in Fig. 2. (Do not move the hand to meet the foot.) Return the leg to its original position and repeat equally smartly, 10 times in all. Then perform 10 times with the right leg.

It is also an excellent exercise for hip reducing, if done *quickly*.

The third exercise is shown quite clearly in Fig. 3. Kneel on the left knee. Still kneeling, shift the weight forward on to the right foot, and propel the body still further forward—as far as possible without overbalancing. Next reach out and touch the floor another foot and a half, or two feet, ahead, with the tips of the right fingers. (Do not use the whole hand, or shift any weight on to it. The fingers should merely touch the ground lightly.) Balance will be improved if the left arm is simultaneously swung out behind the shoulder.

Pause one second, and then in a single smooth movement return to the original pose—kneeling on the left knee. Repeat six times, and reverse.

M*ore* and M*ore* S*hapely* Limbs

As practice makes perfect, the body should increase in suppleness and ease of movement

IT is perhaps a slight exaggeration to say that one can dance oneself into any shape one wants to. But only *very* slight. I know of hundreds of cases in which it would appear to be literally true.

Take the very simple exercise illustrated in Fig. A. It is designed to give you a perfectly flat "tummy," and at the same time an easy, graceful movement of the arms. Stand erect. Without any stiffness, raise the arms on the right side and swing them over to the left, into the position shown in the photograph. *At the same time pull in the abdominal muscles as hard as possible*, and bend very, very slightly forward, thus making a concavity of the front of your body. Without either lowering or stiffening the arms, swing them slowly from the left to the right (there taking the same pose). At the same time relax the abdominal muscles, and raise the body upright. As the arms reach the right-hand side, again pull in (one might better say *jerk* in) the abdomen, and again bend slightly.

This exercise may safely be repeated, from side to side, as often as desired. It is not tiring. Its excellence lies in the constant repetition of the pulling in movement—which is far more effective in strengthening these vital muscles than an attempt to hold the concave position for any length of time.

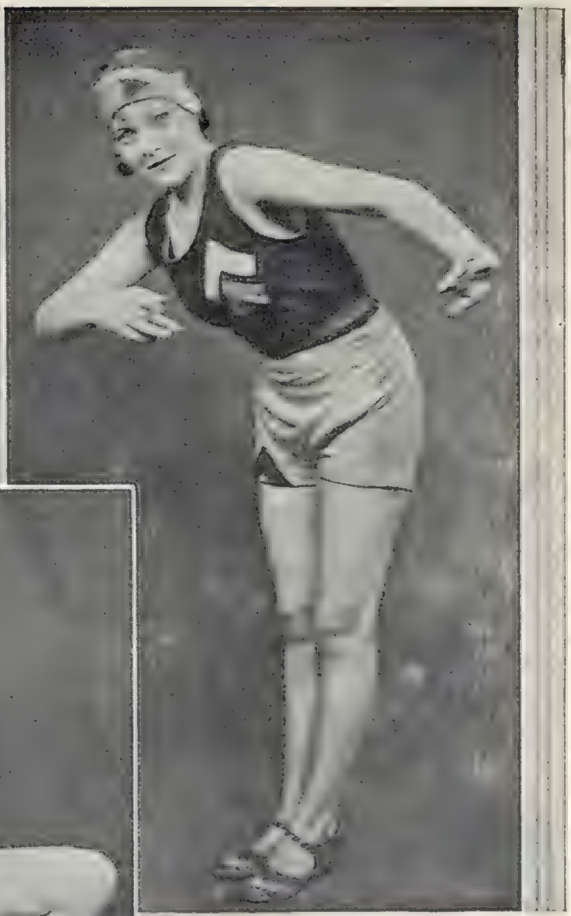


Fig. A. An exercise that will help you to hold yourself well. While doing it, be sure to keep the back straight

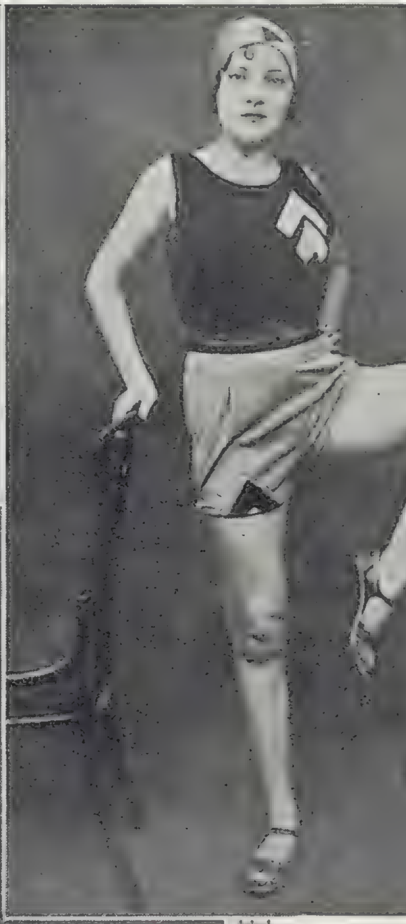


Fig. B. The second movement of a bar exercise that flexes and slims the hips

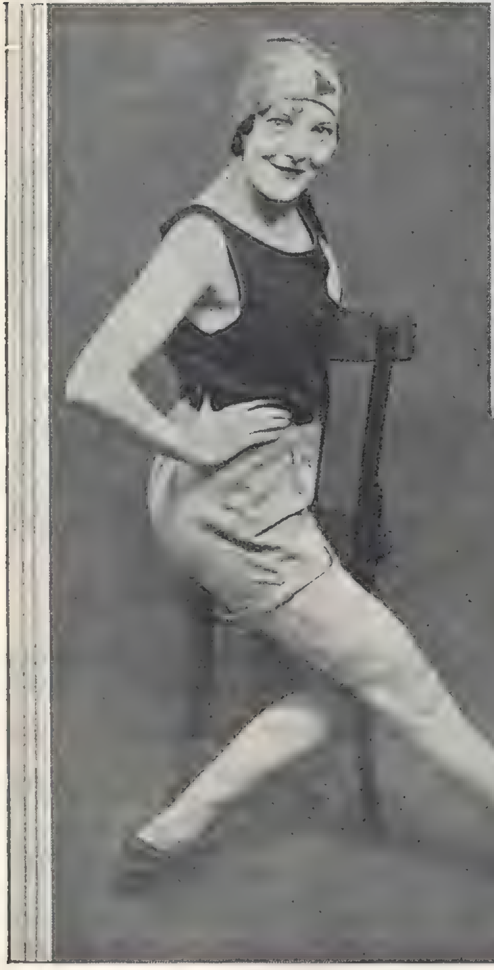


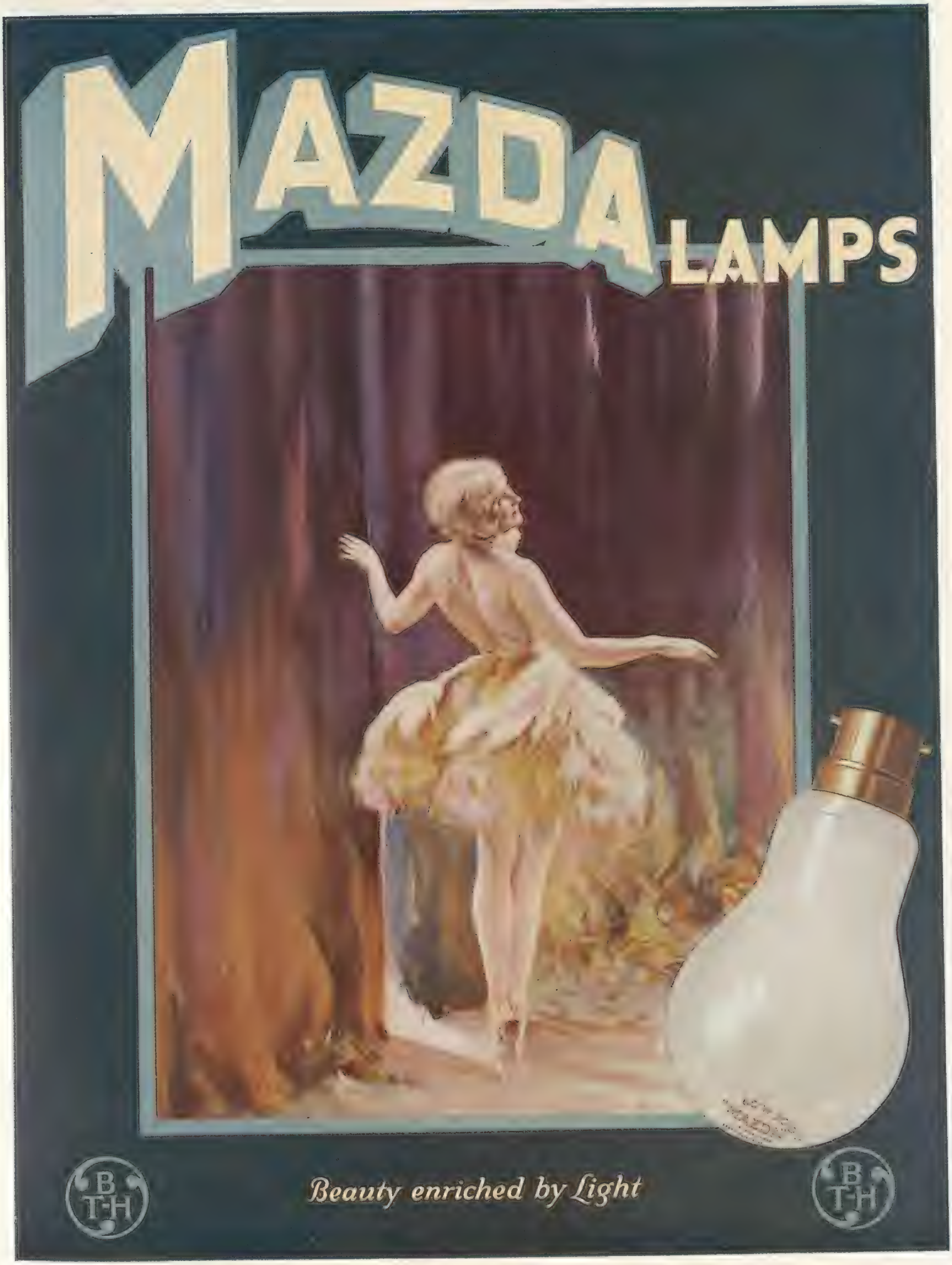
Fig. C. This exercise in balance and muscle control acts as a fine nerve tonic

NOW take the back of a solid chair as support. Standing beside it, and resting the right hand on it lightly (do *not* grip it feverishly and try to make it take your weight), lift the left leg in front of you and bend it at the knee. Swing it, still bent, to the side, as in Fig. B. Keeping it in this position, straighten it, so that the whole leg is at right angles to the body. Now swing it round and back behind you, still keeping it as high as possible; return to rest. Repeat this exercise from four to twelve times, as you become used to it. Then reverse.

The exercise shown in Fig. C is neither so simple nor so easy as it looks.

Holding the chair with the left hand, lift and extend the right leg. Keeping it raised, and perfectly stiff, bend the left knee slightly and reaching forward just tap the ground lightly with the right foot and return to the first position. The difficulty is partly a matter of balance, and partly lies in the necessity for keeping the whole weight of the body on the bent left leg, and under no circumstances allowing it to shift to the right as the latter performs its smart tap.

If you can readily perform this exercise, you are in pretty good condition. Few individual ones demand more absolute control. Nervous, "jumpy" people should perform it every day. The steady concentration, and grip on the motive nerves, required is one of the finest tonics imaginable.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English pupils of Miss Margaret Morris dancing on the sands at St. Idesbald, Belgium. Miss Margaret Morris is one of the judges of the dancing section of the Children's Salon Competition

A Cure for CHILBLAINS

THERE are some people who, with the best hearts in the world, cannot shake a friend warmly by the hand during the winter months. The lovely October mornings, when the sun gradually and tenderly disperses the blue haze in the valleys with which the first frosts have veiled their passing, and transmutes the fallen leaves to gold, instead of being a source of æsthetic delight to them, cause dread and misery, because the "nip in the air," which more fortunate individuals welcome for its energising influence, heralds for them the symptoms of discomfort, deformation and pain which are the concomitants of chilblains.

There are two schools of thought about the cause and treatment of chilblains. One attributes them solely to faulty circulation; the other believes that a condition of the blood which can be, generally, designated a form of acidosis, is a contributory factor. I am more interested in the latter because I have personal knowledge of cures effected by injections of a certain alkaline solution to counteract this condition.

"Up the pole!" But very sane and healthy, indeed, thank you. The value of climbing, in physical training for children, having now been generally recognised, the up-to-date gymnasium includes apparatus that will encourage such exercise

TRUE, it is in cold weather that chilblains are prevalent, and it is generally people who suffer from the cold who are afflicted by them, but, on the other hand, there are many people who show every symptom of having a poor circulatory system, but who have never had a chilblain in their lives, which would seem to point to some specific blood condition as the origin of these distressing ebullitions.

Anyone who has really suffered from chilblains and knows the futility of most advertised cures, as well as "old wives'" panaceas, would be glad to make the experiment of having a treatment which is reasonably certain to effect a cure. But this treatment is something more than an experiment: in over 90 per cent. of the cases treated the result has been entirely satisfactory, and all the people who have had this treatment on my recommendation (several of them very severe cases) have been completely cured.

Though the theory is known to the medical faculty, this particular and successful formula has been personally evolved by a man who, though trained at King's College Hospital, does not actually hold a medical degree. He is Mr. Abbott Brown, the plastic surgeon practising in South Molton Street.

THE treatment consists of three injections of an alkaline solution. In some cases one injection effects a cure. I would like to emphasise the fact that the injections are not of serum, autogenous or otherwise, and their effect is innocuous, since they merely neutralise certain pathological elements in the blood.

Very often the cure is permanent and the treatment never has to be repeated; always, when successful, the effect lasts for at least a year. Naturally, from the patient's point of view, it is more satisfactory to treat it as a preventive measure instead of waiting until a bad attack of chilblains is established; therefore the Autumn, when the first alarums are sounded, is the most practical season at which to undergo the treatment.

Mr. Abbott Brown is so confident of results that he gives a guarantee that in the unusual event of the three injections not effecting a complete cure he will give another course without further fees.

A happy study of Miss Sally O'Neil, the film star, who is courageous enough to defy Dame Fashion, and get her sunburn straight from Nature

Fashions *in* Faces

The Complexion Volte Face and a new Element in Beauty Culture

By "CHRYSIS"

FASHION has the reputation of being a fickle jade, but the truth is that she is so often jilted that new loves are forced upon her.

Several years ago it became novel and *chic* to display the rich, warm tints of sunburn. The discovery of the sun's rays, both real and artificial, as health agents increased the vogue until it has become so universal that an inevitable reaction has set in.

It is a long time since Mr. Max Beerbohm wrote his witty plea for a renaissance of cosmetics; the art of make-up, the scientific practice of beauty culture, and the quality of cosmetics have reached that perfection which makes it possible for an intelligent woman to appear to have almost any type of complexion which suits her style, her mood, her activities, and even her clothes.

THOSE of us blessed or cursed with delicate skins have discovered that the becoming effect of natural tan is difficult enough to attain, that there are reddening, smarting, freckling and irregular burning to be carefully and not always successfully guarded against, and that the after-effects, when, with the fading of the sunburn, the skin appears yellow, or, worse still, when the burning leaves apparently ineradicable little red veins, are far from desirable, and that it is safer to take our sunburn with us to the *plage* in a beauty box and remove it at will with cleansing creams and lotions.

Madame Rubinstein, whose modern and amusingly decorated salons are in Grafton Street, has taken into consideration the needs of possessors of the typically sensitive and fair English complexions in the evolution of her beauty lore. Not only does she provide effective protection creams and bleaching preparations, as well as the newest sunburn make-up, but it was at her establishment that I discovered that one of the latest developments in electro-therapeutic science had been added to the resources of the beauty culturist.

FOR some time there have been interesting articles in the medical press about the marvellous possibilities of Diathermy—an electric current converted into heat which, on the Continent, has largely superseded the use of the electrolysis. It is looked on as the herald of non-operative surgery, and, in this country, has been successfully used for the removal of tonsils. But, as far as I know, Madame Rubinstein is the only beauty specialist in this country to utilise it for the removal of superfluous hair, moles, warts, birthmarks, etc. I was particularly interested in the fact that by this means she undertakes entirely to cure the unsightly little broken veins which are so often the result of exposure to sun and wind, to which our climate and our sports subject us.

The diathermic ray destroys the capillary so that the vein cannot reappear. Its action is much more rapid than that of the electric needle (it takes two or three seconds instead of sixty or more), and there is no pain and no danger whatever of permanent scarring.

ANOTHER action of the sun is undoubtedly to encourage the growth of hair, and the permanent removal of superfluous hair by diathermy is one of the inestimable boons conferred by this latest development of electro-therapeutic science.

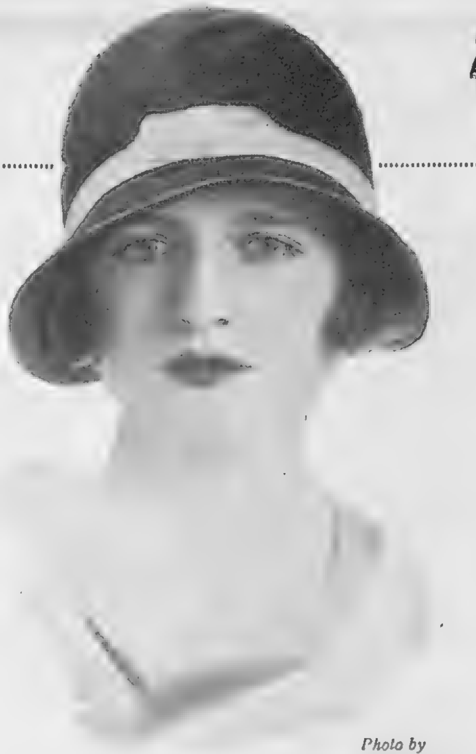
I need hardly say that at Madame Rubinstein's salons only certificated practitioners, trained by the Continental doctors who have discovered and proved its efficacy, give the diathermic treatment. Madame Rubinstein has a resident lady doctor at her establishment.

TO revert from the more serious after-effects of sunburn to its prevention, a simple method (apart from undue and prolonged exposure) for those who cannot go to beauty salons for special treatment is the use of Pond's preparations. Their vanishing cream is protective and a good base for powder. In conjunction with its use the skin should be thoroughly cleansed night and morning with Pond's cold cream and special cleansing tissues, and the new Skin Freshener made by the same firm is a refreshing, mildly astringent lotion to close the pores and refine the texture of the skin after it has been cleared of all impurities by the cold cream.

In response to requests from readers who find it "tantalising to read of remedies and to be unable to get them" the names and addresses of firms where treatments and preparations mentioned in these articles can be procured will be appended, but it must be clearly understood that the article is not an advertisement, and only such specifics as the writer believes, after investigation, to be honest and efficacious are referred to.

By Appointment.

By Appointment.



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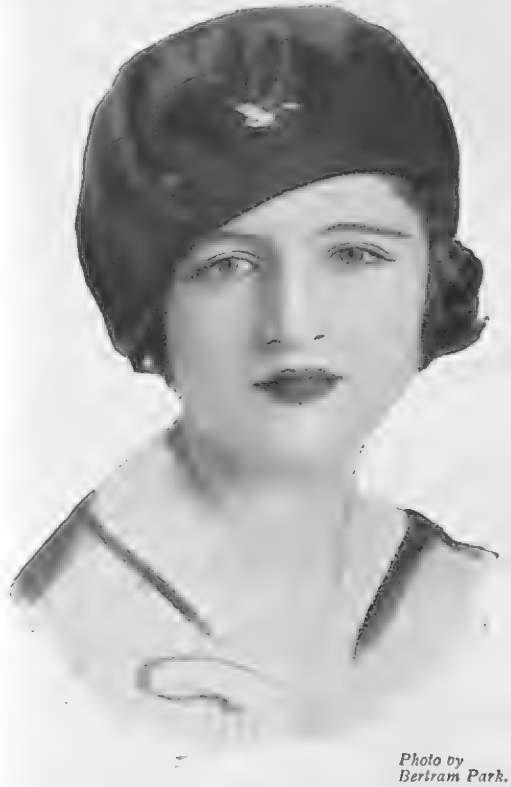

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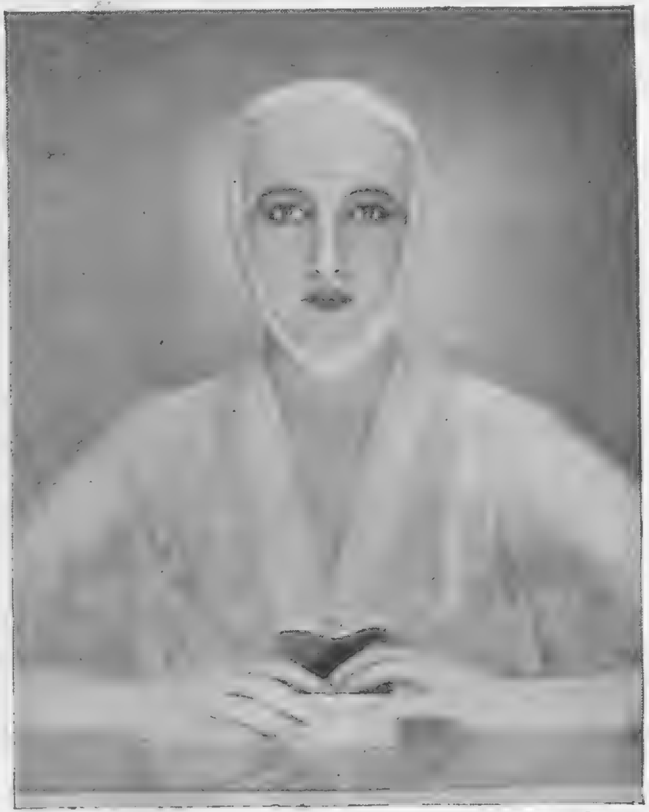

DEMEYER

There is something just a little grim about being known primarily as a "capable" woman. You may take justifiable pride in being a successful business woman, a flawless housekeeper, a perfect mother, or other backbone of the community, but does this knowledge thrill you as much as hearing a buzz of instantaneous interest when you enter a room? And does a request for your favorite recipe give you as much satisfaction as being taken for your daughter's sister?

There are times in every woman's life when only a new hat or a new compliment can restore a morale weighed down by the worthy things of existence. The new hat will be becoming, and the new compliment will spring forth spontaneously, whether needed or not, if only, with intelligent care and treatment, you keep your skin radiant, healthy, and youthful

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WOMEN'S SPORTS SECTION

Conducted by
MRS. EUSTACE WHITE

Improve your stickwork at the beginning of the season by the team games here suggested by Mrs. Eustace White

OCTOBER is a delightful month in this England of ours, and there is no section of the community which welcomes it more gladly than women hockey players. For it is in October that clubs hold their first practice games and hard-worked coaches take long train and car journeys to visit outlying clubs. Hockey players all realise now that the way to begin the season is to practise strokes. Few clubs make the mistake of having match fixtures early in October. Well-organised clubs devote the first few Saturdays of the season to " practice schemes " and engage the services of a qualified coach. The All-England Women's Hockey Association are anxious to raise the standard of women's hockey, so do their best to persuade experienced players to take up coaching. Fortunately good players seldom need much persuasion ; they are only too glad to pass on the knowledge gained by many happy seasons of hard play.

BEFORE the coach comes players at the beginning of the season should practise strokes by themselves in order to get back the " feel " of the ball and stick. There are many hockey practice " games " that can help to improve stickwork, of which the following are examples.

For driving practice six or eight players stand in a large circle round a flagpost, stationed about ten or fifteen yards away from the post. The first player drives hard at the post, and if she hits it she counts one point. As she more frequently misses the post, the player opposite has the chance to field the ball and quickly drive it back at the post. In this way the balls are kept quickly flying backwards and forwards, affording practice in both fielding and accurate hitting.

FOR long-distance hitting this is good practice. Divide the players into teams and send one team to stand behind the side line on one side of the field and the other team opposite, also behind the side line. The first player dribbles the ball up and hits hard from the five yards' line. She scores a point for every ball that goes over the opposite five yards' line, but loses one for every ball that fails to reach it. The player receiving the ball must go to meet it as it crosses the five yards' line, stop it at once and return it as quickly as she can.

Lemon time—before the other half

Forwards who practise this next game will soon see a distinct improvement in their dribbling. Place a row of bricks or small flags in a straight line about one to two yards apart. The player then dribbles the ball in and out of the bricks, avoiding the use of the reverse stick and keeping the ball under complete control by a twist of the wrist and good footwork.

Forwards must learn to shoot quickly and accurately without stopping the ball. Here is an exercise that will help them. Take an old bucket and place it in the goal mouth. Dribble the ball at top speed up to the circle and shoot hard without hesitating or slackening speed. There is no particular virtue in shooting at a bucket—any mark will do ; but it is very satisfying to hear the clang of ball hitting bucket when a good shot is made !

The club which starts the season by showing the Hockey Film to its members will do much to improve its standard of play. The film deals with all departments of the game and is divided roughly into five parts—equipment, the game itself, strokes, tactics and rules. The scenario is liberally interspersed with slow-motion pictures, and quite a number of international players can be recognised demonstrating their favourite strokes. Film inquiries should be addressed to Miss Pagden, Holmstoun, West Byfleet, Surrey.

THIS season will be uneventful as far as exhibition matches are concerned, as no touring team is expected in England, although, of course, the International matches will be held as usual in March. There is to be an Empire Tournament held in South Africa next May, in which it is hoped teams from England, Scotland, Australia, America and South Africa will take part. South Africa is a most go-ahead hockey country, and it will be a great achievement to hold so large a tournament in a country comparatively new to the game.

Another interesting project for the coming year is the conference of the International Federation, to be held in Geneva in July, 1930. The programme for the five days at the beginning of July includes three business sessions, excursions in the neighbourhood, a social gathering and two demonstration games. The last mentioned depends on whether the necessary players can be gathered together and induced to play hockey in the height of summer !

Lacrosse: By Nora Brittain

Advice on how to improve your game and join a club

LACROSSE, as an alternative winter game to hockey, is rapidly gaining in favour. Many of the larger schools play both games, hockey before Christmas and lacrosse in the spring term.

There are a number of clubs in and around London who will welcome new players, but often it is difficult for a girl leaving school to find one in her own district. If this is the case she should write to Miss M. Lockley, hon. secretary of the All-England Ladies' Lacrosse Association, Box Lane Lodge, Boxmoor, Herts, who is prepared to give any information or help which will keep players in touch with the game.

NOW that you have joined a club, what of the game itself? Well, there is one point to be emphasised, and that is—*get your stickwork right before you try to play.*

It is impossible to play lacrosse, which is a game in which the ball is continually caught and passed, unless you can catch and pass well. Good stickwork is easy stickwork, and by good easy stickwork is meant the ability to catch a ball in a small space with a small movement, to pass accurately when crowded and cramped, and to be able to do everything at lightning speed. The mediocre player may be able to shoot accurately if given space and time, but crowd her or hustle her with a threatened check and her shot will go wide. The mediocre player cannot get free when well marked; the good player refuses to be well marked, and, though dependent on other players for a pass at the right moment, will take advantage of that pass the instant she gets it.

HOW is one to obtain this accuracy of stickwork? By practice, and still more practice. But by *real* practice, and not by merely standing still and throwing the ball backwards and forwards.

If you cannot catch on the left, or pass quickly and accurately either over or under arm, go and practise it. If you cannot catch a ball from the right when running fast, or cannot intercept on the right, or cannot check without checking too hard, practise these things until you can do them. See, too, how far ahead you can run to take a pass. Always aim at something definite and practise till you get it right. Among other things aim at ease of movement, avoid stiffness, and make your wrists do a large share of the work.

HAVING practised the individual strokes, when you come to the first game of the season you should aim at quickness of recovery—that is, you should be able to turn immediately and get back or forward. This is a matter not so much of quickness of body as of mental alertness. You must anticipate every move of your opponent and of your own side, and be ready to "exchange" when necessary. By "exchanging" it is meant that if any other player is pressed into your position in the field you should drop back into that player's place and so avoid overcrowding. Overcrowding, which ruins any game, makes neat, quick passing impossible, and renders defence play rough and unscientific. When the defence is crowded there can be no beautifully timed interceptions and exchanges, there is no longer a battle of wits between the defence and the attack, and the game degenerates into a dull, pushing, stonewall sort of business. On the other hand, a defence that is too open can be dangerous, as, for example, when third man presses too far down into the attacking territory and lets her third home come in unmarked. Then cover-point cannot reach third home in time, and point or the wing defence will not be able to cope with second home, as the whole defence will have too much ground to cover.

WHEN every individual in a team has perfected her mechanical crosse control there is still plenty of team work to learn. She must be able to make openings for other people, to play unselfishly without being too unselfish, and sometimes to do double work to make up for the deficiencies of someone who is not playing as well as usual.

A wall, a ball, and a crosse can produce some very good stickwork. You will do better with a partner who, more adaptable than the wall, can move about and give you the right sort of pass. A helpful friend with a few ideas and suggestions will make your game better still; and if you have, in addition to these things, energy and a real desire to improve, you should certainly become a lacrosse player.

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Think of sitting in front of a gas fire and getting a comfortable heat like basking in the sun—the same soft and healthy warmth that hugs you through and through! But that is just what you can do. You can sit quite close to the new Radiation Gas Fire and not feel scorched. You can sit away from it and still keep beautifully warm. This fire does not make your skin dry, nor give you a heavy head and a feeling of discomfort. It is a brighter fire, and warms up more quickly.

The secret of the new gas fire lies in the radiants—those "openwork" uprights through which the flames pass. A new kind of radiant has been discovered by the chemists of Radiation Ltd. It is made of a special substance which gives off what are called the short infra-red rays of heat—rays which the sun gives off and which, by penetrating the skin instead of merely scorching the surface, are so beneficial to health and so pleasant to feel.

The name of the new radiant is the "Thermo XX Beam" radiant, and they are made only by Radiation Ltd. The Radiation gas fires, as a result of this great discovery and of the many other Radiation improvements—coupled with the well-known "Injector-Ventilator" device in the canopy by which thorough ventilation is secured—are declared by leading health experts to provide the ideal form of house-warming. Your place in the sun throughout the cold dark days is in front of one of these new gas fires. Go to your gas Showrooms and ask to see them.

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Some interesting literature about the new discovery will be sent on application. Write to: Publications Dept. 34, Radiation Ltd., 164 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

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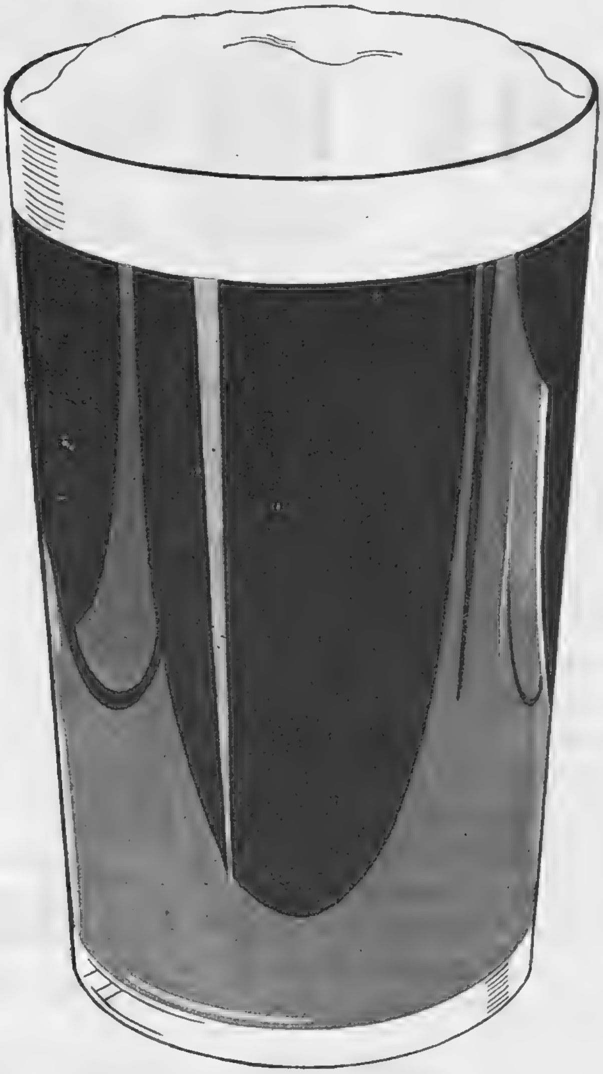

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E.56.

Women's GOLF *Section: Conducted by* ELEANOR E. HELME

A group of the competitors at Stoke Poges

The "*Eve*" Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges

Played on September 11th, 12th and 13th, and won by Miss Nan Baird

By Eleanor E. Helme

THERE is no doubt about it, the standard of play in EVE's Girls' Championship has gone steadily up each of the ten times it has been played, and the eleventh was no exception to a most splendid rule. Perhaps the tremendous amount of run on the ball helped: it meant that length of shot was there for the asking, and Roberts, the Stoke Poges professional, for instance, was very much struck with the fact that the girls were not wasting energy or chances by struggling to hit the ball harder than was possible for any mortal golfer, but were swinging easily and naturally. Perhaps the absence of qualifying by score play had helped, because it brought in all sorts of fresh golfers, who have spent their time learning to play matches instead of cramping their style with card and pencil: perhaps it was just that golf does get better and better each year, and the girls have come in for the general infection.

OF course there were plenty of right down bad shots played; you cannot collect thirty-seven golfers under nineteen, put them down on a course as difficult as Stoke Poges and expect them to make no mistakes. But there were remarkably few whole-hearted foozles, and hardly a match which was not worth watching.

Surprises were certainly the order of the day, and there was a distinct slump in prophets, who had hardly had time to tell the world at large that Somebody was sure to win before the Somebody had been executed with neatness and despatch by Somebody Else, who in turn qualified for the chocolates of consolation before the day was out. All of which was thoroughly exciting.

And the net result of it all was the first Scottish victory in the history of the event, Miss Nan Baird taking the cup back to Prestwick St. Nicholas. Perhaps people were very blind that she had not been specially picked in advance as the winner, for she has good experience behind her in the Ayrshire county team and championship, as well as the West of Scotland and Scottish championships. Also, she has a very good Scotch head which weighs up the chances, does not expect or try for impossibilities, but knows very well that a dead chip is worth any amount of crooked live drives, and never loses heart in a tight corner. The "father" who refereed her first match, when she beat the one German competitor, Fräulein Alice Weyhausen, was filled with conviction after that first excellent performance that she would take a great deal of stopping, the golf in that match having been of a distinctly high order, and he was right.

MISS SYLVIA BAILEY, the runner-up, was one of the Somebodies who were thought invincible once people had realised the way this unknown was hitting the ball. She certainly has a delightful style and looks every inch a golfer; there is something very convincing both about the crisp, rather short back swing with the full follow through of the wooden clubs, and the well-controlled snap of shot with irons, the high dropping mashie being particularly pleasing. If she putted badly the last day, that had not been her fault earlier, and it is easy to fancy that it was only the baneful effect of the final and the gallery. Ayrshire know their Miss Baird already; Surrey were making a very pleasant discovery of Miss Bailey as a possible coming player for their county.

THEN the semi-finalists. It was quite new and wholly pleasing to have Ireland represented amongst them, and even though Miss Joan Mitchell will be too old to carry on herself next year, everybody will hope that her splendid example will fire some younger golfer from an Irish shore to come and do likewise, only even more so. Miss Mitchell has a very smooth and convincing swing; she, too, looks every inch a golfer, and is a player to watch with pleasure, and she, too, was picked by her first referee as one who would go far. It seemed as if she, like Miss Bailey, were

Mlle. Janine Wertheimer (left) and Miss Mary Johnson

Miss Kathleen Plumpton (left) and Miss Diana Plumpton

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

eventually beaten by the importance of the occasion more than by anything intrinsically amiss with a very promising game.

Then Miss Dorothy Marshall was a very worthy fourth. Probably the fact that last year she was ill and small had obscured the other fact that she gets an astonishing length, moves the club well, and knows how to fight, in addition to which she is perfectly strong and hearty nowadays, even if she still has no advantage in the matter of height or weight.

Miss Mary Beard

Miss D. Marshall

Miss Margery Barnes

Miss A. de Montmorency

So much for the last four. Everybody cannot be mentioned now that there are so many of them: of the new comers Miss Diana Plumpton is a graceful golfer with plenty of power, who ought to be heard of again; Miss Nanette Proud's win of the Craig Cup with only 2 down to a bogey of 79, played under scratch conditions, suggested that Middlesex ought to have a useful young player in her; the Whitfeld twins may well have a say in things another year, and Miss Shiela Hern, despite counter-attractions of horses and tennis, is coming on apace.

And now for a brief diary of four sunny days at Stoke. Tuesday: Girls' Golfing Society. Annual meeting. Miss Enid Wilson won the scratch with 74, four below revised L.G.U. scratch score, Miss Brenda Hough won the handicap with 85—12=73, Miss Diana Fishwick being second for both with 78—4=74. She and Miss Wilson won the foursomes, playing from plus one, with one up.

Wednesday: A fairly peaceful morning, though Miss Jean Forsyth gave her admirers a fright by never being up on Miss Conlan until winning at the 19th. In the afternoon fright turned to dismay, when she went out by 4 and 3 to Miss Bailey. Miss Bailey deserved her win and her game began to be talked about. Miss Jolly, last year's runner-up, had to go to the 19th to beat Miss Greaves, and Miss Nan Baird to the 20th to defeat Fräulein Alice Weyhausen. Mlle. Janine Wertheimer, the only entrant from France, was beaten by Miss Johnson from Hornsea. A great fancy dress dance that evening at Stoke Court. Alice Weyhausen in white and Nanette Proud in black were charming court gentlemen capable of winning the hearts of any of the Early Victorian ladies of Valerie Black or the Daughter of the Regiment of Joan Lashmore, or Harlequin or any other of the enchanting people who made the evening gay, not to mention Granny.

Thursday morning, business again, but not too stern. The whole championship was played in a delightfully friendly and sporting spirit, not the least imperilled by the fact that some very short putts were required to be holed out.

THE first sensation of the day was the beating of Miss Mary Beard, who was obviously trying much too earnestly, 6 and 5 by Miss Bailey, of Miss Jolly by Miss Lashmore, and of Miss Holmes by Miss Peggy Whitfeld, one of the Twins. Then in the afternoon there was Miss Mitchell's 20th hole win from Miss Plumpton, which excited everybody. Friday morning: Miss Bailey played excellent golf and took her chances grandly from Miss Mitchell to win 3 and 2; Miss Baird came away with a run after turning two down to Miss Marshall. In the afternoon she played far more steadily than Miss Bailey; the good standard of the play is shown by the figures, Miss Baird out in 40 and two over fours coming in when she had won by 4 and 3. Charming little speeches from Miss Molly Gourlay and Miss Mobbs ended the day. And that was that, a very successful that indeed. If it were hot, it was better than rain; and if it made real golfing clothes rather hard to bear, the finalists at all events stuck them out right nobly. They both looked like golfers; they both are golfers. What more need anybody say?

The winner and runner-up. Miss Nan Baird (right), who beat Miss Sylvia Bailey in the final

The Chaperones of course! they have gone unnoticed, and there was some excellent work going on from them too. The chaperons (without an e) nobly refereed as if they enjoyed it: the rest only occasionally agonised over their offspring, and for the most part went and met their own troubles bravely with medal card or bogey round. On the first day Mrs. Lashmore was the winner with 78 net, and Mrs. Black second with 79 net; on the second Mrs. Whitfeld—who used to play at Stoke long ago in *Lady's Pictorial* Tournaments as Miss Webber—showed that not a little of the old game is still there, for she won with 2 up. Mrs. Black again was second, with all square. So now nothing remains to be said except gratitude to Stoke Poges, and to Stoke Court, who treated the competitors like honoured guests and gave them the very best possible time. The only sadness is that so many of the players will be over-age next year, including all the last four.

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELMES "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

The Secret of Foursome Play

Nobody is better qualified to write about Foursome Play than Miss Fowler—the first winner of Eve's Autumn Foursomes, winner of the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes in 1924, and the London Foursomes the same year, and the present holder with Miss Lobbett of the last-named trophy and Eve's Northern Foursomes. Her advice may well win Ranelagh—or Roehampton—for somebody wise enough to listen to it

By D. R. Fowler

A DISCUSSION will frequently arise as to which is the better and more amusing form of golf—the four-ball or the foursome.

While recognising the attractions of both, there is no doubt whatever in my own mind as to which I prefer. Golf has been styled a selfish game, and therefore unsuitable to the young. While admitting the truth of this indictment as regards the single, it is less true of the four-ball, and concerning the foursome cannot in my opinion stand, if the combination is to be a successful one. Should either of the partners in a foursome be a selfish player, their efforts are foredoomed to failure.

The foursome should bring out all that is best in the game, the team spirit and an unselfishness which does not arise when playing your own ball. You are not playing entirely for yourself, but for your side, and you should be continually trying to "make" your partner for her next shot. If you are playing to the green, leave her at least a chip shot or run up; do not necessarily strive o find the green at all osts, with possibly disstrous results. A chip shot is often easier than a long putt, and far better than a shot out of a bunker or deep rough. One fact should help all those who declare they do not care for foursome play because they feel too anxious to produce heir best, and it is this: never try to play the winning shot yourself; merely endeavour to keep the ball in play. If you can keep this fact firmly in your head from start to finish, you will be surprised at the results. Do not strive for the super-excellent stroke; be satisfied with a shot adequate to the occasion. Four times out of five the "adequate" stroke will be a winning shot.

SPRING, 1930

The "EVE" Ladies' NORTHERN Foursomes at ALWOODLEY

Many players fail in foursome play from lack of confidence in themselves. A worse and more common form of failure is showing lack of confidence in a partner playing badly, but nevertheless striving to do her best. Remember that she is trying her hardest, although the results may not be very good: forget her bad shots; think only of the next stroke you have to play; think neither backwards nor too far ahead. The next stroke is the only one that matters at the moment. Certainly remember your partner's good shots; better still, heroic recoveries from your own errors. This will assist towards gaining a mutual confidence which, once attained, will carry you from strength to strength. I am certain this confidence in each other is an essential. It will enable you to make a good shot undaunted by your partner's errors and to hole the doubtful putts undismayed by the fact that she has failed to lay you stone dead.

EVERYONE has her ideal for a foursome partner. Some like a partner who praises or apologises after every shot. Personally, I think it is better to have a partner who goes serenely along, neither depressed nor unduly elated; who apologises seldom and does not praise your shots indiscriminately. When you are lucky enough to find your ideal partner, as I have done, stick to her throughout all events. Remember that success may not come your way in every competition for which you enter, but it will come if you keep on trying out your partnership. Sometimes success will come at the first attempt with a new partner, but it does not always follow that it will continue to do so. You may occasionally play well with a partner you are frightened of because of her superior play, but I do not think this is necessarily a sound or lasting basis for future events.

Miss Fowler

You can learn from your own and your partner's errors as much, perhaps more, than from your successes. I am certain of one fact—namely, that you will never be consistently successful if you change your partner after every reverse. Keep on trying, and success will follow; and with success that added mutual confidence which is so essential.

Remember, above all, that the pair who can hang together under great provocation and strain, who can fight to a finish with courage and resolution, however black the situation may appear, can and do snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

The dry weather was responsible for some wonderful scoring. Here are two specimens. Lady Alness's extra day 70 at St. Enodoc, par 76, in spite of an 8 at the 4th: Miss Simms Reeves' 78 at Sheringham Autumn Meeting, par 78, her 71 net heading handicap list.

SHOTS *of the* MONTH.

BRITANNIA AND EVE has had much pleasure in awarding brooches for holing in one to :—

Miss D. Bridgewater, 8th hole, Perivale.
Mrs. E. Hill, 14th hole, Gullane.
Miss E. Storrar, 15th hole, Pontypool.
Mrs. R. Stafford, 16th hole, Whitley Bay.
Mrs. M. Threlfall, 11th hole, Hillside.

and congratulates the following players, who, although lucky enough to hole in one, were unfortunate in being ineligible for an "EVE" brooch—

Mrs. L. Gill, 16th hole, Cooden Beach.
Mrs. Mangan, 14th hole, Cooden Beach.
Mrs. Lyle, 18th hole, Worsley.

"EVE" BROOCHES *for* a Hole *in* One

An "EVE" brooch will be awarded to any lady who does a hole in one in the course of taking out and returning a card under L.G.U. conditions given previously. The card must be certified by marker and Hon. Sec., and accompanied by a coupon in the usual way.

All entries for EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards,** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON. OCT.

Name *Mrs.*
Miss ....

Address ....

....

For Club competition this card to be entered in the total of ....Club, of which I am a member.

FIXTURE LIST

OCTOBER.

1 and 2. Ferndown Open Meeting.
1. Liphook Open Meeting.
1. Herts Autumn Meeting (Seniors) at Berkhamsted.
1. Durham Shield Finals.
2. Rochester and Cobham Park Open Mixed Foursomes.
3 and 4. Brockenhurst Manor Open Meeting.
3 and 4. County Finals at Broadstone (Dorset).
4. Durham Shield Finals, Bronze Division.
7 to 11. English Close Championship at Dorset.
8 and 9. Worcestershire Open Meeting at Malvern.
8. Veterans' Autumn Meeting at Coulsdon Court.
8. Durham Captains *v.* Secretaries Match at Wearside.
9. Herts Autumn Meeting (Juniors) at Porters Park.
12. Guildford Open Mixed Foursomes.
15, 16, 17, and 18. EVE'S Autumn and Roehampton Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.
15. Durham County Medal.
16. Glos County Kitcat Finals at Gloucester.
18. Hants Autumn Meeting at Rowlands Castle.
21, etc. Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes Tournament.
23 and 24. Kent Autumn Meeting at Royal Blackheath.
23. Lady Marling Cup and General Meeting Glos. County, Stinchcombe Hill.
24. Legal Autumn Meeting.
24. United Services Autumn Meeting at Ashford Manor.
24. Surrey (Bronze Division) Autumn Meeting and Coronation Medal (Open) at Purley Downs.
24. Pearson Trophy Finals in Kent.
29. Guildford Challenge Cup (open to Members of all Surrey Clubs).
29 and 30. Middlesex Autumn Meeting at Crews Hill.
29 and 30. Lancashire County Lady Derby Cup Finals at Hesketh.
30. *Star* Tournament Finals.

NOVEMBER.

5 and 6. Lancashire County Scratch and Handicap Shield Finals.
30. Durham County Annual General Meeting and At Home.

DECEMBER.

25. Woodhall Spa Open Mixed Foursomes.
26. Woodhall Spa Open Medal.
27. Woodhall Spa Open Bogey.

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE

The "EVE" GOLF Competitions

Results of the AUGUST Monthly Medal Competitions

(Class I Handicaps of 20 and under.)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Metcalfe	Saltburn	78	19	59	71	12 below
Miss M. Miller	North West (Ireland)	82	14	68	78	10 „
Mrs. K. Windsor	West Essex	82	17	65	75	10 „
Mrs. Burles	Gerrards Cross	84	17	67	76	9 „
Mrs. E. Walton	Gay Hill	84	20	64	73	9 „
Miss D. Dunmall	Lancaster	84	16	68	75	7 „
Miss H. Pearson	Harrogate	87	18	69	76	7 „
Mrs. Linaker	Buxton & High Peak	87	19	68	75	7 „
Mrs. Bailey	Stockport	89	20	69	76	7 „
Miss K. Burgan	Saltburn-by-the-Sea	84	20	64	71	7 „
Mrs. Shaw	Bowdon	84	14	70	76	6 „
Miss K. Eastwood	Hoylake	77	15	62	68	6 „
Mrs. Dulley	Datchet	80	11	69	74	5 „
Miss J. M. Deane	Ravensworth	88	17	71	76	5 „
Miss E. Foulds	Fairhaven	89	17	72	77	5 „
Miss M. Dean	West Bradford	85	17	68	73	5 „
Miss E. Marshall	Rowlands Castle	86	19	67	72	5 „
Miss N. Holroyd	West Bradford	81	12	69	73	4 „
Miss E. M. Taylor	Prestbury & Upton	83	13	70	74	4 „
Mrs. Watson Watt	Datchet	83	13	70	74	4 „
Mrs. Manisty	Camberley Heath	85	14	71	75	4 „
Miss F. M. Gover	Alnmouth	87	16	71	75	4 „
Miss E. M. Sale	Derbyshire	87	17	70	74	4 „
Mrs. D. Ross	Rowlands Castle	85	17	68	72	4 „
Mrs. M. A. Matthews	Nuneaton	84	18	66	70	4 „
Mrs. H. C. Allen	Gt. Salterns	88	19	70	74	4 „
Mrs. Stuart Richmond	Leek	91	20	71	75	4 „
Miss J. D. Withers	Sandwell Park	77	5	72	75	3 „
Miss Ida Smith	Blackwell	79	6	73	76	3 „
Miss J. Welch	Ravensworth	88	15	73	76	3 „

(Class II Handicaps of over 20.)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Haslam	Deane	94	35	59	73	14 below
Mrs. M. Connell	Cleethorpes	96	33	63	75	12 „
Mrs. Smallman	Bromley & Bickley	91	27	64	75	11 „
Miss R. E. Sutcliffe	Queensbury	91	28	63	74	11 „
Miss Bates	Stamford	91	32	59	70	11 „
Mrs. T. Leake	Gathurst	96	33	63	74	11 „
Mrs. Seville	Heaton Park	97	33	64	75	11 „
Mrs. A. Spencer	Royston	86	21	65	75	10 „
Mrs. Holness	Ryde	93	33	60	70	10 „
Miss E. Wallace	The Spa	98	36	62	72	10 „
Mrs. C. Whitmee	Highgate	83	24	59	68	9 „
Miss Prestwich	Crewe	88	25	63	72	9 „
Mrs. W. T. Humble	Sherwood Forest	94	26	68	77	9 „
Miss Woods	Blackpool	94	27	67	76	9 „
Miss E. M. Nichols	Borth	93	28	65	74	9 „
Miss I. Cotton	Huddersfield	97	29	68	77	9 „
Mrs. R. Ward	Rushcliffe	101	33	68	77	9 „
Mrs. E. M. Davis	Chertsey	103	36	67	76	9 „
Miss P. Padmore	Moseley	89	21	68	76	8 „
Miss A. Halliwell	Dean Wood	86	28	58	66	8 „
Mrs. K. Hulme	Ashton-on-Mersey	94	28	66	74	8 „
Miss M. Threlfall	Hillside	94	29	65	73	8 „
Miss B. Stobart	Oakdale	101	33	68	76	8 „
Mrs. Tranter	West End (Halifax)	97	33	64	72	8 „
Miss E. M. Elgey	Driffield & District	101	34	67	75	8 „
Mrs. Holroyd	Burnley	98	35	63	71	8 „
Miss G. Beckett	Cheadle	97	35	62	70	8 „
Mrs. C. J. Luya	Heswall	102	35	67	75	8 „
Mrs. Hawkes	Abersoch	104	36	68	76	8 „
Mrs. Ritchie	Trentham	90	21	69	76	7 „

The "EVE" Club Competition

Full particulars appeared in the September number, or can be obtained on application to the Golf Editor.

LEADING RESULTS FOR AUGUST.

Club.	Membership	Entries.	Percentage.
Ryde	68	30	44·12
Thonock	80	14	17·50
Blackwell	89	12	13·48
Bowdon	46	3	6·52
Rowlands Castle	60	3	5·00
Gloucester	99	4	4·26
Derbyshire	75	3	4·00
Warrington	150	6	4·00
Camberley Heath	140	5	3·57
Datchet	60	2	3·33
Cleethorpes	60	2	3·33
Tamworth	60	2	3·33
West Essex	97	3	3·09
Stamford	70	2	2·86
Sutton-on-Sea	40	1	2·50
Hawkstone Park	43	1	2·32
Gay Hill	90	2	2·22
Sandwell Park	90	2	2·22
Market Drayton	46	1	2·17
Rugby	92	2	2·17
Heaton Park	48	1	2·08
Trentham	100	2	2·00
Driffield and District	56	1	1·78
Ashton-on-Mersey	61	1	1·64
Saltburn-by-Sea	127	2	1·57
Nuneaton	66	1	1·51
Moseley	135	2	1·48
Llandrindod Wells	68	1	1·47
Gerrards Cross	70	1	1·43
Tyneside	140	2	1·43
West Bradford	140	2	1·43

Club.	Membership.	Entries.	Percentage.
Pontefract	73	1	1·37
Langholm	79	1	1·26
Ifield	80	1	1·25
Cheadle	80	1	1·25
North West	84	1	1·19
Royston	85	1	1·18
Morecambe	169	2	1·18
Kingsthorpe	87	1	1·15
Leek	95	1	1·05
Hillside, Ltd.	100	1	1·00
Carholme	100	1	1·00
Alnmouth	100	1	1·00
Oakdale	112	1	·89
Blackpool N. Shore	130	1	·77
Beeston Fields	132	1	·76
Hoylake	133	1	·75
Minchinhampton	136	1	·73
Prestbury and Upton	144	1	·69
Sherwood Forest	145	1	·69
Harton Moor	149	1	·67
Huddersfield	150	1	·67
Sale	150	1	·67
Tyrrells Wood	150	1	·67
Lancaster	161	1	·62
Rushcliffe	172	1	·58
Bramhall	190	1	·53
Fairhaven	200	1	·50
Harrogate	207	1	·48
Highgate	210	1	·48
North Shore, Skegness	300	1	·33

The "EVE" Club Competition

Position of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup.

Club.	Percentage.
Ryde	26·84
Blackwell	11·23
Bulwell Hall	7·09
Thonock	6·87
Derbyshire	6·00
Gloucester	5·12
Tamworth	5·00
Hawkstone Park	4·65
Saltburn-by-Sea	3·94
Gay Hill	3·61
Rugby	3·26
Knott End and Fleetwood	3·21
Market Rasen and District	3·12
Newport, I.W.	3·00
Moseley	2·96
Clacton-on-Sea	2·92
Rowlands Castle	2·92
Hyde	2·86
Bowdon	2·72
Cocksmoors Woods	2·68
West Essex	2·58
Langholm	2·53
Bramhall	2·50
Camberley Heath	2·50
Hales Owen	2·50
Tyneside	2·32
La Moye	2·22
Dudley	2·14
Gerrards Cross	2·14
Penzance	2·08
Stamford	1·90
Hythe	1·87
Gosforth	1·82
North West	1·78
Dukinfield	1·67
Cleethorpes	1·67
Sandwell Park	1·67
Warrington	1·67
Ashton-on-Mersey	1·64
Cleveleys and Rossall	1·60
Grove	1·57
Penrith	1·54
Southport and Ainsdale	1·53
Blackpool N. Shore	1·50
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Driffield and District	1·34
Chilwell Manor	1·30
Todmorden	1·28
Mersey	1·28
Chislehurst	1·26
Datchet	1·25
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West Bradford	1·25
Lancaster	1·24
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Maidenhead	1·16
Leatherhead	1·15
St. Austell	1·11
Cheadle	1·11
Ormskirk	1·07
Southwell	1·06
Newcastle United	1·06
West Derby	1·06
Droitwich	1·05
Morecambe	1·03
Crosland Heath	1·01
Brocton Hall	1·00
Evesham	1·00
Frilford Heath	1·00
Lymm	1·00
Sale	1·00
Trentham	1·00
Whittaker	1·00
Bramall Park	·97
Rothley Park	·96
Chorley	·95
Heysham	·95
Paisley	·95
West Cheshire	·94
Wilmslow	·92
The Fylde	·91
Wadhurst Castle	·86
Kingsthorpe	·86
Canterbury	·85
Alresford	·84
Harton Moor	·84
Marple	·83
Oxley Park	·83
Swanage and Studland	·83
Sunderland	·79
Bowring	·78
Ashford Manor	·76
Leamington and County	·76
Nuneaton	·76
Willesley Park	·74
Leighton Buzzard	·73
New Galloway	·73
Outlane	·73
Cruden Bay	·71
Hesketh	·71
Bexhill	·71
Lowestoft	·71
Wollaton Park	·71
Yeovil Mapperley	·69
Prenton	·68
Oakdale	·67

Club.	Percentage.
North Worcestershire	·65
Chesterfield	·64
Ringway	·64
Ifield	·62
Milltown	·62
Hayling	·62
Old Manchester	·62
Stockton Brook	·62
Walmsley	·62
Whittington Barracks	·61
Harrogate	·60
Scarborough	·60
Gosforth Park	·59
Royston	·59
Chevin	·58
Buckingham	·57
Gorleston-on-Sea	·57
Aberdeen	·56
Brynhill	·56
Clitheroe and District	·56
Hoylake	·56
Matlock	·55
Dorset	·54
Market Drayton	·54
Ruthin	·54
Enfield	·53
Furness	·53
Leek	·53
Longcliffe	·53
Wilpshire	·53
Ashford, Kent	·52
Heaton Park	·52
Northampton	·52
Prestbury and Upton	·52
Chippenham	·51
Alnmouth	·50
Carholme	·50
Chigwell	·50
Hazel Grove	·50
Hendon	·50
Hillside	·50
Sherwood Forest	·50
South Shields	·50
Walmer and Kingsdown	·50
Wimbledon Park	·50
Worsley	·50
Werneth	·49
Bungay and Waveney Valley	·48
Burton-on-Trent	·48
Huyton	·48
Teeside	·48
Farnham	·45
Rushden and District	·45
Newquay	·44
Kendal	·43
Alderley Edge	·42
Oswestry	·42
West Kent	·42
Barrow	·41
Beeston Fields	·38
Bury	·38
Dunstable Downs	·38
Moortown	·38
Ramsey	·38
Fairhaven	·37
Llandrindod Wells	·37
Davenport	·36
Peterhead	·36
Tredegar Park	·36
King's Norton	·34
Pontefract	·34
Walsall	·34
Brand Hall	·33
North Hants	·33
North Shore, Skegness	·33
Sudbury	·33
Dunblane (New)	·32
Exeter	·32
Gt. Yarmouth and Caister	·31
Preston	·31
Princes Mitcham	·30
St. Albans	·30
Pwllheli	·29
Rushcliffe	·29
St. Melyd	·29
Churston	·28
Tenby	·28
West Middlesex	·28
Wetherby	·28
Woodford	·28
Stoneham	·27
Benton Park	·26
Bloxwich	·26
Copthorne	·26
Edgbaston	·26
Hastings	·26
Hindley Hall	·26
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OUR UNIQUE OFFER. *On receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long, complete with gold clasp and case. Wear it a fortnight and if, on comparison with real pearls, you can find any difference, the money shall be returned.*

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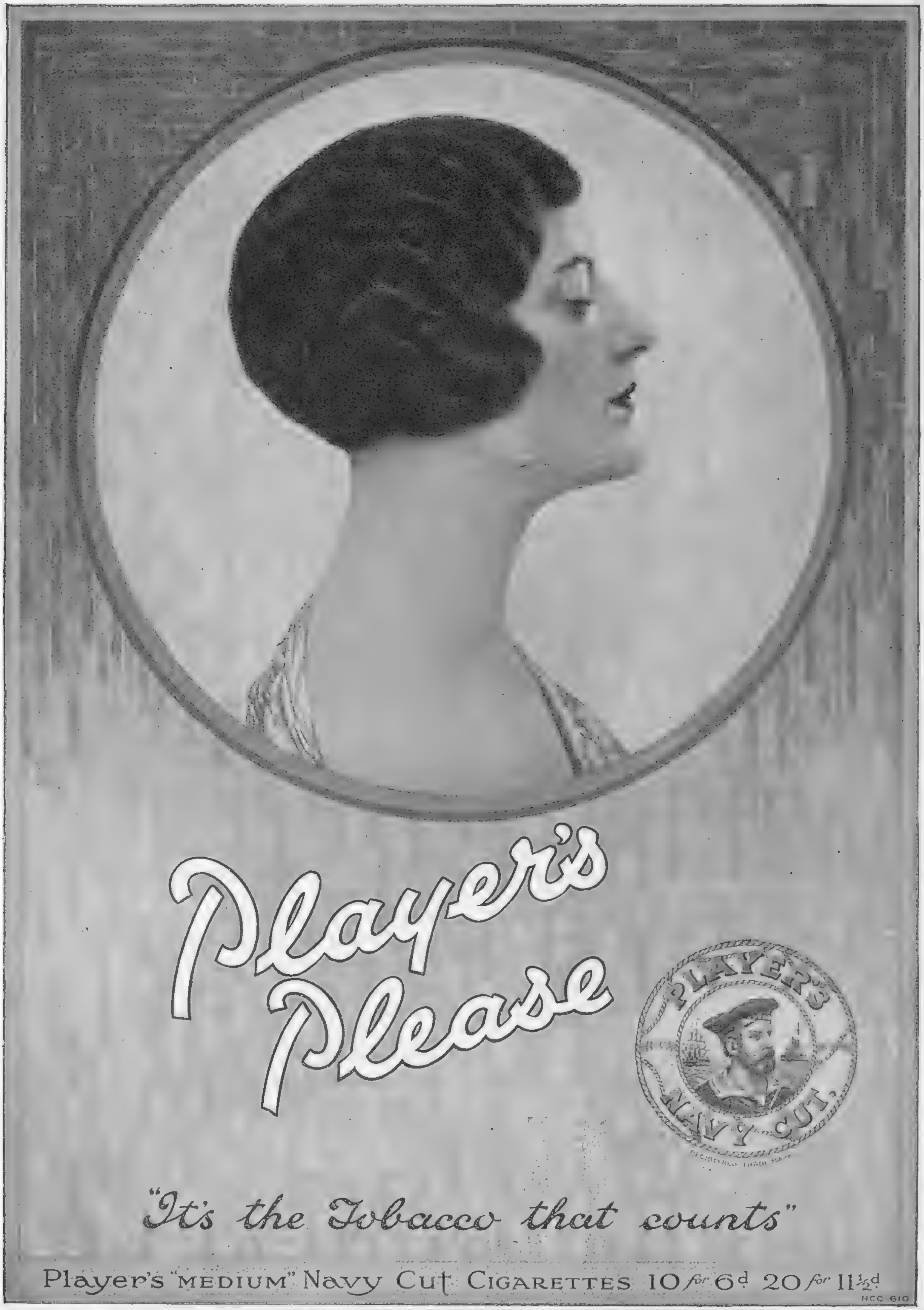
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BEAGLING

A fascinating Winter Sport for those in search of air and exercise

By Marjorie Wheatley

Hounds leaving the motor van in which they have travelled to the scene of action. The motoring habit is becoming more and more extended!

All ready for their first day's sport! Beagles moving off to draw after the opening meet of the Worcester Park pack, near Bletchworth, Surrey

NOW that the summer is really over you may perhaps be wondering how best to spend your Saturdays, how you can get the maximum amount of fresh air and exercise. Have you ever thought of Beagling? There are several packs which hunt within easy distance of London—say one hour's motor drive or a short journey by train to the nearest station, where arrangements are generally made to convey members to the meet.

It may sound impossible to get a good day's sport so near to the towns, but once you leave the main road and strike across the fields, the people, the houses, and all the noise and bustle of life are left behind and you seem to be plunged into the heart of the country. The meets generally take place at some inn, or occasionally at a private house, where most generous hospitality is offered to all members.

As a general rule hounds find fairly quickly, for in most districts there are plenty of hares, occasionally too many to ensure a good run. At the start you may possibly think it is rather tame, silently walking across a field while the hounds are drawing; when suddenly a hound gives tongue, they are off—even the laziest of us breaks into a run, quite unable to resist the call. On they go, far ahead, with the field panting along after them, over the ploughed fields where shoes become caked in mud, scrambling through thorn hedges, over fences, crawling under wire, splashing through marsh land, up the hill to the wood, where all come to a standstill. There is now time to rest, recover one's breath and cool off. Suddenly the hare breaks covert, and off you go again.

THIS may all sound a strenuous business, and it is; but I may add for the less energetic members that, as the hare generally runs in circles, it is possible to cut off corners and arrive at the kill as soon as the majority of the Field.

Most packs hunt from about 11.30 a.m. to 4 p.m., so it can be seen that enough exercise can be taken to satisfy even those who are in good training, while those who perhaps are less physically fit, and have spent some part of the day only walking, will also find that they are quite ready to do justice to a hearty tea.

How good it is to sit down before a blazing fire in one of the old-fashioned inns (for many of these still exist in Surrey), and how welcome is the tea and a cigarette before starting on the drive back to town!

FOX-HUNTING is only possible for the few, but beagling comes within reach of most of us, for it is not expensive and does not require any special kit. Some Hunts have a 3s. "cap," so that it is possible to have an odd day's hunting if you have only an occasional free Saturday (but, by the way, most packs hunt twice a week). However, it is much more satisfactory, and you are more welcome, if you pay an annual subscription (probably £2 2s.) and become a member of the Hunt.

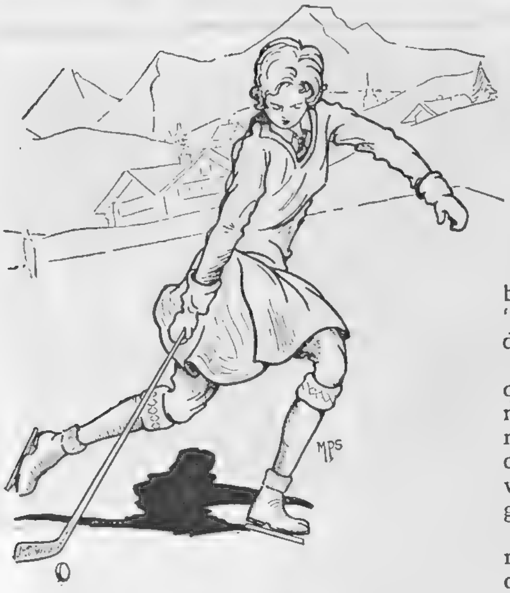
Although no special outfit is required, it is necessary, as in all sports, to be suitably dressed. A tweed skirt and a jumper, a felt hat or beret or no hat at all, and, most important of all, very comfortable shoes. Some people prefer plimsolls, and lacrosse boots are a favourite form of footgear; these latter are certainly most practical, as they are light to run in, give a slight support to the ankles and prevent small stones finding their way in as with shoes. In bad weather a short rainproofed coat is a useful thing to have. It is advisable not to wear any garment that you are afraid of being spoiled, for thorn hedges and wire play havoc with one's clothes. It is not an uncommon sight to see a skirt pulled together with safety pins or a suède coat ripped all down the back, its wearer having failed to duck low enough under the wire. Be sure and take a change of shoes and stockings, so that you can make the journey home with dry feet.

ONCE you have tasted the joys of running over the countryside, the problem of "What to do on Saturday" will be solved. What matter if skies are grey and the wind is cold? The excitement of the chase keeps the blood warm, and there is no time to grumble about the cold wind or the muddy fields. With hounds in full cry one's only thought is to be in at the kill, no matter what difficulties present themselves. Barbed wire and wide ditches are alike overcome with ease. The weather cannot interfere with your enjoyment (except hard frost), and you may come to look on winter not as a dreary time, but as one of the happiest in the year.

Winter Sports *for* All

Being a few words of advice for those who contemplate joining the great annual trek to sport and gaiety

By MARJORIE POLLOCK-SMITH



Skating is one of the most popular sports now one can learn and practise in England, but the thrills of ice hockey are usually left to the youngest of the party

THE soft swish of skis on crusted snow, the rattle of luge runners down icy tracks, the scent of pine wood fires, the vivid blue-and-white of sky and snow—what joyous memories they recall to the initiated, what promise of Paradise to those who have yet to know the comradeship and unsurpassed exhilaration of Winter Sports!

" To be or not to be ? " is the question of thousands, and men, women, and girls now sacrifice even their summer holidays to save time and money for the more precious weeks of sun and snow, to be enjoyed during the most gloomy period of England's winter—and join the great annual trek to sport and gaiety.

Many who have not yet tasted these delights hesitate on the brink of the great decision principally for want of friendly advice as to where to go, with what equipment, and with whom ; while numbers would make the venture if they were confident of the maximum expenditure beyond actual fares and hotel expenses.

While the best fun is with one's own party, sometimes there is difficulty in collecting kindred souls, and the idea fizzles out. Do not let this happen, for " Initiation Parties," under a competent man and woman, offer the solution either for one person or a group of three or four, and are the greatest boon to those who wisely hesitate to face the music alone.

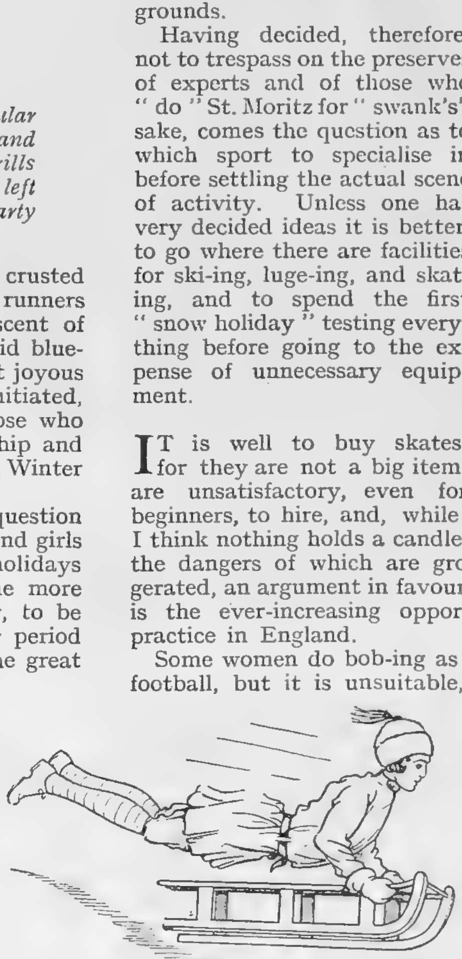
ASSUMING a party of friends to be going, the choice of venue is the first question, and one which should not be governed by the ' best we can afford " principle, which stamps the novice immediately ! From personal experience I would definitely advise the beginner to avoid the fashionable St. Moritz-Pontresina class of place, for one reason alone : that, as beginners, they generally are neither catered for nor wanted, and would be as out of place at St. Moritz as a " back garden " tennis player at Wimbledon.

Cheap accommodation in a fashionable quarter can also be very " dud " to the novice who finds herself hemmed in with restrictions and etiquette, for obviously the leading hotels will monopolise the best grounds.

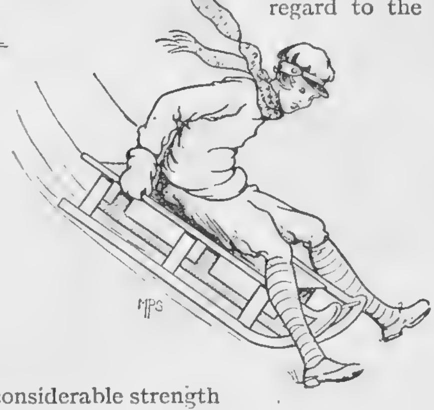
Having decided, therefore, not to trespass on the preserves of experts and of those who " do " St. Moritz for " swank's" sake, comes the question as to which sport to specialise in before settling the actual scene of activity. Unless one has very decided ideas it is better to go where there are facilities for ski-ing, luge-ing, and skating, and to spend the first " snow holiday " testing everything before going to the expense of unnecessary equipment.

IT is well to buy skates, for they are not a big item, are unsatisfactory, even for beginners, to hire, and, while personally I think nothing holds a candle to ski-ing, the dangers of which are grossly exaggerated, an argument in favour of skating is the ever-increasing opportunity for practice in England.

Some women do bob-ing as some play football, but it is unsuitable, for when spills occur, it is usually the face which is injured, and there is much greater risk of accident when the controls are in feminine hands, because considerable strength is sometimes necessary to avert calamity.

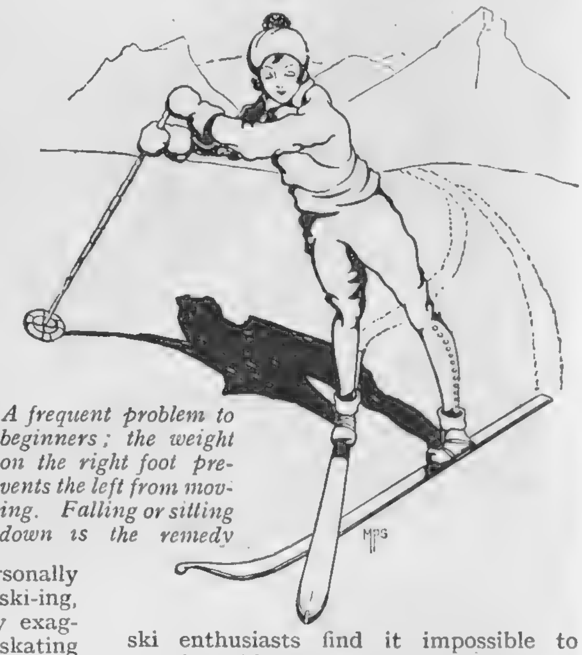


While luge-ing is enjoyed by all ages, a girl must be very young to "face a run on her tummy," which position is unnecessarily risky



Tobogganing and luge-ing—especially the latter—are deservedly popular, for grandmother can luge quietly along the road, " breaking " all the time, or younger and more hardy aspirants can hurtle over snow banks, or bounce down the bob run trying to beat previous race records, so adaptable is this sport to the skill of the smallest child and hardiest mountaineer.

One can dismiss curling as a man's game, ice hockey and ski-joring are obviously not for the tyro—and while ski enthusiasts find it impossible to remain unbiased where their pet sport is concerned, the fact remains that ski-ing is an " open sesame " to Switzerland's Fairyland, for as proficiency increases, so opens a wider field for exploration.



A frequent problem to beginners ; the weight on the right foot prevents the left from moving. Falling or sitting down is the remedy

Skis good enough for beginners' rough treatment can be hired on the spot at reasonable figures, and—excepting footgear—the novice can, if she chooses carefully, wear the same kit for everything, until she decides which sport is her favourite.

THE question as to which resort to select is a difficult one, and having regard to the débutante who wishes to taste everything, it would be hard to better one of the following six places, for, although each has its particular attractions, all offer delightful programmes suited to both experts and beginners, and a variety of moderate prices prevails.

These are: St. Cergue, Lenk, Diablerets, Les Rasses, Kandersteg, and Gurnigel.

One thing is certain : if anyone wants an old-fashioned English Christmas, she can find it in Switzerland, where the joys of exhilarating sport, scorching sun, sharp frosty air, gaiety, dancing, and brilliant moonlight nights, are enhanced by a romantic atmosphere only to be found in these Arcadian playgrounds.

Edgar Wallace's Advice

Take Up Pelmanism. It is "The Machine-Tool of Thought."

Vaughan & Freeman

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE.

MR. EDGAR WALLACE is recognised everywhere as one of the most rapid workers and prolific writers of the day. Innumerable novels and plays, all of them popular and successful, pour from his pen. Such a body of excellent, well-constructed work could only be produced by a man possessing high powers of concentration and application and a scientifically trained brain It is interesting, therefore, to note that Mr. Edgar Wallace is a great admirer of Pelmanism, and advises everyone who wishes to "get ahead" in life to take it up.

> **"I have found Pelmanism," he writes, "the most useful method for the organisation of thought. The 'Little Grey Books' have made it possible to 'card-index' my mind and systematise my memory. To students of all ages it seems to me to be indispensable. It is the machine-tool of thought."**

Defects Banished.

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Timidity, Shyness
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The Worry Habit
Unnecessary Fears
Indefiniteness
Mind-Wandering
The "Inferiority Complex
Indecision
Weakness of Will
"Defeatism"
Procrastination
Brain-Fag

which interfere with the effective working power of the brain, and in their place it develops such positive qualities as—

—Concentration
—Optimism
—Cheerfulness
—Observation
—Perception
—Judgment
—Initiative
—Will-Power
—Decision
—Originality
—Resourcefulness
—Organising Power
—Directive Ability
—Forcefulness
—Courage
—Self-Confidence
—Self-Control
—Tact
—Reliability
—Driving Force
—Salesmanship
—Business Acumen
and a Reliable Memory.

All over the country people of every type and occupation are increasing their Efficiency, and consequently their Earning-Power, by means of Pelmanism, and are training their minds and developing their intellectual and business powers with the aid of the wonderful "Little Grey Books" issued by the Pelman Institute.

Pelmanism develops your Personality. It gives you increased Courage, Initiative, Forcefulness and Determination. It strengthens your Will-Power. It banishes Timidity and drives away Depression—that curse of modern life. It drives harmful and morbid thoughts out of your mind. It enables you to cultivate a more cheerful and optimistic outlook. It increases your Happiness and enables you to appreciate more fully and more vividly the beauties of Nature, of the Arts and of Life generally

In a sentence, Pelmanism enables you to live a fuller, richer, happier, and more successful life.

Cheerfulness Regained.

Here are a few letters which have been received from readers who have taken the Course :—

A Doctor says that he has steadily increased his practice as a result of Pelmanism.

A Teacher writes : "I have more Self-Confidence and am not so subject to fits of Depression."

A Clergyman says that his preaching has improved since he took up Pelmanism.

A Dental Surgeon states that Pelmanism has helped him to concentrate.

A Saleswoman writes that she has secured two rises in 12 months.

An Accountant reports "a substantial increase" in salary.

A Shop Assistant reports that he has secured a new position with three times the scope of the old and twice the salary.

An Engineer writes : "I have abolished unnecessary fears. I can now talk with confidence to my superiors, whereas previously I was rather inclined to be flustered."

A Shorthand Typist writes : "I have found a much greater interest in life. I am much happier, for I have found the pleasure which comes from Self-Confidence."

An Undergraduate writes : "Lack of Concentration has been my great fault, but I have to a very great extent got over this difficulty, and have improved greatly. I also have got more self-reliance."

A Manager states that as a result of Pelmanism he has received the following benefits : "Salary increased from £230 per annum first to £400, then to £800, now to £1,000, in two years. My age is 33 years."

A Clerk states that he now has a brighter outlook on life, has more confidence in himself, and does not meet his troubles half-way. He recollects things better and does not require to be told a thing twice.

A Housewife writes : "My greatest difficulty in life was the finding of contentment and happiness. As I progressed through the course my character changed. At the present time I am more content and happy than I have ever been before in my life."

A Nurse writes : "I have a much brighter outlook on life, and have to a large extent regained poise of mind and body. No matter how tired or dismal I may feel on wakening, before I am half-way through the exercises I feel quite cheerful and ready for anything."

A Civil Servant writes : "I began the course in a state of mental distress caused by fears and a foreboding of evil. I have succeeded in regaining confidence and driving these (fears) away. I have thus acquired a calmness of outlook that reflects itself in my work, in my conversation and in my appearance.'

This is only a small selection from the thousands of similar letters in the possession of the Institute. They come from men and women engaged in practically every known profession, business or occupation. Clerks and Managing Directors, Merchants and Shop Assistants, Barristers, Doctors and Artisans all testify to the value Pelmanism has been and is to them

"I CAN RELY ON MYSELF."

Self-Reliance : Is there anything finer in the world ? It is like a rock in a desert of shifting sands, a lighthouse in a stormy sea. To depend upon yourself and your own trained skill and ability instead of relying upon the support of others ! Those who rely upon the support of others become weak and devoid of initiative and resource. And when that support is withdrawn, they fall and fail.

Yet how few they are, the self-reliant men and women ! The majority of people have never trained their minds, and consequently their powers have become slack and enfeebled. There is no muscle in their minds, no bravery in their brains, and so they remain in a subordinate position all their lives.

For such people the remedy is Pelmanism, which trains the mind scientifically, develops its powers, and enables men and women to become Efficient, Self-Reliant and Courageous.

Here is an example of this :—

> "Since taking this course, I can rely on myself. I can concentrate my mind on anything I wish to, and can remember things a lot better." (L32,004.)

Pelmanism is a simple system of Practical Psychology which has brought untold blessings to thousands of men and women. It banishes the defects and failings which "keep you down" and develops just those qualities and faculties which will enable you to succeed. The Course is fully described in "The Efficient Mind." You can get a copy of this book gratis and post free, either by calling at the Institute for it or by writing for it to-day (using the coupon printed below) to the Pelman Institute, 147, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Pelmanism is quite simple to follow. It is exceedingly interesting, and only takes up a few minutes daily.

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To strengthen your Will-Power,
To develop your powers of Concentration,
To act with foresight and decision
To become a first-rate organiser,
To develop Initiative and Originality,
To become a clever salesman,
To acquire a strong personality,
To banish Depression,
To talk and speak convincingly,
To work more easily and efficiently,
To cultivate a perfect memory,
To win the confidence of others,
To appreciate more intensely the beauties of Art and Nature,
To widen your intellectual outlook,

in short, to make the fullest use of the powers now lying, perhaps latent or only semi-developed, in your mind, you should send at once for a free copy of "The Efficient Mind," which tells you all about the Pelman Course and shows you how you can enrol on specially convenient terms

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Call or write for this free book to-day

Readers who can call at the Institute will be cordially welcomed. The Chief Consultant will be delighted to have a talk with them, and no fee will be charged for his advice.

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The Children's SALON

(No Age Limit) *and Competition Circles* (*Money Prizes*)

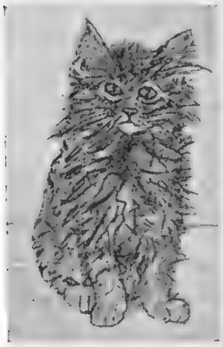
For GIRLS, BOYS and GROWN-UPS interested in ART, LITERATURE, NEEDLEWORK, PHOTOGRAPHY, etc.

You can join TO-DAY! Fill up Enrolment Form on page 134.

Conducted by "LEVANA"
Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

PATRONS:
H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

For Members of the Pets' Club only



"Frisky," M.P.C., sits for his portrait to his owner, Beatrice Long, G.C.S. 4951.

Dear Pets,—I did not realise when I arranged a Competition for you how much enjoyment it would mean for me. I have seen a good many of you in pictures, but now that I have read your letters I feel I know you intimately, and I shall never forget one of you. I hate having to discriminate between correspondents so charming, so amusing, so affectionate. You have sent me wags, purrs, licks, neighs, according to your own particular method of expressing emotion. I send my love to you all and, in awarding the prize to "Mac," the little Papillon friend of Effie Dundas, G.C.S. 4460, and honourable mentions to "Jane Baker-Hssfs" (Beatrice Harrison, G.C.S. 4553), "Mitty" (Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872), "Kiki" (Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S. 2642), "Robbie" (Gwynedd Davies-Scourfield, M.C.S. 2570), and "Frisky" (Beatrice Long, G.C.S. 4951), I do not for one moment set aside all those others who, if not quite so clever with the pen, were yet most valued friends and competitors. — Yours most sincerely,

Levana.

"Marquis" (Mac), winner of the Pets' Club Prize. Born in Paris, but now naturalised. Great friend of Effie Dundas, G.C.S. 4460.

P.S.—Don't forget to tell all your friends about the Club. Any pet may join by sending 6d. yearly to the Salon Cots Endowment Fund.

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, July 29

Graduates' Circle

ART COMPETITION II. Do-As-You-Like in Water Colour. Prize 10s. Awarded to M. Higgins, G.C.S. 5649. Hon. Mention: Nan Sharpe, G.C.S. 5658; Beatrice H. Lory, G.C.S. 5647; Dorothy Crawley, G.C.S. 5620; May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465; Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356; and Marjorie Tudor, G.C.S. 5661.

LITERATURE COMPETITION II. A Short Analysis of the Work of one of the Great Victorian Poets. Prize 10s. Awarded to Winifred White, G.C.S. 5611. Hon. Mention: Frances Joyce, G.C.S. 5172.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION II. Anything Knitted. Prize 10s. Divided between Bertha Love, G.C.S. 5621, and Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242. Hon. Mention: Elsye Harris, G.C.S. 4401; Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578.

Saloners' Portrait Gallery

Gillian E. Burke, G.C.S. 5653, very interested in art, is one of our newest members.

Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872, with "Fanty" of the Pets' Club. Diana competes with considerable ability in almost all sections.

Members' Circle

ART COMPETITION II. Illustrate a Line from any well-known Nonsense Verse. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary A. Jones, M.C.S. 2708. Hon. Mention: Bernard Hancock, M.C.S. 2795; Betty Robson, M.C.S. 2781.

LITERATURE COMPETITION II. A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910, and David W. Goodall, M.C.S. 2715. Hon. Mention: Zenobia H. Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 2732; M. Stanley Low, M.C.S., 2461; Margarita Boude, M.C.S. 2709; Norman F. Bunker, M.C.S. 2683.

Associates' Circle

ART COMPETITION II. Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Evelyn Rhind, A.C.S. 166. Hon. Mention: Pamela Searight, A.C.S. 1100.

LITERATURE COMPETITION II. A paper entitled "My Books." Prize 5s. Awarded to John Durkan, A.C.S. 1204. Hon. Mention: Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872; Vivien Belben, A.C.S. 897; Beryl White, A.C.S. 1206.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION II. Anything in Wool. Prize 5s. Awarded to Priscilla Belben, A.C.S. 895. Hon. Mention: Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881; Vivien Belben, A.C.S. 897.

Open to All.

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION (JULY). First Prize, 10s. Awarded to Carrie Mayne, G.C.S. 4388. Second Prize, 5s. Awarded to Hugh Rees, M.C.S. 2845. Hon. Mention: Gladys A. F. Dree, M.C.S. 2849, F. V. Archell, A.C.S. 1235.

HANDICRAFT COMPETITION. First Prize, 15s. 6d. Awarded to Nan Sharpe, G.C.S. 5658. Second Prize, 7s. 6d. Awarded to Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881. Hon. Mention: Beatrice Long, G.C.S. 4591, and Effie Dundas, G.C.S. 4460.

Award of Prizes, August 13

Graduates' Circle

ART COMPETITION. A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Divided between Violet G. Spear, G.C.S. 5610, and Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4365. Hon. Mention: Maud Higgins, G.C.S. 5649, C. R. H. Brabham, G.C.S. 5666, Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998, May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. A Sonnet. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary Roberts, G.C.S. 5603. Hon. Mention: Amy Boude, G.C.S. 5667, Beatrice Long, G.C.S. 4951.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Divided between Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, and Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: Amy Boude, G.C.S. 5667, and Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4547.

Members' Circle

ART COMPETITION.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to J. Wheelhouse, M.C.S. 2738. Hon. Mention: Joyce Wormall-Matusch, M.C.S. 2798, Beata Boude, M.C.S. 2819, Margarita Boude, M.C.S. 2709 Kathleen Longbotham, M.C.S. 2739.

LITERATURE COMPETITION.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Deirdre Patrick-Wilson, M.C.S. 2689, and Douglas Fisher, M.C.S. 2773. Hon. Mention: David W. Goodall, M.C.S. 2715, Eileen Watling, M.C.S. 2743, Muriel Malvern, M.C.S. 2691, W. St. J. C. Tayleur, M.C.S. 2821, W. B. McMillan, M.C.S. 2805, Molly McIntosh, M.C.S. 2747.

Associates' Circle

ART COMPETITION. Something Taken from Britannia and Eve and Coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to Mora Hope Robertson, A.C.S. 912. Hon. Mention: Barbara Craig, A.C.S. 1058, Diana V. Wilton, A.C.S. 872.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. A Short Story. Prize 5s. Awarded to Dorothy C. L. Hacket, A.C.S. 1200. Hon. Mention: Stella Bull, A.C.S. 1083, John Durkan, A.C.S. 1204, Helen M. Lillie, A.C.S. 1163.

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS (July 29)

DOROTHY CRAWLEY.—I have entered "Spring goeth all in white." As a whole, this is very agreeable, the delicacy of the colouring showing exceptional perception. With more experience you should do very well. The composition of the hills is too conventional for the semi-naturalistic treatment of the rest.

SYLVIA GRAVES.—A very gallant attempt at a difficult subject. The uncertainties in the perspective of the terrace are disturbing, but with the exception of the head of the principal lady, the group on the left is cleverly realised. As an illustration to the lines chosen, the design is a bit sophisticated-looking.

BETTY ROBSON.—Amusing lines, the spirit of which is excellently translated on to paper in colour. The drawing, however, is a bit weak and your pen line ragged without significance. This is largely due to bad paper. Choose a smooth surface next time. The handicraft entry is charmingly executed, but it is a pity it is not "applied" art, which is the essence of subjects submitted for such a competition.

MURIEL M. MALVERN.—The first four lines are so good, one is a little disappointed afterwards, and line eight calls too definite a halt in the rhythm for a poem of this type. Work at this again in the original manner of the beginning.

The Children's Salon

COUPON

Correspondence *and* Criticisms (*continued*)

ZENOBIA H. FORSTER-BROWN.—Accurate detail is very important. It is not usual for swallows to sing in flight. Correct this slip. There is force, originality, and feeling in this poem.

EVELYN RHIND.—A remarkable sketch for your years. The pencil work is stylish and discriminating, and if you study seriously you should do very well. A darkened space between the lips would have assisted the suggestion of singing. All the heads are rather too alike, only one type being portrayed.

HELEN FERNIE.—A charming little fantasy, but you have mixed your tenses a bit in the last two lines. "And leave me alone," would be better.

IRIS SNOWMAN.—The upper half of your memory sketch is much better than the rest. The action is well realised, but the right leg is stunted between ankle and knee, but I think I see why. Your paper proved too small.

NORMAN F. BUNKER.—This good attempt is marred by the faulty metres of the twelfth and last lines. For no apparent reason you here abandon the pentameter. It will be quite easy for you to put this right. I am sure.

The handwoven scarf with which Alida Wilton won the 2nd handicraft prize in the August competition.

A prize winning and lovely d'oyley in pillow lace submitted by Frances Jowett, G.C.S. 5172, for a recent needlework competition.

JOYCE BIDDER.—A little dead in colour, but delightful as a decorative essay, refined in drawing, and skilful in treatment. Just a bit "stationary," for the lines, I feel.

GILLIAN BURKE.—Excellent in individual bits, but lacking cohesion and over-patterned. Either tree or frocks should have been plain to give value to the other surface. Don't be afraid of bare, well-designed spaces. They set as foils to the decoration. Very many thanks for your interesting letter.

MARION D'AVIGDOR.—This begins very well, but the second verse has not the power and neat expression of the first. As the climax of the drama is here, a rather more definite method is necessary. A little careful polishing will do it.

MARGARITA BOUDE.—Original and very pretty in conception, but needing some revision. It is going too far to speak of *seeing* melody!

VIOLET G. SPEAR.—An artistic cartridge-paper study, charming in colour and effect, with limitations well judged. A trifle vague as to horizon, but very pleasing.

G. CHRISTABEL RICHENS.—More foreground and less sky would compose better. Suggestive massing and effect. Near trees need sharpening to hold position. Rather theatrical, but arresting.

M. HIGGINS.—Full of knowledge, character, and grace. Effect too much sacrificed to "quality," with some loss of daintiness and spontaneity. Remarkably clever, even if rather laboured.

BEATRICE H. LORY.—Excellent tone, colour, and drawing. Distance particularly good. Foreground rather "spotty" in touch, and central object too heavily made out in detail. Very sound work.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* *of The Children's*
Salon Competition Circle. *(Strike out words which do not apply.)*

Signature ....

Address ....

.... *Age, if under* 20.............

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon. Please say if you would like to become a Fairy Godmother (see May issue).

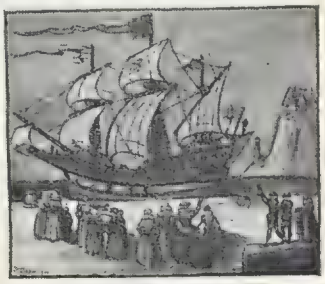
MAUDE TAYLOR.—Skilful decorative penwork and much dainty artifice of rather superhuman curves, and clever technique on slender anatomical basis. Reverse in glass when composing.

NAN SHARPE.—A delightful impression, quaint, fresh, and charming. The jolly baby should be a bit more made out in volume and action; but the head is rather a triumph. Admirably original and sincere. As to the "pot plants" I have, as a whole, nothing but praise for work so delicate and truthful in scale and colour. Charming miniatures! I fear our illustration will do them no justice.

JEAN C. H. CRAWFORD.—A delightful little piece, as ever. It only just fails to secure a prize.

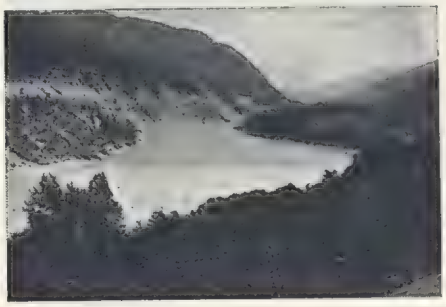
PAMELA SEARIGHT.—Full of fire and action, a brilliant sketch for your age, with a great deal of knowledge of equine form and a clever economy of touch. The near horse might be a bit sharper, to hold his position, but, on the whole, amazingly good and artistic.

BERNARD HANCOCK.—Expressive face and hand, and good feeling for comedy. More solid blacks and modulated line would help to suggest volume. Quite well up for your age.



Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356, obtained an hon. mention for this characteristic art entry. Joyce has entered for our art competitions almost without a break for nearly ten years.

MAY W. HARRISON.—You have hit the effect of sea, sky and sand remarkably well, and the lower part of figure and towel are in good daylight effect, but the head and umbrella are not so good. Considering the difficulty, a remarkable feat of memory.



Carrie Mayne, G.C.S. 4388, is a clever amateur photographer, and captured a first snapshot prize with this pretty entry.

FRANCES JOYCE.—An interesting paper very capably condensed within reasonable limits. Rather more method in dealing with the matter would have been an advantage, but the necessary substance is nowhere lacking.

MARY A. JONES.—One admires your courage in choosing this subject, and your skill in making something of it, at least showing cleverness in technique, as well as a comic gift in expression.

ALIDA WILTON.—The scarf is charming in colouring, and technically a very sound performance for your age. I wish we had more weavers among our Saloners. The beret is also a creditable performance. You are splendidly industrious.

VIVIEN BELBEN.—Do you ever look back at your first literature entries? If you do you realise with me how well you are getting along. Nevertheless, I should like to see you writing in yet more "easy" fashion, able, that is, to put your thoughts on to paper in the free fashion in which they exist in your mind. The wool golliwog is an excellent idea.

BEATRICE LONG.—Very charming colouring and not at all bad, technically, for a first attempt. Yes, I did some modelling in leather years ago, and found it very fascinating. I think it a mistake to repeat a design of this naturalistic type. That is the only criticism. I am delighted to have "Frisky" on the list. Much love.

ELSYE HARRIS.—You are an accomplished knitter and you have missed the prize by less than inches! So many thanks.

WINIFRED WHITE.—Admirably done. I am sorry I have no room to print it. Avoid hard and fast statements such as the one in the last sentence. You cannot approach anything the future holds, however likely, as a fact. Qualify a little more.

MILDRED W. STEPHENS.—There is an arresting quality about the first verse, but the other two are not nearly so well managed. Try to bring them more into line with the earlier part—charming both in thought and expression.

DAVID W. GOODALL.—A better first verse is necessary. The other two are sensitive and musical, so that it is worth further attention. I expect you noticed that "sharp" and "dark" do not rhyme. As "dark" repeats the "shadowed" idea you are scarcely justified in taking this license.

EILEEN WATLING.—Interesting and thoughtful, even if a little uneven in actual accomplishment. Keep this by you to work at again later. You will then see where you can polish it.

No photograph can do justice to the skill and charm of these miniature flowers in pots with which Nan Sharpe, G.C.S. 5658, takes the 1st handicraft prize (August competition).

JOHN DURKAN.—A very good paper indeed. I have read it with much enjoyment, not only on account of the catholic nature of your preferences, but also because you state your case boldly and picturesquely; this is an interesting alliance of virtues. Go ahead!

VIOLET HORN.—Charming colouring, but rather ragged workmanship. I know it is not easy to secure that perfectly smooth effect which looks so professional, but it comes with practice.

AMY HAYDON.—The wool is exquisitely soft, but the knitting not quite on a par with your lovely needlework. I can accept embroidery in wool, for anything not actually to be knitted, or in crochet. The candlestick is very pretty and very neatly executed. My many thanks.

HELEN M. LILLIE.—Very good, indeed, for your age. Crisply written, interesting and well arranged, but rather careless in spelling. This is, I daresay, due to typescript, but get the habit of correcting carefully before dispatching.

AUDREY TRESIDDER-WILLS.—The lines themselves are good, but as they subscribe to no definite metrical form, much of their effect is lost. Why not attempt a reconstruction. The sketch is well composed and the male figure very neat in drawing. The hands are too small, and the trees, although charmingly suggested, require a background, however faint.

BERTHA LOVE.—Truly expert and lovely. I doubt if a reproduction would do it credit but if it does I shall hope to have it in the page next month.

DEIRDRE PATRICK-WILSON.—Quite clever handling of the foils, but it would have been better to have saved their brilliance for the figure only, and left the calendar itself plain. The drawing of the face is a little over-doll like, but further experience will correct this tendency. The issue is somewhat confused in the verses, but their style and feeling deserve high praise.

PRISCILLA BELBEN.—The little cosy is extremely well made. It would have been easy to botch it, but you have avoided any such ill-treatment. You could have risked tackling the lavender in colour. It is scarcely a subject for pencil alone. Not at all badly suggested, however.

DIANA WILTON.—I should take care how you laugh at Lamb. I suppose you laugh with him sometimes in the essays? A very interesting and original paper—exactly the sort I like to get.

EFFIE DUNDAS.—Very cleverly applied decoration. The flowers are remarkably well handled—being generalised for design in quite the most suitable manner.

M. STANLEY LOW.—It probably did not occur to you how much better "a" or "an" would read throughout in place of "some." Try it for yourself and you will see, I am sure, how greatly the small change improves matters. It is really very charming directly this alteration is made.

HEATHER STRUDWICK.—There is some inconsistency in the style of the verses, but this is a clever little poem none the less. Note, there is no plural to "lore," and "thy icy knife" is not euphonious. Otherwise very good.

(*Continued on page* 137)

The Children's Salon

COUPON

Two heads with but a single box
Barker Dobson
VERONA
CHOCOLATES

BUT WHAT A BOX!—A daintily ribboned box of Barker & Dobson Verona Chocolates — the Chocolates blended by experts for your gratification, containing centres of Fruits, Almonds, Fruit Creams, Pralines, Liqueurs, etc., all blending most delightfully with the delicious, smooth Verona chocolate.

She is pleased with them and with his choice of what he knows she likes best.

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In attractive ribboned boxes.

Barker Dobson

1 lb. box **5/-** *2 lb. box* **10/-**
Also **3** *lb. and* **4** *lb. boxes.*

VERONA
CHOCOLATES

3C.14

Particular in her tastes, she always smokes CRAVEN 'A,' cork-tipped, cool, unvarying cigarettes that do not affect her throat.

Some Successful Entries submitted for Recent Competitions.

The traycloth (left) by Beatrice Bateman, G.C.S. 4537, wins the Graduates' Needlework Prize, the crochet cosy (right) by Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578, takes an hon. mention, and the same award falls to Ethel Try, G.C.S. 5608, for her smartly executed poster (centre) advertising ink.

NEWS of the MONTH

GREAT news indeed! The sum inside those fifty-five collecting boxes of ours on Alexandra Day totalled £97 11s. 6d., the biggest amount we have yet secured. Our objective, you remember, was to score a bull's-eye of £100, so that anything lacking in our marksmanship is a very minor affair. This fine total is, in fact, thirty pounds up on three years ago, and fifteen pounds or so more than last year, so that any Rose Day helper at the Salon Depot failing to administer to herself a resounding pat on her back will please report to me for undue modesty, and I will adjust the matter for her.

AS you read these lines we shall be, of course, in the throes of preparations for the Annual Competitions. I hope the spacious and beautiful Ball Room floor of the Hyde Park Hotel will accommodate you all.

DON'T be late, competitors! Don't be over-anxious! Don't spill the ink in your excitement or tumble over the diaphanous draperies of your dance frock! Don't leave ticket-getting until the day when 2s. becomes 2s. 6d.! Don't forget your badge (those who possess one), which lets you in free! And *do* come and make yourselves known to me. Oh, just one other thing. Don't bring members of the Pets' Club, however "*sweet.*" It is not their day.

Correspondence and Criticisms (August 13)

LILLA GIBSON TAYLOR.—In its subdued key very pleasant colouring, but for a drawing of this type a little more gaiety would have been quite permissible. Still very good work.

DOROTHY HACKET.—A remarkable little story for an Associate to pull off so well. You haven't mastered the art, but you have done extremely well. The end is a little bald compared with the rest.

MOLLY McINTOSH.—You need to be on guard against your considerable talent! The last four lines are beautifully composed but the sense is a bit obscure. Try also to avoid the second "gold" at the end of line seven. A most interesting entry.

VIOLET M. LAIRD.—Although not quite up to our prize-winning standard this is well-knitted. Send in again soon. I am always delighted to secure a member interested in needlework.

BERYL WHITE.—I do not think I have ever had a better literature paper from so young an associate. Your spelling alone is remarkable. I shall be very interested to see more of your work and, of course, I am delighted to welcome a sister of Winifred and Phyllis.

WILLIAM B. McMILLAN.—It is no bad fault to be in love with fine sounding words, but "star" would be better than "stellar" in the last verse. Interesting, because it avoids the commonplace, but greater attention to metres would be helpful. Promising work.

MARJORIE TUDOR.—Some suggestion of a background would have greatly assisted this very clever and charming study. Without this it has almost the appearance of being cut out and stuck on the white paper. You have handled the subject splendidly. I am so glad you have rejoined and hope you will compete regularly.

BEATRICE HARRISON.—Dainty in conception and execution, but rather weak in the drawing of the arms and hands. A design so delicate demands a particularly nice treatment of such details. Charming colour.

MARJORIE WEBB.—The hemstitching and knitting are so good it is a pity that the method of joining the lace to the linen is rather clumsy. Otherwise a most expert piece of work. The mounting is also at fault in the cleverly executed and novel bonnet. If you would pay more attention to finishing you would be a very fine craftswoman. Very many thanks for both pieces.

PETER BOWMAN.—Another very good entry. The fault is the over-red cheeks of the lady. The rest of the colour is both pretty and appropriate.

DIANA V. WILTON.—The method of the story is rather muddled, but it is good stuff. A rugged style is often excellent if not overdone. Be careful of too "take-it-or-leave-it" a mood. In the sketch the water reflects a sky *bluer* than the one overhead! Otherwise, a most pleasing and truthful colouring.

PATRICIA GRANT.—It is sufficient for this competition to colour the original drawing, but your method is much better practice. The breadth of handling is most commendable at your age. Very promising indeed.

ALISON ACKROYD.—Accomplished and decidedly clever, but weak in plot, or rather too impossible. However, you write so convincingly this is forgiven. Try your hand on rather less startling material.

B. SMITH.—The roses have lost colour owing to dirty paint. Keep your pigments very clean. This colour scheme is most attractive otherwise, and the whole very neat in execution.

RENA RECALDIN.—A most artistic translation of the original facts, infinitely to be preferred to the original in method, but much weaker in drawing. Improve your draughtsmanship and you will go far. Very interesting work.

ELIZABETH COWTAN.—Figure, trees, and background are excellent. The rose trees are too confused, and are the one blot on a charming and very cleverly executed scheme.

BARBARA CRAIG.—Admirably appropriate colour, and the method on quite sound lines. Compared with the rest the bit behind the driver is weakly indicated.

MORA HOPE ROBERTSON.—It is better to submit a single attempt only. Your clean colour (in both) is your strong point, and the difficult children are hit off satisfactorily, but the gold hair is not quite nature's gold.

HELEN M. LILLIE.—You have tackled a big subject in very gallant fashion, and your gift for story telling is obvious. It is at present on lines that are purely imitative, but as you continue you will develop your own line, doubtless. Unusually capable for your age.

IRIS SNOWMAN.—Although it is the fashion to disguise what Nature has to say in lip colouring, avoid this in an art entry unless the subject demands it. Otherwise the colouring is good; the hair in each case is particularly truthful and cleverly suggested.

DAVID DAVIES.—Simply, but directly told. Try to carry the next yarn a little further, and avoid a too abrupt treatment of any point. You are well on the right road.

JOYCE WORMALL-MATUSCH.—Excellently drawn and well observed on the whole, particularly the middle-distance; the foreground rocks don't quite hold their place. Very promising work.

KITTY EARP.—Well drawn, but much too much made out. Nature is never tediously definite, and needs no assistance to be beautiful. Ease down on penetration and you will do excellently. The last verse of the poem is much the best. Try to bring the rest up to this level.

DEIRDRE PATRICK-WILSON.—Drawn from too near the model. Not lacking in style, but with a desire to correct nature's shortcomings. Trust your eyes and actualities with confidence. Some really good points. A most impressive little poem. Come down severely on yourself when any tendency to be obscure arises. Very interesting.

AMY BOUDE.—Delighted to have you on my list. The still life is quite good as far as it goes, but you are handicapped by poor paper. The jug is just a bit ghostly, but the method is artistic and attractive. The sonnet is unequal, some lines needing further attention, but it is sincerely and well expressed as a whole. I am full of admiration for the exquisite little hanky, which only just misses a prize.

THEODORA FULLER.—True and sensitive colour, a bit timid in degree, giving a veiled effect. Put your work beside object to gauge nature's strength.

MARY ROBERTS.—A bright effect of pigment, but not quite nature's subtle method of complementary colour. If you go a bit deeper into transparency of shadows you will do extremely well. The sonnet is the best thing I have seen of yours for some time. Grace fails you a little towards the end, but it is a most sincere and promising piece of work.

J. WHEELHOUSE.—Wonderful work, in its way, but try the same head in charcoal from rather further away, and compare results. Don't be microscopic, but human. You ought to do great work.

MABEL SANDERS.—Very neatly executed all through and charming in its general scheme.

MARGARITA BOUDE.—How splendid of you to rope in the family like this! Your "black and white" is very strong in design, but almost needs a title to explain it. Quite a powerful little piece of work. Praise, too, is due to the slight but charming verses. You have genuine talent!

MARJORIE WEBB.—I have put the nightdress case into this competition. It is very pretty and the embroidery very good, if not actually you at your best. I am most grateful for your generous contributions towards our Needlework Stall.

SANCHIA GRIMSDALE.—On the whole, stories which deal with real, rather than fairy tale life, are better exercises, because it is difficult to write on purely imaginative lines until one is grown up. However, this is tackled in original fashion and is very interesting.

CLARE ACKROYD.—Vivid and unusual, but a bit far-fetched. Details are always better for being such as one may correct from one's experience. Convincing detail is very important. Clever, but just a bit out of your depth.

LILY SOSNOE.—This subject demands correct metres, and would then be charming. Half the fun of verse making is securing the appropriate word to the right beat.

M. HIGGINS.—Delightfully put, but not a sonnet, neither is the subject very suitable. Look up a definition of this verse form in a dictionary.

MOLLY McINTOSH.—Quite remarkable work for a member, good technique, and tender perceptive powers of expression, but "wisdom of the sea" is better sound than sense. A little extra wariness in such matters will greatly assist your unusual work.

BEATA BOUDE.—A warm welcome! As a sketch I have no fault to find with the picture. It is an excellent beginning, and would work out excellently. In the story you have expended yourself on the first half at the expense of the rest. The compression at the end is altogether too violent.

(A long list of replies is unavoidably held over.)

Competitions for October-November

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, November 4th. *Subject:* A Portrait Study. No. III. Closing date, November 18th. *Subject:* A Design for a Calendar.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* A Criticism of the work of Sir Walter Scott. No. II. Closing date, November 4th. *Subject:* Describe a Room given you to furnish and decorate exactly as you prefer. No. III. Closing date, November 18th. *Subject:* Choose a passage from one of the great poets illustrating (*a*) fine scenery (*b*) solitude (*c*) jealousy (*d*) sorrow (*e*) joy of living.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* Anything White. No. II. Closing date, November 4th. *Subject:* A Novelty. No. III. Closing date, November 18th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like.

Members' Circle (over 15)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* An Illustration of any Scene or Line from "As You Like It." No. II. Closing date, November 4th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, November 18th. *Subject:* A Still Life Study.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* A Paper on "Choosing One's Friends." No. II. Closing date, November 4th. *Subject:* A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, November 18th. *Subject:* Verses suitable for a Christmas Card.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* Anything in Colours. No. II. Closing date, November 18th. *Subject:* A Pincushion.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, November 4th. *Subject:* A design for a Christmas Card. No. III. Closing date, November 18th. *Subject:* Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and coloured.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, November 4th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, November 18th. *Subject:* A Letter to a Friend on Her Birthday.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS. Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* Anything Knitted. No. II. Closing date, November 18th. *Subject:* Anything White.

Open to All: Age specially taken into Account

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION. Closing date, October 18th. *Subject:* An Outdoor Scene. First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s.

HANDICRAFT COMPETITION. Closing date, November 4th. *Subject:* Do-As-You-Like. First Prize, 15s. Second Prize, 7s. 6d.

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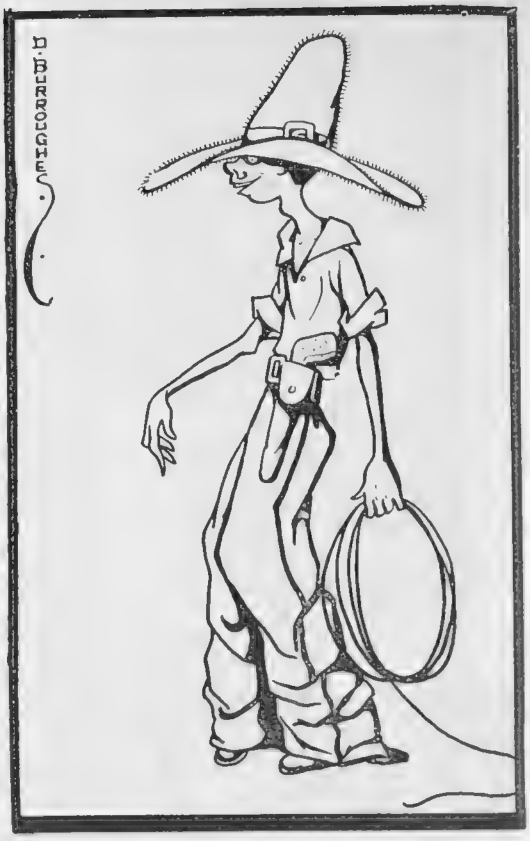
Social Etiquette

A monthly feature of BRITANNIA & EVE in which various matters of Taste and Manners are lightly discussed by

The Hon. Mrs. Dowdall

BEWARE of the dangerous theory that we should try to "express ourselves" in the dress we wear. Women take only too readily to the suggestion, which contains a bait hard to resist. The self one would like to express is often rather fancifully thought out. It is made up from the pick of our assets (and often other people's) in mind, body and estate, which lavishness is dangerously liable to convey with it much unintentional news that quite upsets the scheme of self-revelation.



"Beware of the dangerous theory that we should try to 'express ourselves' in the dress we wear"

Men, too, have their troubles about what to wear and how to wear it, but they seem to ask for less information about each other, content to walk pleasantly unexpressed out of their own houses and into the street.

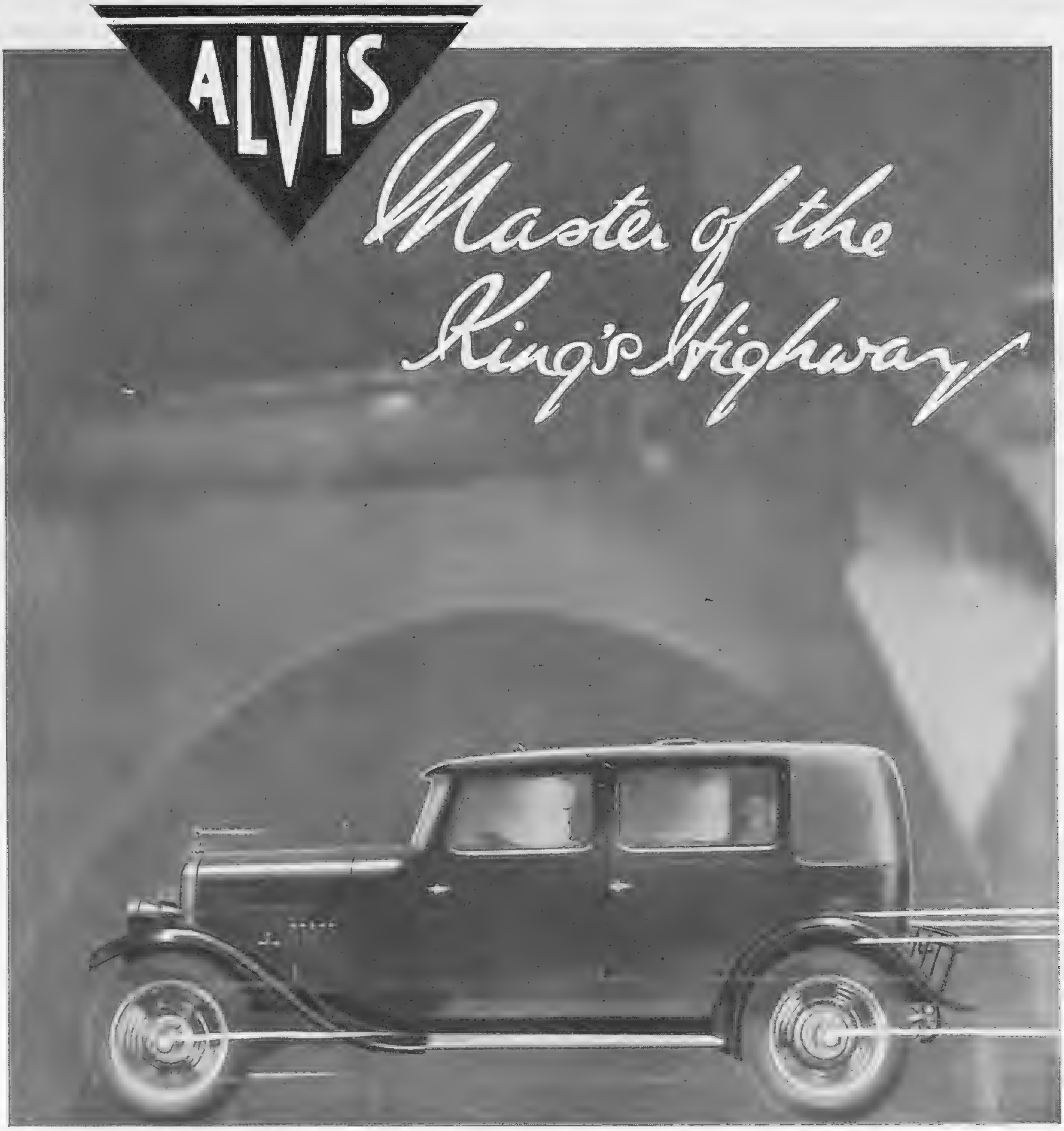
What man talking in the hall of a hotel could switch off his thoughts from his own conversation to the backview of a stranger of his own sex and rapidly say to himself without losing the thread of discourse, "Coat from So-and-So's—typical with those edges—shoe laces threaded left to right—hair cut on the cross—wish he'd turn round and let me see his shirt. . . . Ah, thought so! good tie if it wasn't mercerised where it joins the collar—glad I didn't get one at Sprue's . . . handkerchief in wrong pocket—trying to look like an actor manager—probably a postman's brother-in-law off duty—poor but honest and intensely stupid, etc. . . ."?

AFTER all, this habit of rapid diagnosis may be a peculiar feminine equipment for unsound judgment, dating from the days when fig leaves were definitely set aside for the exclusive wear of the old families. From this habit may have originated a secret code of symbols for this or that trait of character; the "mulberry stitch material (two mulberry leaves and a gooseberry stalk every third row)" signifying something or other as opposed to an absolutely plain sycamore.

How much more blessed is the male who can only err along a few broad paths of sartorial crime! A departure from the few simple rules of dress he recognises can mean only one of three sins—i.e., a desire to make an ass of himself for artistic or health reasons, deliberate neglect of common knowledge open to all, or the too obvious purchase of his clothes by female relatives. Beyond these clear indications of moral and social unworthiness a male stranger's critics will seek no more information than he pretends to give them. What can be done to put us on an equally sure footing of independence? The problem is not nearly so easy as the uninitiated might be lured to think.

THE actual choice of clothes is only an elementary exercise in self-expression, revealing for the most part what we should call housekeeping details. "How many pound notes in family? Whether accustomed to hard work? Clean in person? Opportunities for outing?" The next exercise is to practise discrimination not only in what articles of clothing are bought but in deciding which pieces are to be worn with each other. We can hardly hope for the immunity from these anxieties enjoyed by the owners of a few "suits of clothes," nor to rid ourselves of the bogey tormenting us with unwritten laws. An important point which has been stressed before on other subjects is that the deliberate breaking of a rule in art, dress, manners or anything else has always and inevitably something in the way it is broken that distinguishes it from the same performance by another who has never mastered the rule.

Two of the worst pitfalls met with during our early endeavours are unknown to man. There are for him no semi-occasions when a tyro would feel called upon to decide whether he would go to a party "just simply" in his afternoon shirt and a pair of non-committal trousers or in tights and a dinner jacket. Even if this question could be authoritatively decided for him, he would, if he were one of us, still perplex himself with



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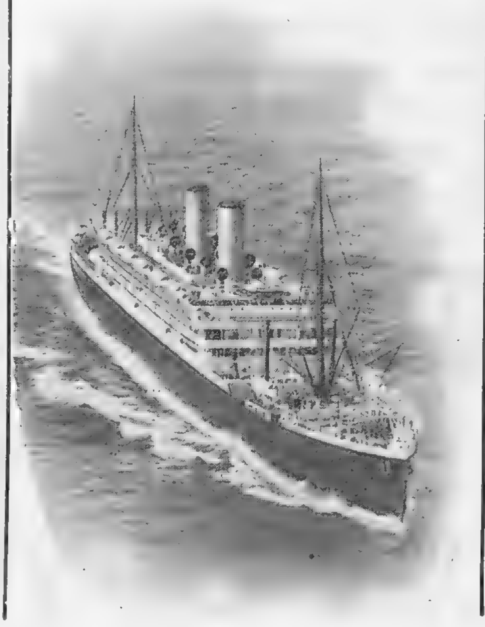
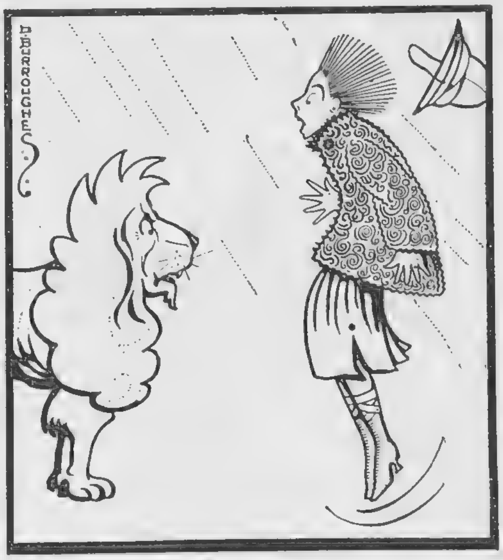


many other self-expressing details which might make or mar the whole effect of his determination—namely, whether the shirt should be loosely thrown on the shoulders or buttoned very severely round the neck, or the tights be drawn up high under the arms.

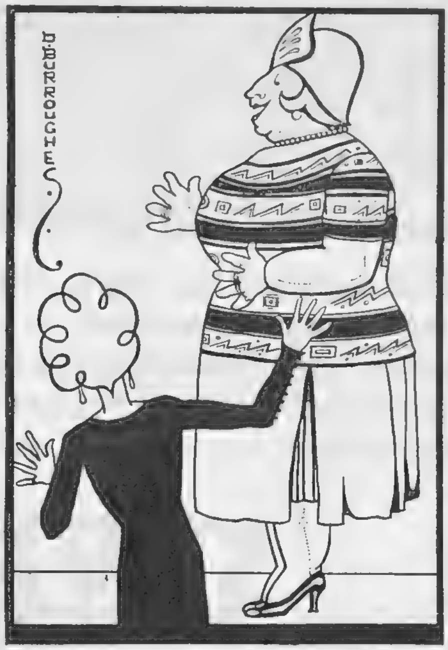
Another great difficulty lying in wait for us is that sad trial to the mind (temptations of the eye and exigencies of form) brought on by sales, which seem to crop up all the year round. As Eve knew, to see is to desire, to desire is to fall—especially if the price is reduced. If the saleswoman has a conscience she throws a rope to one of us struggling in the cross currents of purchase. "What is Modom going to wear it with?" If after receiving the answer she feels she has gone far enough and must attend to her firm's interests she proceeds to our undoing. "Then this is the very thing for Modom. You will find it most useful to have a little fur-lined coat with you in the jungle in case of a sudden shower."



"You will find it most useful to have a little fur-lined coat in the jungle in case of a sudden shower"

An uneasy feeling is creeping down my pen, agitating the ink. The poor thing seems, as it were, to scent quagmires ahead of us both, into which we shall sink in the effort to trip lightly towards the goal of candour.

What dark secrets are we then supposed to give away?



"This is the very thing for Modom"

No dark secrets at all. Anyone who really intends to keep a secret can keep it, for secrets are not like rabbits that escape from hats if conjurers don't take care. A secret is only whatever it is that is unwelcome to someone who, in consequence, wishes to disguise it as something else. Differences of social status, for instance, can only be given away by attempted disguise, without which there would be nothing but natural facts to "give away." It is these "secrets" that are no secrets which are "given away" by the clothing of women who intend to disguise rather than improve what is unwelcome to them in their scheme of self-expression.

What kind of information about ourselves do women want, in general, to express? I often wonder. What, for example, is meant to be the symbolic purpose of lipstick publicly applied in conditions that constantly defeat its intentions to colour the skin—exposure to wet weather, food, etc.? (By the way, this possibly explains why indefatigable lipstickers so often eat with their mouths open.) Friends and the public have had the opportunity to note that a loved one's face has not an indelible poppy-coloured slit across it. A moment is spent in pecking at the lost illusion with a greasy stump, over a mirror palmed in full view of the audience, and the conjuring trick is over. The slit is there again and the handkerchief with a dirty little piece of fluff stuck inside it is returned to its place. The question of interest here has nothing to do with opinions for or against make-up which is a subject as complete within itself as its equivalent debate for or against whiskers. All that perplexes us is the intended symbolism of the conjurer's rabbit walking about without its hat.

The fashions of the past summer were particularly rich in opportunity for confusing self-expression with disguise. There were so many dresses made all-in-one, with a belt slightly outlining the territory below what used to be called the waist. What better design could have been devised for suggesting familiarity with current thought combined with an admirable determination not to be bullied into a compulsory silhouette? But what was the result? An apparent attempt to disguise natural irregularities of outline that would have taken their proper place in the cosmos but for an irresistible resemblance of half the elder female population to a select party of William pears in little skirts that had slipped.

The same inconsistency between cause and effect is seen in the choice of shoes that are said to make the foot look smaller. Here disguise, rather than self-expression, is aimed at, and we see a superfluity of foot compressed to a height above its natural level and, as it were, quilted by imbedded straps.

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by

Arthur Wardle

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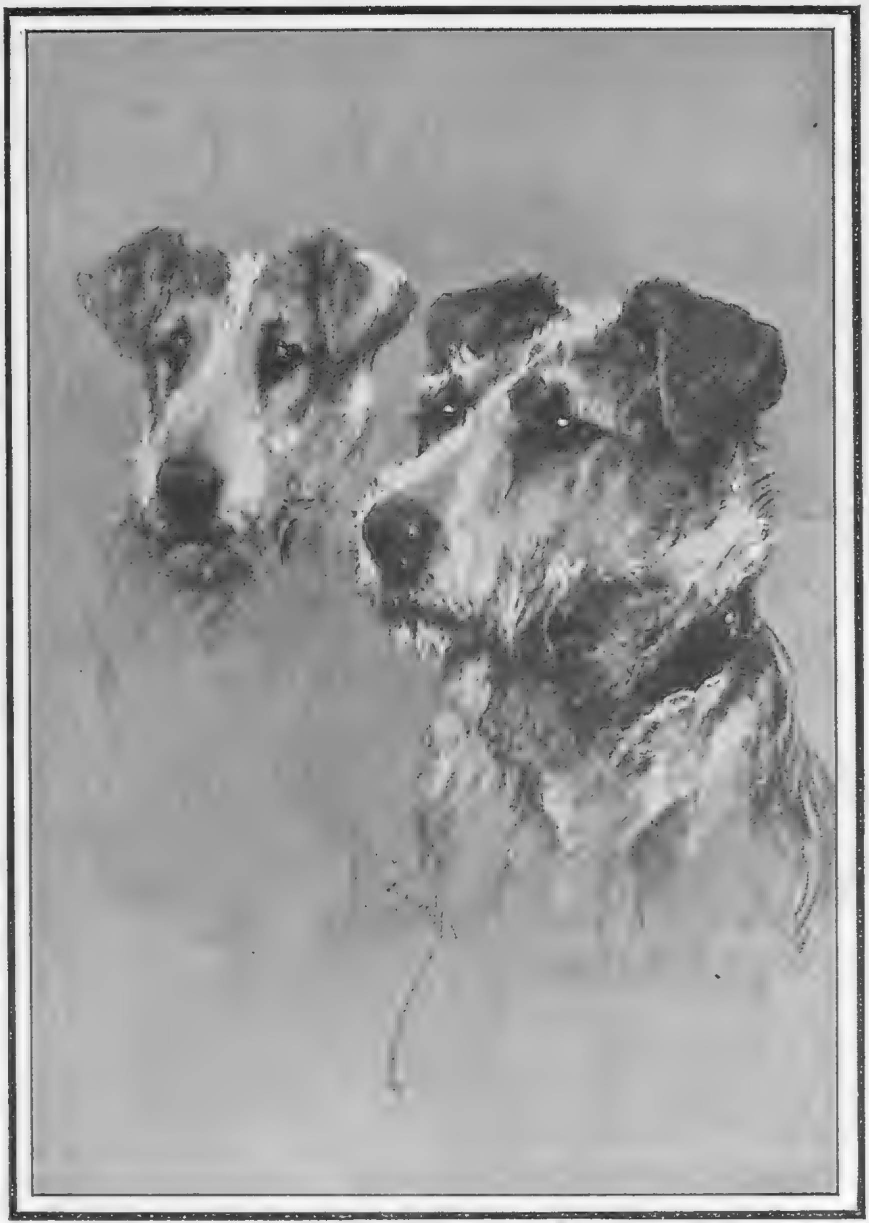

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The Newest Records

My Month on the Gramophone

By James AGATE

Mr. James Agate

FOR the current month the offerings of the respective gramophone companies are sufficiently symbolised by the covers of their respective catalogues. It is seen at a glance, for example, that Columbia is having no truck with the masterpieces just at present. On water and 'neath a sky more blindingly blue than any lagoon there meanders a boat such as is proper to the Norfolk Broads. Over the edge of this happy barque are suspended the legs of a young lady who nonchalantly smiles and smokes, the while a loose-limbed youth accompanies her merry Portable with the only less reserved strains of his (would it were unimportable!) Banjolele. It is equally obvious that the present projects of H.M.V. are unaspiring. Covering its list is the jolly and disarming smile of Mr. Jack Hylton set in an unimaginable sunrise of cerise, blush, and intermediary shades. Parlophone, however, clings steadily to the masterpieces, and will make no blither concession to the holiday spirit than a grave and earnest presentment of the fine Teuton visage of Dr. Weissmann, the conductor who has done such superb work for this company with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra. The odd thing about all this is that Parlophone, after varied and pleasing adventures with Weber, Humperdinck, Liszt, Bach, and Wagner, has achieved what is, when all is said, quite the jolliest holiday-spirit record of the month. This is a (*)Concert Selection from *Wake Up and Dream!* played by the nimble-fingered Leslie Hutchinson with orchestra; and against this I unhesitatingly place my star, ruefully conscious that I shall find little else to place it against. I hope I have not to make it clear again that this action does not signify my preference for the compositions of Mr. Cole Porter to those of Weber, Humperdinck, Liszt, and those others. My reason, of course, is that this particular Parlophone disc provides the very best light music, playing, and recording, in its own particular class.

CANDIDLY, the month's good music is so slight that for once I am moved to begin the other way round and make an observatory progress from quantity up to quality. First having shied at some ballads from Columbia about lilies and violets and the much-apostrophised person called You, let me therefore begin with the dance-music. There is some fundamental truth about bad dance-tunes which urgently wants to be pointed out. Any musician could do it if any musician could be coaxed out of using language which only musicians pretend to understand. It has, I feel sure, something to do with sagging phrases—phrases like the first two of "Sonny Boy." But there is more in it than this, since many fine tunes, most of Tchaikowsky's for example, sag most of the time. Now, although no dancer, I like a good dance-tune as well as anybody. But fox-trots like "Haven't I?" "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and "To Know You is to Love You" do not seem to me to have even a toe-tickling qualification to recommend them. They sag and droop depressingly. They lack pertness, sparkle, and all those sharp modern attributes for which there are only American names. They have none of the insidious graciousness of "The Broadway Melody" or the tinkling charm of "Giggling Golliwog," in each of which the ascending phrase preponderates. The latter is worth having—especially since the reverse is a charming waltz—on a Columbia disc made by the Debroy Somers Band. This same band is much less pleasing in a "Russian Fantasy" which works the long-suffering Volga Boatmen to a violent death. Miss Ruth Etting, styled a comedienne, persuades us that the two excerpts from *Hold Everything* mentioned above are even less cheerful when taken more slowly; while it seems the set purpose of Messrs. Layton and Johnstone to make us wonder why *The New Moon* ran even so long as it did.

"WHAT more fascinating combination could there be than Wurlitzer, Strings and Pianoforte?" The question is set by H.M.V. "And," presuming a negative answer, it proceeds, "in such a melodious gem as 'Sweet Nothings' you will find it irresistible." Let me confess, though it be to my shame, that I find "Sweet Nothings" quite, and even wholly, resistible, and that I deem the Wurlitzer to be a big, palpitating bully. I am willing to give the palm for the best all-round fox-trot to Jack Hylton playing "Is Izzy Azzy Woz?" mainly because this title has combined with Gus Arnheim and his Cocoanut Grove Orchestra and Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees to throw me into a rhythmic but wholly paralysing confusion. I would rather hear nineteen hundred small children recite "Excelsior," one by one, than nineteen such combinations, led by nineteen such gentlemen, playing nineteen separate and indifferent fox-trots one after the other. There would be much less of monotony in the former ordeal.

(Continued on page 144)

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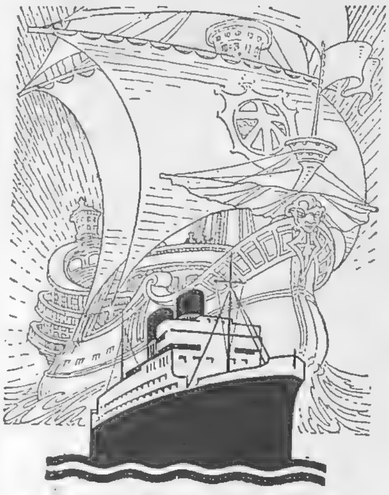
*) Recommended for a permanent collection of records.



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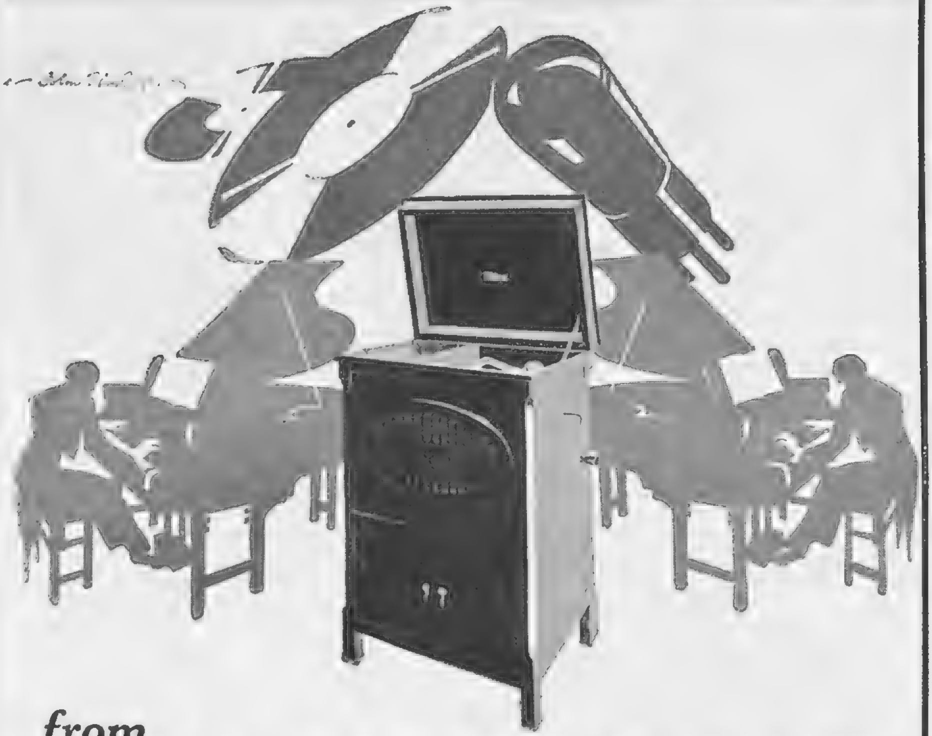

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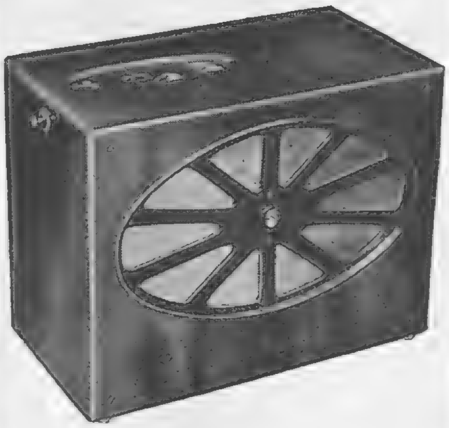

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THE best of recent singers on the gramophone is Mme. Feuge-Friederich, who has just recorded *Elisabeth's Greeting* and *Elisabeth's Prayer* for Parlophone. This soprano joins purity with steadiness and is obviously a considerable artist. For the same company M. Micheletti sings the Cavatina from Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* in a manner which recalls the old word "feateous"—that is to say, neatly, dexterously, and with something of sweetness. Another commendable Parlophone record is made by Mesdames Meta Seinemeyer and Helene Jung in two duets from the entrancing *Hänsel and Gretel*. The more modern and less entrancing Hänsel and Gretel on the Oulton Broads do not apparently want their Portable to give them any singing worthy of the name. There is none, therefore, in the Columbia list. There is in the catalogue, however, a long double-column headed "Theme Songs and Tunes from Famous Films." Here is an outcome of the talkies which only the most pessimistic of prophets could have foretold. I am horrified to find a similar list of no fewer than eighty-seven records in the H.M.V. catalogue. One hastily turns back the pages to the Vocal Records section. There is not, it must be confessed, very much. Some Vocal Gems from *Maritana* are hearty and should cheer the aged, and a big duet from *Manon Lescaut* moves us to modified rapture.

ONE is strongly inclined to praise an H.M.V. selection called *Lehariana* in the way in which one commends an amateur seascape where the painter has restrained himself or herself from inserting a yacht. For, almost incredibly, only the least familiar portions of *The Merry Widow* are included in this pot-pourri. The same company gives us the Berlin State Opera Orchestra playing some *German Dances* of Mozart. I have not Köchel's endless catalogue by heart, much though I love Mozart, and therefore I know not where these tunes come from. But I should not be at all surprised if some pundit arose to tell us that, in the manner of the so-called Beethoven Waltzes, these stodgy Germanic scraps were not Mozart's at all. *Melodious Memories*, played with great verve by the Regal Cinema Orchestra on two Columbia records, is a highly agreeable and even witty medley. A Parlophone selection from *Carmen* is ill arranged, the seductive *Habañera* being given to that least seductive of instruments, the cornet. The Prelude to *La Traviata*, an example of early Verdi on his best behaviour, is very delicately done; and there is an exhilarating performance by the same orchestra—the Berlin State Opera—of the *Euryanthe* Overture of Weber. These Parlophone records show splendid progress in every way. Observe the wood-wind tone in the delicious little *Abu Hassan* Overture of Weber which forms the fourth side of the *Euryanthe* pair. Equally remarkable is the recording of the harpsichord in a Bach Concerto for that pale instrument with strings accompanying. This should delight all purists, and parts of it please even me. It is on two Parlophone discs.

VIRTUOSI seem at last to be beginning to realise that Liszt wrote more for his favourite instrument than fifteen Hungarian Rhapsodies. Frederic Lamond is doing good work for this composer. This month he plays for H.M.V. a beautiful and Chopinesque *Sonetta del Petrarca* together with a less worthy *Valse Impromptu*. Another brilliant performer, M. Claudio Arram, gives us on a Parlophone disc the *Fountains at the Villa d'Este*, at the truly watery sound of which I trust that Messieurs Ravel and Respighi will have the grace to blench. M. Arram, unlike the similarly named schoolmaster, has manifestly no gyves upon his wrists, and reveals an easy power to make this dazzlingly difficult music seem even less practicable than it is. I do not pretend to be able to distinguish one good guitarist from another; but M. Gomez—in Massanet's *Elégie* for Columbia—has chosen music more suited to his instrument than the more celebrated M. Segovia, who plays for H.M.V. a *Courante* of Bach which is of a dullness unredeemed. It is a long time since we had the excitement of an infant prodigy in our midst, and certainly the harbinger which Master Yehudi Menuhin sends forth in the shape of an H.M.V. record is almost enough, in the catalogue's delightful phrase, to set "Musical Britain agog for the great event of the autumn season—Menuhin's London début." The boy certainly has one great qualification for virtuosity, the power to give seeming brilliance, and even beauty, to music which is intrinsically fatuous. He throws off an *Allegro* of Fiocco and Ries's *La Capriccioso* in a manner that ought to keep Musical Britain away from the talkies for at least an afternoon. And last, it is peaceful to come upon Mlle. d'Aranyi's playing for Columbia of the (*) Bach-Kreisler *Rondino* and the Gluck-Kreisler *Melodie*. This is fine.

(*) Recommended for a permanent collection of records.

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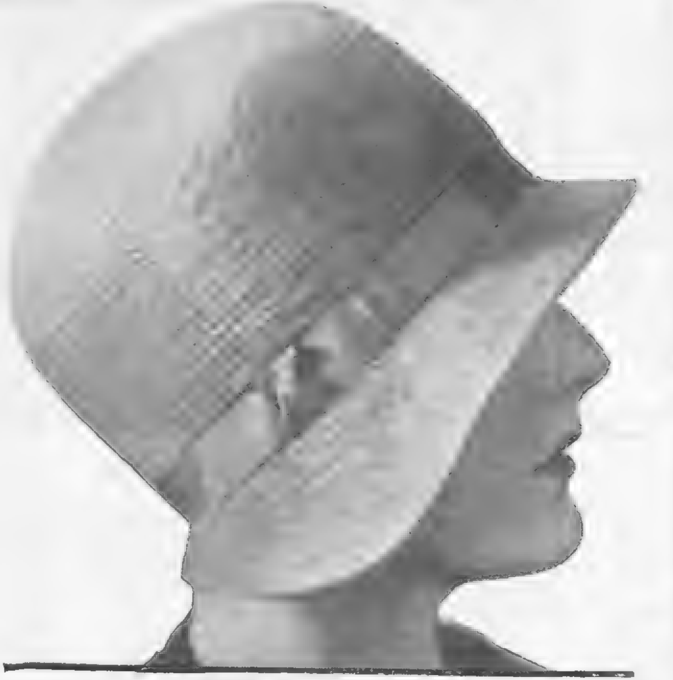

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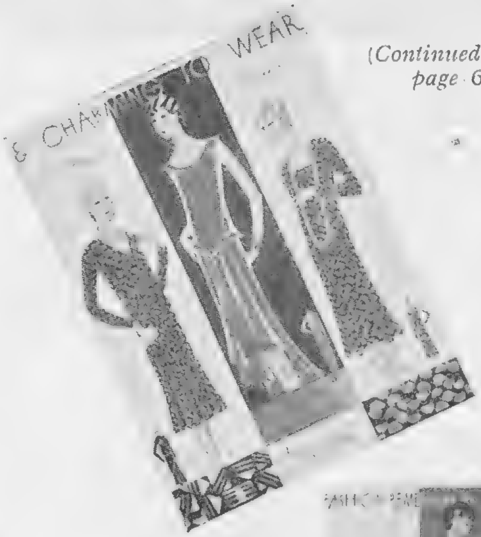
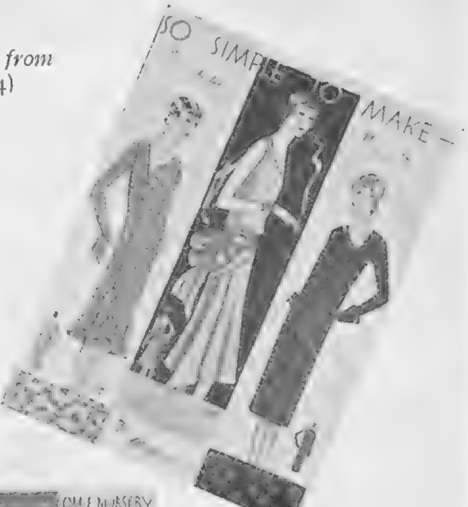
(*Continued from page 64*)

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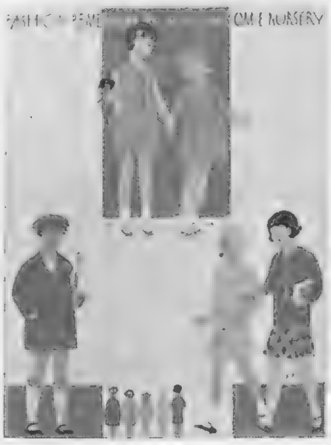

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The two afternoon models on page 66 are shown in San Toy (width 36 in.-37 in.) in a wide range of prices, and the evening gown in Courgette (width, 36 in.-37 in.), price 5s. 11d. a yard, these being among the loveliest of Courtaulds' fabrics, obtainable from all leading drapers.

The three models on page 67 testify to the charms of the Celanese fabrics, which are stocked by all the well-known Fashion Houses. Celanese printed satin (width 40 in., price 7s. 11d. a yard) is used for the left-hand model, and for the one on the right Celanese crêpe-satin (width 38 in., price 13s. 9d. a yard); and Celanese satin marocain (width 38 in.-40 in., price 8s. 11d. a yard) expresses the evening frock.

NOW the children's designs on page 68. For one little party frock, taffetas (width 35 in., price 5s. 11d. a yard), and for the other crêpe de Chine (width 38 in., price 6s. 11d. to 12s. 9d. a yard). For the nursery frock, Duromayd (width 36 in., price actually only 1s. 11d. a yard), that wonderful fadeless washing material, the makers of which actually replace any garment under the all covering guarantee. For the schoolroom suit, Viyella (31 in. wide, price 4s. 11d. a yard), the plain and checked variety being used effectively together. For the small boy's overcoat and cap, velours cloth (width 54 in., price 6s. 11d. to 10s. 9d.). Messrs. Gorringe, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., are responsible for all these, and they are to be found, needless to say, in a very large range of colours.

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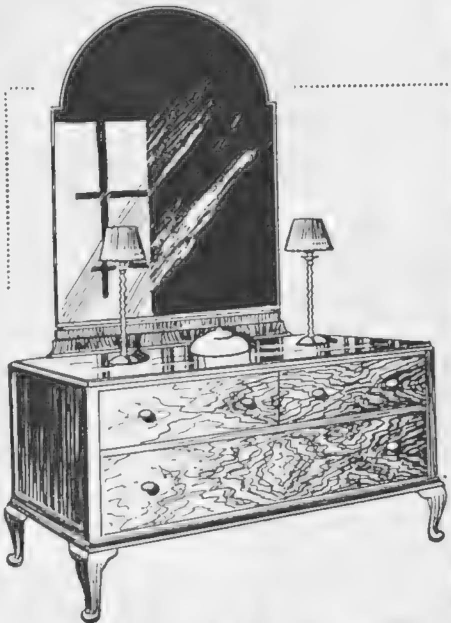

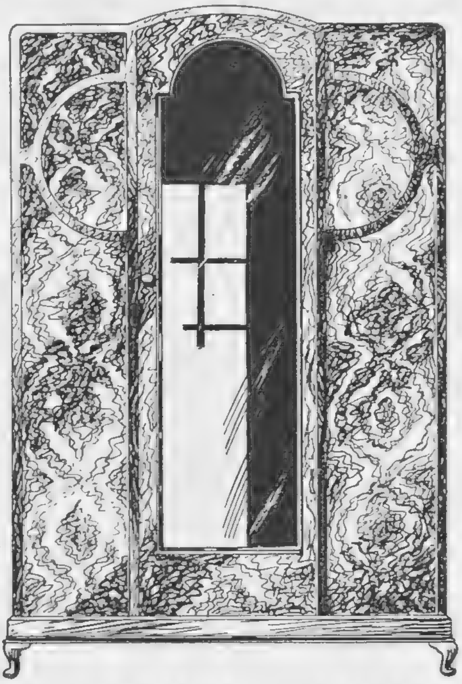

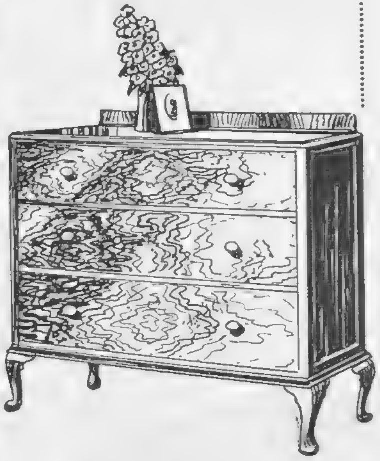

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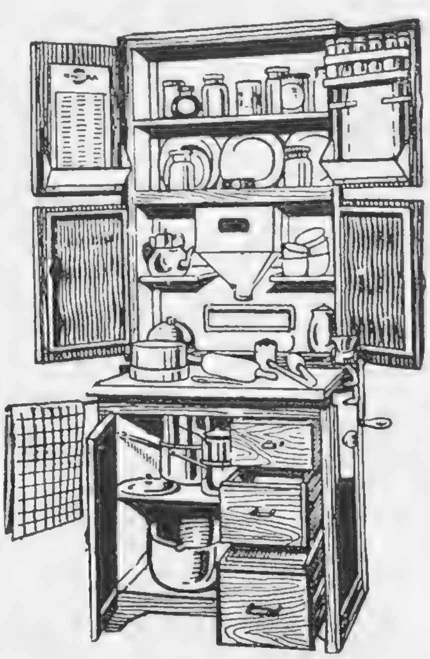

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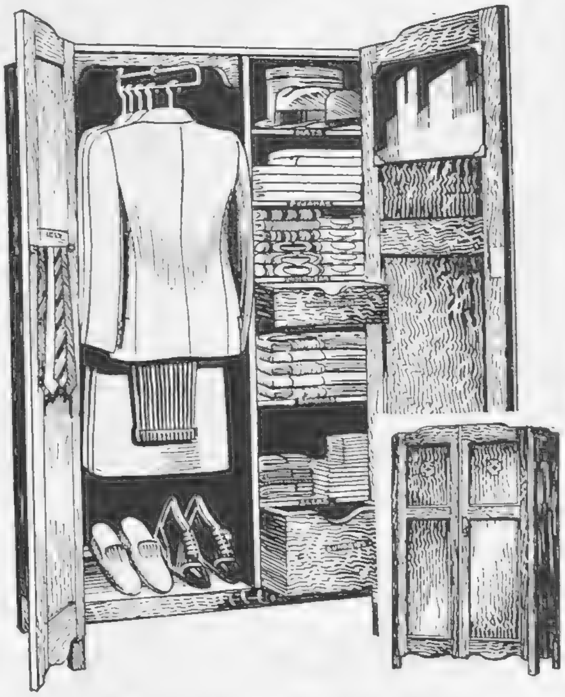

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The Passing of the Twenties: By GORDON BECKLES

(Continued from page 23)

aitches and his dress-suit jokes, is a most distinctive figure of the age?

He typifies the New Labour; well-to-do and humorous; conservative in tone and immensely pleased at finding itself the power in the land.

Yes, Jimmie Thomas is "of" the Twenties!

With him I stand Lady Astor, the only woman who has captured the public fancy, although not gifted with the executive ability of Miss Margaret Bondfield; Sir Oswald Mosley, the other side of the New Labour; and Mr. Snowden, whose heroic stand at The Hague we now accept quite naturally, just as if a few months ago we were not being threatened with the perils consequent upon a Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer!

Are these the figures whom we will see in our mind's eye as the "Joe" Chamberlains, the Gladstones, the Roseberys of our day?

Yes, if they dropped dead to-day, undoubtedly; but who knows what fresh comic talent Mr. Jimmie Thomas will not have developed by 1935? Who knows how many millionaires may not sit on the Labour side of the House? With how many women M.P.'s around them?

The political world, summed up from the point of view of the man in the street—which is the only point of view from which this article is written—would probably read Mr. Thomas, Mussolini and Coolidge; what an absurdly diversified group! Yet each has definitely emerged in the decade; the one with his agreeable Democracy, the other with his revival of autocracy, and the third with his new manner of Government—the Business Man potentate.

BUT if the field of politics has been productive of a fair handful of personalities, the field of science has been woefully starved of individual effort.

Here there has been progress in plenty, but all merely a-trading upon the genius of the men of earlier decades. Edison and Marconi still reign supreme.

Flying and motoring have developed, and yet there seems no fundamental change in either, and if there is one personality produced by the purely technical side, it is probably some one like Sir William Morris.

Sir Henry Segrave and Mr. Malcolm Campbell have also stepped into the limelight, but not exactly as benefactors of humanity, and both have yet to produce that one vivid human incident with which Lindbergh inflamed the imagination of the world.

Lindbergh I would place near to the Prince of Wales; a definite personality of the Twenties, in the direct line of the great men who have kept the light of romance burning with foolhardy and usually unnecessary heroisms.

Speed we certainly have worshipped, but as we are likely to prostrate ourselves even lower before the altar of Miles-Per-Hour it is safer to waive the credit for this particular phase of human progress.

MR. Charles Chaplin demands a place, although his fame started as far back as 1918; a genius, as none will deny.

Unhappily he appears to be the sole genius in an art, or business, which has spent the whole of the Twenties in thrusting its Big Figures upon the public as men and women have never been heralded in all the world's history.

Does anyone imagine that the children of 1945 will have heard of the great Rudolph Valentino, the beautiful Norma Shearer, the inimitable Harold Lloyd or the devastating Adolphe Menjou?

IN the world of the theatre, too, there have been singularly few outstanding personalities.

Sean O'Casey, one would account the leading playwright, followed by Frederick Lonsdale and the sumptuously prolific Noel Coward; Sybil Thorndike and Charles Laughton; Leslie Henson and the phenomenon of the "Co-Optimists," the glittering Cochran revues and Sir Barry Jackson's productions for the intelligent playgoer. A period of unrest and tawdry values.

Art's two greatest figures remain, Augustus John and Epstein, and their fame was assured long before 1920 dawned.

Music? Not one dominant personality; plenty of fine promise, but little achievement. On the lighter side, imported lyrics promise no such legacy as the Nineties left. Jazz found an echo in the disturbed minds of the post-war generation. But its place was insecure in the public affection . . . .

ARCHITECTURE gravitated towards the standardisation which spread insidiously through the land. Tall buildings, of no particular period and less originality, arose on every hand where once stood edifices of a distinctively English nature.

But no genius! No Sheraton, no Wren, no Adam Brothers; standardisation everywhere.

And so we are getting to the end of our gallery of celebrities. Medicine contributes Sir Herbert Barker, and possibly Dr. Banting, the inventor of insulin; science puts forward Einstein, although not a man in a million understands why.

NO "Society beauties," or, rather, too many of them, and too often pictured. Lady Diana Cooper was the last of the great beauties, for modern photography has a genius for making all its victims great beauties.

And thus to sum up. . . .

A dozen varied figures, a wave of Americanised habits of thought and life. Yes, a decade under the domination of the United States; they will think of us that way, for already the yoke is being cast aside. Not a department in our economic structure that has not been openly grateful to American methods during the past ten years.

"The funny old Twenties," the Forties will laugh. "Do you remember . . . ?"

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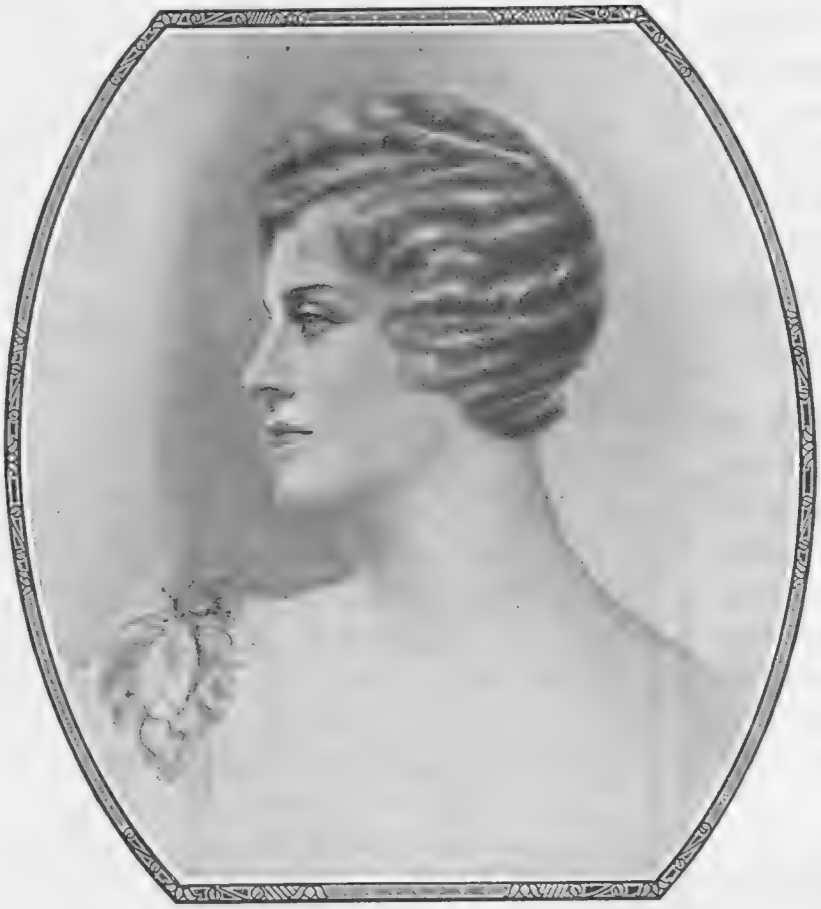

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Hollywood *through the* Looking Glass

By KATHLYN HAYDEN (continued from page 33)

First, there is the glamour of the lot, the daily contact with world-famed stars and directors—a potent attraction that holds them in their jobs against their better judgment.

Next—and hardly less influential a factor—there are the promises of better things to come—from the front office.

There is the certain knowledge which each of these women possesses that their connection with a Hollywood studio has a very appreciable cash value—if and when *the* offer from an outside business concern (of which they all dream) is finally made.

ABOVE all, Hollywood is the land of to-morrow. The "deferred" system applies to everything—from the purchase of freehold property to the dollar-down-and-dollar-a-week method of acquiring a wardrobe! Also Hollywood, so far as money-making ability is concerned, reverses every known economic standard. Such a state of affairs, to the thoughtful person, is enough to make it seem preferable to be underpaid! And the women to whom I have referred are thoughtful persons.

Every waitress at *Henry's*—the all-night restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard, notable chiefly as the place in which to find Chaplin in the small hours of the morning—*comes to work in her own motor car*! One of them owns two thoroughbred race-horses and belongs to three "exclusive" country clubs! Not one of them makes less than a hundred dollars a week!

And now let us consider other changes which the talkies have worked in the Hollywood that was.

We have, to begin with, the sublimation of *Tin Pan Alley.*

For all that Sir Gilbert Parker is, at the moment, in Hollywood, attempting to co-operate with C. B. DeMille in the preparation of a scenario, the fact remains that the success of *The Broadway Melody, Syncopation*, and the other talkies of a similar kind has stampeded the film factories into importing from New York a veritable drove of jazz composers and lyric writers, heretofore denizens of "Tin Pan Alley," the apt name given to the side street off Times Square in which these gentry used to pound out their melodies.

What *The Singing Fool* started, *On With the Show* ended. To know that this is so one need only look at the production schedule of any one of the Hollywood film factories at the moment. The executives are convinced that the public will continue indefinitely to flock to *imitations* of these successes. The only stories they will consider are stories dealing with cheap "hoofers"—song-and-dance people whose trite, sordid lives are aptly dealt with in the jargon of Broadway. Recalling how many box office winners were turned out by following the general lines of *The Covered Waggon* formula, they think now they can reap the same golden harvest by copying the outstanding talkie successes of the moment.

SOME of them don't realise the one great difference between the talkies and the silent films. Yet its exposition is a simple matter; appreciation of it even by laymen is not difficult.

Given world distributing resources such as every big Hollywood company had—no *silent* film could be so bad as not to make a handsome profit. To-day the producer of a talkie has either a gold mine—or a hopeless failure. From a factory proprietor he has become, overnight, a showman. From turning out Fords by mass production methods he must now produce a Rolls Royce—by hand!

The exhibitor to-day—in Glasgow or Chicago, Manchester or Melbourne—is booking only proven winners. Now that the novelty of talkies is beginning to wear off, it is impossible to give a bad talkie away!

Without realising it, Hollywood is talking the film factory into its grave!

And now another cataclysmic change!

The unimaginable is happening. Hollywood film magnates are bidding brusque farewells to stars whose names have brought cascades of gold into cinema box offices the world over. The new stars, brought by the score from New York, are as little known in this country as British film stars have been—*up to now*—in the United States. More, the average American cinemagoer knows nothing about these new stars. Ruth Chatterton is the highest paid of the newcomers. For years she was under the management of Henry Miller, the English actor-manager, generally conceded to have been the foremost stage producer in America.

From Maine to California, Florida to Washington, your American knows that the twang and idioms of Main Street do not denote that kind of cultural background which every American wishes he might have had. Correct enunciation well modulated tonal qualities—these are as much appreciated in Oshkosh as they are at Oxford!

These facts seem to me to justify my setting down here a prophecy—not, I hasten to add, my own. It pictures the Hollywood that *will be*—at as early a date as 1931!

IT is the considered opinion of one of the few astute film magnates of Hollywood, Samuel Goldwyn. Upon his return to Hollywood from his recent trip to London, he unburdened himself of some amazing conclusions at which he had arrived.

"For seventeen years I made silent films," he began. "In the past year, during which I made exactly one talkie, I worked harder than in all the other seventeen put together. Twenty, thirty fifty films a year were nothing in the old days. Now it's a very different story. Factory methods are no good now. We are no longer sausage manufacturers.

"And this is England's chance. Whether your British producer made a good picture or a bad picture, at least it was an individual effort. His experience is thus of much greater value to him to-day than the Hollywood producer's is to him. He will go at the business of making a talkie the only way it can be done—successfully—*as an individual enterprise.* If he does this it will be only a year before British talkies throughout the world where English is understood will dominate the screen as completely as American silent films had everything their own way!"

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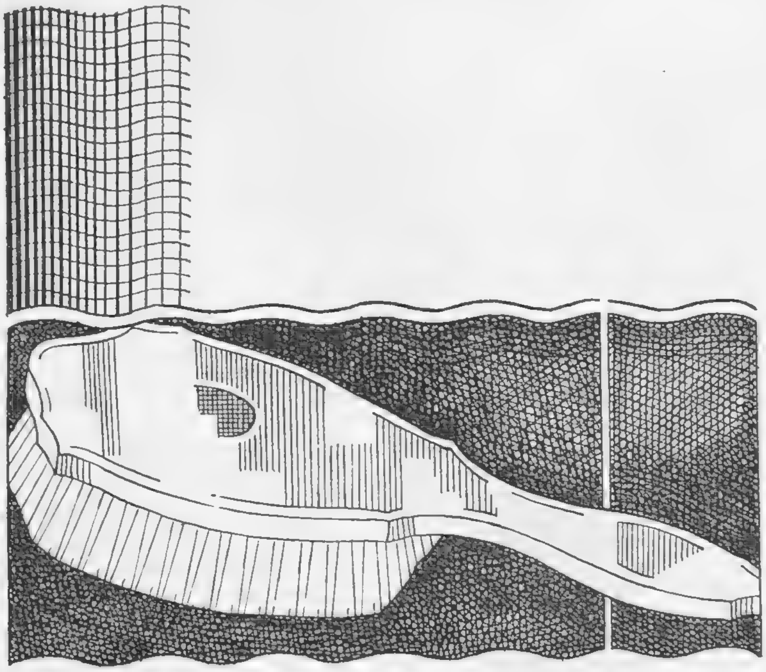

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Michael Angelo : *by* EMIL LUDWIG

(*Continued from page* 41)

list of those whose property was to be confiscated. A stonemason, one of his own people, came as messenger, and brought him a safe conduct. So great was his authority, that those who could have killed him were giving him the signal to return.

Two months after his flight the formal sentence of a money fine and of exclusion from the council was passed on Michael Angelo. Since, however, the siege became worse, he regained his position, and was again actively engaged in the fortress day and night.

And while want increased in Florence, and bread and courage diminished daily, the commander of the fortress sometimes crept quietly into the church of San Lorenzo and tried to chisel part of the face or a hand on the moument of the cousin of that Medici in whose name the troops outside were firing from his tower in San Miniato. Sadly he locks up the secret place and returns to his post of war. Yes, he did an astounding thing, as the result of the fatigue and overstrain of the long siege; after nearly two decades, he took up his paint-brush and painted a picture which the Duke of Ferrara had once asked for. What is the first thing he paints, nineteen years after the completion of the Sistine ceiling? What does he paint in these days when each day brings fresh premonitions of death ?

Leda. He dared to create on the canvas on a large scale a sister to the Eve of the Sistine ceiling, holding on her lap the swan which brought her the seed of the gods. From what dreams did this picture spring ? With what creative power did the man so charge himself in order to depict the most critical moment of a woman's life ? Those who before and after him had painted such a metamorphosis of a god have always expressed in the picture their own desire, and have made the woman tremble with emotion or dissolve in desire ; each was unknowingly a man who painted his thoughts above all else. Here, however, the dream of a woman who is herself a goddess has been realised in paint ; here the whole action has been lifted into the tragic ; here a primæval creature seems to be pondering on the mystery of union. Thinking, too, of the fate of the children which she will bear. These are the visions of a genius who was growing old, and who was never young.

Florence had fallen. One year after that warning and flight, the general completed his betrayal and surrendered the town. In vain the restored Medici broke into the house of the commandant of the fortress and searched all rooms and cupboards ; they found nothing and nobody. The fugitive had hidden himself in the house of a friend. As sculptor to the Medici, three years before, he had feared the hatred of the citizens ; as the engineer of the fortifications he was afraid to-day of the hatred of the Medici. But the Pope, who valued and needed him, soon let it be known that he was pardoned, so that one one dared to touch him.

IN a papal letter the Pope forbids him to work at anything besides the tombs of the Medici, under pain of excommunication from the Church, but the artist went to Rome, and with the assistance of the Pope, finally obtained a great concession for the heirs. A generation after the first plan had been completed, the structure in the greatest cathedral in the world, the mighty St. Peter's, had dwindled to a tomb to be placed in the little " St. Peter in the Corner " ; of the forty statues only six remained, but the heirs now gave him money instead of demanding theirs back, and Clement allowed him to work at both undertakings at once. At last everything seemed to be cleared up. However, Michael Angelo made a new acquaintance in Rome which gave a new impulse to his declining life. He met one of his dreams.

AT that time in Rome, when he again and more successfully waged a battle about the tomb, he met one day a youth in the company of priests and artists who lived there together. No one knows what he looked like. He was, and remained, the only man of whom Michael Angelo made a portrait, but the picture has disappeared, and the strength of the tradition remained unimpaired. Succeeding generations are free to choose among the handsomest of those genii of the Sistine ceiling in order to picture the looks of him whom the Master chose in life. Perhaps something of it is contained in his name, Tomaso Cavalieri. Perhaps he had that naïve questioning of a Tomaso, and the elegant knightly deportment of a Cavalieri. Certain it is that this is the first choice of the lonely artist who was attracted by bodily beauty, and only one other was to follow it. Fifty-eight years old and he had never yet fully revealed himself. It had indeed happened that one or other of his assistants had been platonically near to him, and in latter years, the ageing artist had occasionally attracted to himself a young man, but here for the first time the new Socrates recognised the second Alcibiades, and was entranced at the first meeting.

He sent the youth a poem and a letter in which he said : " Heaven has done well to deny to man the complete realisation of its beauty. If I myself at my age am not completely consumed, it is only because I, Sir, met you so casually." The youth, who has at the same time begun to draw, replied with the formal politenesses of the day, exaggerated and cool.

The Master, happy over the answer, replied at once with a present ; two drawings, Tityos and Ganymede, both in a manner different from the usual style of such representations, accompanied by an extravagant letter in Petrachesque expressions.

Should the youth not blush ? Will he not be shy when he reads such lines and sees such a letter from the most famous master of his day ? No, he is a born favourite, beautiful and cold. But the genius, always encased in the shell of his fantasy, guessed only at the light through the opal shell and dreamed the dream of the pearl.

In the summer Michael Angelo has to return to Florence, according to his agreement with the Pope, to the Chapel of the Medici, where the last three figures were three-quarters completed. He tried to substitute letters for the form of his young friend. The boy seemed to plague the old man with moods like those of a lovely maiden, for soon Michael Angelo wrote from Florence : " Did you not know of the unlimited love which I bring to you I would be surprised at the deep suspicion in your letter ; that I had not written to you, and therefore had forgotten you ....I could return this reproach to your Magnificence. But, perhaps, you wish only to try to light a new and stronger fire in me, if it can still grow larger....." "I know quite well," replied the coquette youth, " that you cannot forget me..... Your, still more than his own, Romaso Cavalieri."

This, however, was not the only one. The Grecian love fire which the Roman youth had awakened in the ailing and ageing man had changed its course towards two young Florentines, who seemed to stand far below the Roman in their bearing. Most of the sonnets and poems which he now wrote seemed to be dedicated to Tomaso ; this lyrical love impulse increased to such an extent that the caretaker in Rome, who read the verses before he passed them on, himself started to write poems and to send them to the Master for his opinion on them. But now the lover is wavering between those who are present and him who is absent, so he writes to a friend of his in Rome : " When you write to me, write something about him so that I may keep him in my thoughts. If I were to lose him from my mind I believe I should immediately fall down dead."

The full power of longing drives him away from Florence : drives him to Rome. His father died at ninety years of age. In spite of various controversies about money, he had brought his father, even when he himself was 60 years of age, the services and reverence of a son. Everything combined to draw Michael Angelo away from his own city.

Perhaps he had heard of the illness of the Pope, on whose life his safety depended ; it is sure, however, that he left a few days before the Pope's death, and thereby was able to save himself from Duke Alessandro's attack.

Now, when he left for Rome to live there permanently for thirty years, he left behind him at home only his statues. The two Dukes for whom the tombs were intended are without historical importance, but well known to the Master. One was Lorenzo's youngest son, Giuliano, still a child in the gardens of the Medici palace when Michael Angelo lived there, the other was Lorenzo, grandson of the Magnificent, and father of the illegitimate Alessandro who was now ruling Florence. Although he knew both of them, he did not depict them as likenesses, but fragments of a brooding fantasy. And still it is his pledge and, thanks to the Medici who had brought him up, perhaps the greatest legacy of his creative hand.

A YOUTH as commander, on his knees the baton held in his aristocratic hands—so sits Duke Giuliano in one of the two niches in the cold white wall. There is nothing of the resolve and

(*Continued on page* 155)

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strength of the leader of armies of those days, who fought, betrayed and fell: only the bearing of an heir forced into brilliant armour, a melancholic dreamer, a Platonic soul, who lent towards woman and art and was destined to die young.

Opposite him, Lorenzo wears a helmet but hardly any armour. No commander's baton forces him to wear the air of a ruler. This one also wears a mask behind which he hides. But he has not an open look. He is thinking, and in order to do it better, avoid disturbance of any sort, he wears the helmet to shadow his features. Greek though the other appeared, the thinker seems the more manly of the two; one who had not avoided passions and yet had not been subjugated by them.

In the coffin at his feet there rest the figures of Evening and Morning. The Evening, an old man with a beard, still strong as his creator at this time, looks out of shadowed eyes, tired but decided, thinking to-day what has to be done to-morrow. Mighty he appears in spirit and in body. On the other side of the coffin, Morning appears as a young woman, daintier than Eve, and sensually more tangible than the Master had ever attained before. She seems to be unable to release herself from sleep. It appears as if the narrow band beneath her breast holds her down to the rock.

Over these, under the statue of the dreamer with the marshal's baton, there are two other figures. They have lived, and nothing can shake them. There is the Day; he raises himself like a man with athletic shoulders. It is Prometheus who awakes.

And behind his back there sleeps Night. Her tragic face rests in her hand, and her arm is supported by the raised knee. The star still shines in her hair, but shines not for her. Thinking, knowing like Leda, gifted and burdened with all that the Day has given, rests here the primæval woman, mother of generations, awaiting with unfathomable strength the approach of the twilight dawn, who, on the other coffin is unwilling to wake from sleep. Only the owl sitting in the bend of her legs is watching, and seems in his wisdom to be thinking of what is happening in this silent chapel.

Four powers does one see here resting on the coffins; two men above them and between them in the plinth the Madonna, on whose lap the naked boy is turning. Six dreams of a lonely soul that avoids mankind and fears the gods.

* * *

THROUGH the streets of Rome rides a swarthy man, sixty years old, grey-haired, but with a full beard and hair, so far as can be seen under his broad black felt hat. He is lean: and his face, full of wrinkles, likes to feel the fresh air playing over it. His boots of Cordovan leather are high, and buckled in, to ward off the damp. As he gets off his horse and the front of his head can be seen, the skull is seen to be rounded and too large in relation to his face. If he doffs his hat, which he rarely does for anyone, you will see a square brow, lined like a folded piece of notepaper. If he turns his profile his under-lip comes above the upper and his brow overhangs his nose. The nose is flat and if you look closely you will see that it is broken. In his whole countenance there is no touch of harmony.

But his hand, now that he takes off his glove, is beautiful: it is strong and has gripping, sensitive fingers. Both hands are alike, for he uses one as freely as the other, and when his right hand is tired out by wielding the chisel, he works with the left. There is only one thing that intrigues the stranger who does not know the man's name; and that is the questioning look from the dark eyes, lively with thin golden pupils, eyes that are always seeking and enquiring. He owes to that look much of his genius; it is the look of a fettered slave, who longs to hold life in freedom and whom death alone can free.

As enemy to the human race, as nobleman and as artist, he chose pride as his weapon. Nobody might approach too near; with the increase of age and fame he assessed his own worth at a double value. The humiliation of the man of thirty, who had been dismissed and rejected by Pope Julius, was not forgotten by the man of sixty.

To the King of France, who wrote an autograph letter to ask for something from his hand, Michael Angelo wrote: "I am old, and am occupied for months to come in works for the Pope. As soon as I can get a respite I will execute something for your Majesty, as I have long wished to do. And if death frustrates this purpose, and if one can carve or paint in another life, I shall never fail in doing something for you there, where one alters no more."

His fame was now greater than that of Leonardo or Titian. The Grand Council of Venice invited him to live there, at a large salary and free from all costs. King Francis of France kept 3,000 scudi at his disposal in case he should ever be pleased to come to Paris, and the Sultan of Turkey informed him that he would forward as much money as he wanted, and that if he came, one of his dignitaries would receive him at the border and would accompany him to the Bosphorus. All this left him quite unmoved.

WHEN the new Pope, Paul II, of the house of Farnese, wished to retain the Master for himself, the latter saw the ghost of the unburied Julius rise up again. When, however, he explained to the Pope the contract that prevented him serving the Pope, the latter cried out," For thirty years I have longed for you and now, when I am Pope, shall I deny myself? Where is the contract? I will tear it to pieces!" Soon he appointed him to be architect, painter and sculptor to the Vatican, at a yearly salary of 600 gold scudi, and added to that, as a benefice, the toll of a certain bridge. With alarm, the Master recognised in the new Pope a new pursuer, while all others welcomed in him a new patron. He thought of flying to Genoa, or to the heirs of Julius at Urbino. While he was planning this, suddenly one day the Pope with a large following of Cardinals appeared in the house by the Forum of Trojan. They admired all they saw there, particularly Moses, who almost alone had to represent the dreamed-of forty figures for the cursed tomb. The Cardinal of Mantua then said: "This statue alone is wonderful enough to honour Julius II!" The word of a diplomat was so suited to the case in point that everyone had to laugh. The old contract was not, however, destroyed, but the work was again postponed, for the Pope attached himself at once to one of the last plans of his predecessor; he wanted the large altar-wall of the Sistine chapel painted. The Master did not protest any more; on the contrary he was pleased. A large scaffolding was erected, and for eight years this was his workshop. From his sixty-first to his sixty-seventh year, Michael Angelo painted "The Last Judgment."

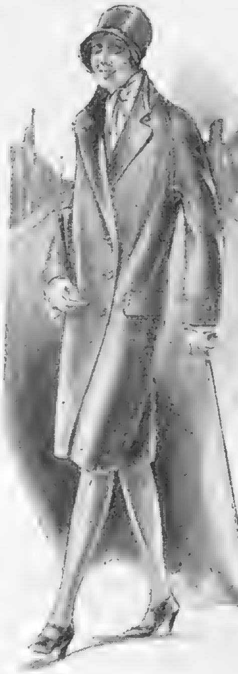
ACCORDING to his innermost rule, this time also the Master painted most of his figures naked. "This should not be for a chapel, but for a bath or a tavern," said the Master of Ceremonies, who saw the picture in the making. As a punishment, his portrait was painted as Minos, the Prince of Hell, who hungrily awaited the arrival of his victims, surrounded by devils and with a snake encircling his legs. The Pope whether from fear or from malicious joy, refused to listen to the complaint of the victim, and thus this became the only portrait remaining from Michael Angelo's hand—a picture pointing a moral against all Pharisees, sycophants, and bourgeois.

Meanwhile, he paints a second portrait in this company of saints and damned souls, but this so secretly that four centuries passed before it was discovered a short time ago. The Holy Rochus carried, according to an old interpretation of the painters, his flayed skin in his hand; in the middle of this skin Michael Angelo caricatured himself.

For, like Dante, he went to judgment here. In ranks and groups arose the saints and fell the sinners, up and down on the enormous picture, destined to glory, a damnation by a naked god, who had no other point in common with Christ. To-day, as formerly, the brush of the old Master finds its expression in a stream of naked forms. But never before had he been so great a physiognomist. Never before had he painted so many heads and hands of varying expressions as here, where everything is fear; expectance, hope and terror depended on one thing alone. The eternal battle between light and darkness, the struggle, the collapse, which convulse all his figures both in paint and in stone, are here for the first time transferred from the world of metaphysics to become a series of lovely forms in a world of suffering humanity. The theme of the picture, like the colours which the smoke of the candles has darkened still further, seems to be like the ebb and flow of a restless sea whose waves follow quickly on one another without any respite, and appears like a gigantic record of a life full of shadows, in which the darkness has dimmed the light. The earnest world whose living forms are developed above, the world of the ceiling, in itself heavy and measured, seems gay to the eyes of the tortured souls below.

For even the saved, this is the final conclusion of his wisdom, do not fly straight to Paradise, and even if he has dreamed them he does not dare to paint them. The angels with the Cross do not make music, no eternal day opens its orb, even the holy do not arise; they feel themselves drawn up. What in the end released Dante, Faust and Beethoven is here illuminated but faintly by the reflected light of the heavenly sun, and even the Madonna herself has only shyly fled to the Judge, who here has the form of a naked god thundering in fury.

(To be continued)



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The Man *from the* Sea: *by* AGATHA CHRISTIE

(*Continued from page* 20)

"That is a cliché," said Mr. Satterthwaite wearily.

"Of course, I see your point," said Anthony Cosden generously. "Naturally, you've got to say what you can. I'd try to dissuade a fellow myself, even though I knew deep down that he was right. And you know that I'm right. A clean, quick end is better than a lingering one—causing trouble and expense and bother to all. In any case, it's not as though I had anyone in the world belonging to me. . . ."

"If you had—?" said Mr. Satterthwaite sharply.

Cosden drew a deep breath.

"I don't know. Even then, I think, this way would be best. But, anyway—I haven't. . . ."

HE stopped abruptly. Mr. Satterthwaite eyed him curiously. Incurably romantic, he suggested again that there was, somewhere, some woman. But Cosden negatived it. He oughtn't, he said, to complain. He had had, on the whole, a very good life. It was a pity it was going to be over so soon, but at any rate he had had, he supposed, everything worth having. Except a son. He would like to know now that he had a son living after him. Still, he reiterated the fact, he had had a very good life.

It was at this point that Mr. Satterthwaite lost patience.

"You have not begun to live yet," he said. "You are still at the beginning of life."

Cosden laughed.

"Why, my hair's grey. I'm forty——"

Mr. Satterthwaite interrupted him.

"That has nothing to do with it. Life is a compound of physical and mental experiences. I, for instance, am sixty-nine, and I am really sixty-nine. I have known, either at first or second hand, nearly all the experiences life has to offer. You are like a man who talks of a full year and has seen nothing but snow and ice! The flowers of spring, the languorous days of summer, the falling leaves of autumn—he knows nothing of them. And you are going to turn your back on even the opportunity of knowing them."

"You seem to forget," said Anthony Cosden drily, "that, in any case, I have only six months."

"Time, like everything else, is relative," said Mr. Satterthwaite. "That six months might be the longest and most varied experience of your whole life."

COSDEN looked unconvinced.

"In my place," he said. "You would do the same."

Mr. Satterthwaite shook his head.

"No," he said simply. "In the first place, I doubt if I should have the courage. And in the second place——"

"Well?"

"I always want to know what is going to happen to-morrow."

Cosden rose suddenly with a laugh.

"Well, sir, you've been very good in letting me talk to you. I've said a lot too much. Forget it."

"And to-morrow, when an accident is reported, I am to leave it at that? To make no suggestions of suicide?"

"That's as you like. I'm glad you realise one thing—that you can't prevent me."

"My dear young man," said Mr. Satterthwaite placidly. "I can hardly attach myself to you like the proverbial limpet. Sooner or later you would give me the slip. But you are frustrated, at any rate, for this afternoon. You would hardly like to go to your death leaving me under the possible imputation of having pushed you over."

"That is true," said Cosden. "If you insist on remaining here——"

"I do," said Mr. Satterthwaite firmly.

Cosden laughed good-humouredly.

"Then the plan must be deferred for the moment. In which case I will go back to the hotel."

Mr. Satterthwaite was left looking at the sea.

"And now," he said to himself softly, "what next? I wonder. . . ."

He got up, and, turning slowly, he walked back along the path between the cypresses and into the quiet garden. He looked at the shuttered, peaceful house and he wondered as he had often wondered before who had lived there and what had taken place within those placid walls. On a sudden impulse, he walked up some crumbling stone steps and laid a hand on one of the faded green shutters.

To his surprise, it swung back at his touch. He hesitated a moment, then pushed it boldly open. The next minute he stepped back with a little exclamation of dismay. A woman stood in the window facing him. She wore black, and had a black lace mantilla draped over her head.

Mr. Satterthwaite floundered wildly in Italian interspersed with German—the nearest he could get in the hurry of the moment to Spanish. He was desolated and ashamed, he explained haltingly. The Signora must forgive. He thereupon retreated hastily, the woman not having spoken one word.

HE was half-way across the courtyard when she spoke—two sharp words like a pistol crack.

"Come back!"

It was a barked out command such as might have been addressed to a dog, yet so absolute was the authority it conveyed that Mr. Satterthwaite had swung round hurriedly and trotted back to the window almost automatically before it occurred to him to feel any resentment. The woman was still standing there. She looked him up and down, appraising him with perfect calmness.

"You are English," she said.

Mr. Satterthwaite started off on a second apology.

"If I had known you were English," he said, "I could have expressed myself better just now. I offer my most sincere apologies for my rudeness in trying the shutter. I am afraid I can plead no excuse save curiosity. I had a great wish to see what the inside of this charming house was like."

She laughed suddenly, a deep rich laugh.

"If you really want to see it," she said, "you had better come in."

(*Continued on page* 158)

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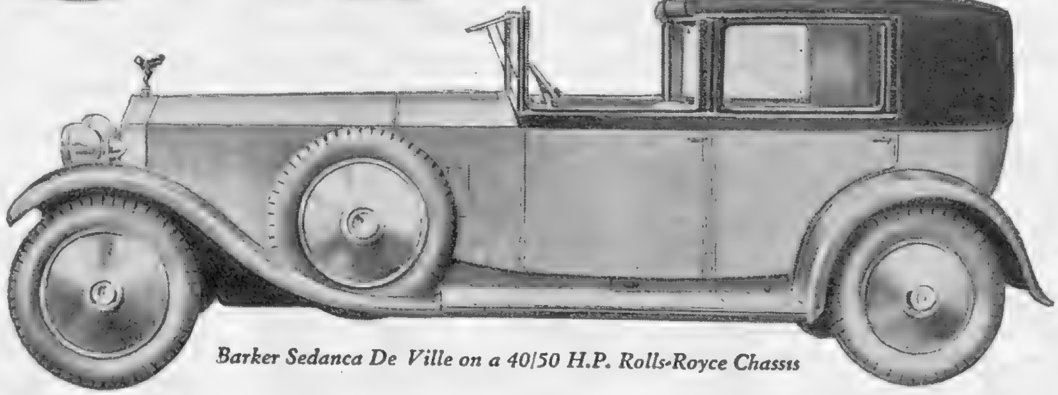

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She stood aside, and Mr. Satterthwaite, feeling pleasurably excited, stepped into the room. It was dark, since the shutters of the other windows were closed, but he could see that it was scantily and rather shabbily furnished and that the dust lay thick everywhere.

"Not here," she said. "I do not use this room."

She led the way, and he followed her out of the room across a passage and into a room the other side. Here the windows gave on the sea, and the sun streamed in.

"You will have tea with me," said Mr. Satterthwaite's hostess.

She went out of the door and called out something in Spanish, then she returned and sat down on a sofa opposite her guest. For the first time, Mr. Satterthwaite was able to study her appearance.

THE first effect she had upon him was to make him feel even more grey and shrivelled and elderly than usual by contrast with her own forceful personality. She was a tall woman, very sunburnt, dark and handsome, though no longer young. When she was in the room the sun seemed to be shining twice as brightly as when she was out of it, and presently a curious feeling of warmth and aliveness began to steal over Mr. Satterthwaite. It was as though he stretched out thin, shrivelled hands to a reassuring flame. He thought: "She's so much vitality herself that she's got a lot left over for other people."

She had clearly been considering him as she sat with her chin in her hands, making no pretence about it. At last she nodded as though she had made up her mind.

"I am glad you came," she said at last. "I needed someone very badly to talk to this afternoon. And you are used to that, aren't you?"

"I don't quite understand."

"I mean people tell you things. You knew what I meant! Why pretend?"

"Well—perhaps——"

She swept on, regardless of anything he had been going to say.

"One could say anything to you. That is because you are half a woman. You know what we feel—what we think—the queer, queer things we do."

HER voice died away. Tea was brought in by a large, smiling Spanish girl. It was good tea—China. Mr. Satterthwaite sipped it appreciatively.

"You live here?" he inquired conversationally.

"Yes."

"But not altogether. The house is usually shut up, is it not? At least, so I have been told."

"I am here a good deal; more than anyone knows. I only use these rooms."

"You have had the house long?"

"It has belonged to me for twenty-two years, and I lived here for a year before that."

Mr. Satterthwaite said rather inanely (or so he felt), "That is a very long time."

"The year? Or the twenty-two years?"

His interest stirred, Mr. Satterthwaite said gravely, "That depends."

She nodded.

"Yes, it depends. They are two separate periods. They have nothing to do with each other. Which is long? Which is short? Even now I cannot say."

She was silent for a minute, brooding. Then she said with a little smile:

"It is such a long time since I have talked with anyone—such a long time! I do not apologise. You came to my shutter. You wished to look through my window. And that is what you are always doing, is it not? Pushing aside the shutter and looking through the window into the truth of people's lives, if they will let you. And often if they will not let you! It would be difficult to hide anything from you. You would guess—and guess right."

MR. SATTERTHWAITE had an odd impulse to be perfectly sincere.

"I am sixty-nine," he said. "Everything I know of life I know at second hand. Sometimes that is very bitter to me. And yet, because of it, I know a good deal."

She nodded thoughtfully.

"I know. Life is very strange. I cannot imagine what it must be like to be that—always a looker-on."

Her tone was wondering. Mr. Satterthwaite smiled.

"No, you would not know. Your place is in the centre of the stage. You will always be the prima donna."

"What a curious thing to say!"

"But I am right. Things have happened to you—will always happen to you. Sometimes, I think, there have been tragic things. Is that so?"

Her eyes narrowed. She looked across at him.

"If you are here long somebody will tell you of the English swimmer who was drowned at the foot of this cliff. They will tell you how young and strong he was, and they will tell you that his young wife looked down from the top of the cliff and saw him drowning."

"Yes, I have already heard that story."

"That man was my husband. This was his villa. He brought me out here with him when I was eighteen, and a year later he died—driven by the surf on the black rocks, cut and bruised and mutilated, battered to death."

Mr. Satterthwaite gave a shocked exclamation. She leant forward, her burning eyes focused on his face.

"You spoke of a tragedy. Can you imagine a greater tragedy than that? For a young wife, only a year married, to stand helpless while the man she loved fought for his life—and lost it—horribly."

"Terrible!" said Mr. Satterthwaite He spoke with real emotion. "Nothing in life could be so dreadful."

SUDDENLY she laughed. Her head went back.

"You are wrong," she said. "There i something more terrible. And that is for a young wife to stand there and hope and long for her husband to drown . . ."

"But, good God!" cried Mr. Satterthwaite. "You don't mean——"

"Yes, I do. That's what it was really. I knelt there—knelt down on the cliff and prayed. The Spanish servants thought I was praying for his life to be saved. I wasn't. I was praying that I might wish him to be spared. I was saying one thing over and over again: 'God, help me not to wish him dead.' But it wasn't any good. All the time I hoped—hoped—— And my hope came true."

She was silent for a minute or two and

(*Continued on page* 160)

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then she said very gently in quite a different voice:

"That is a terrible thing, isn't it? It's the sort of thing one can't forget. I was so terribly happy when I knew he was really dead and couldn't come back to torture me any more."

"My child!" said Mr. Satterthwaite, shocked.

"I know. I was too young to have that happen to me. Those things should happen to one when one is older—when one is more prepared for—for beastliness. Nobody knew, you know, what he was really like. I thought he was wonderful when I first met him, and was so happy and proud when he asked me to marry him. But things went wrong almost at once. He was angry with me—nothing I could do pleased him—and yet I tried so hard. And then he began to like hurting me. And above all to terrify me. That's what he enjoyed most. He thought out all sorts of things . . . dreadful things. I suppose, really, he must have been a little mad. I was alone here, in his power, and cruelty began to be his hobby."

HER eyes widened and darkened. "The worst was my baby. I was going to have a baby. Because of some of the things he did to me—it was born dead. My little baby. I nearly died too—but I didn't. I wished I had."

Mr. Satterthwaite made an inarticulate sound.

"And then I was delivered—in the way I've told you. Some girls who were staying at the hotel dared him. That's how it happened. All the Spaniards told him it was madness to risk the sea just then. But he was very vain—he wanted to show off. And I—I saw him drown—and was glad. God oughtn't to let such things happen."

Mr. Satterthwaite stretched out his little dry hand and took hers. She squeezed it hard as a child might have done.

"At first it seemed too good to be true. The house was mine and I could live in it. And no one could hurt me any more! I was an orphan, you know. I had no near relations, no one to care what became of me. That simplified things. I lived on here—in this villa—and it seemed like Heaven. Yes, like Heaven. Just to wake up and know that everything was all right—no pain, no terror, no wondering what he was going to do to me next. Yes, it was Heaven."

SHE paused a long time, and Mr. Satterthwaite said at last:

"And then?"

"I suppose human beings aren't ever satisfied. At first, just being free was enough. But after a while I began to get—well, lonely, I suppose. I began to think about my baby that died. If only I had had my baby! I wanted dreadfully something or someone to play with. It sounds silly and childish, but there it was."

"I understand," said Mr. Satterthwaite gravely.

"It's difficult to explain the next bit. It just—well, happened, you see. There was a young Englishman staying at the hotel. He strayed into the garden by mistake. I was wearing Spanish dress and he took me for a Spanish girl. I thought it would be rather fun to pretend I was one, so I played up. His Spanish was very bad, but he could just manage a little. I told him the villa belonged to an English lady who was away. I said she had taught me a little English, and I pretended to speak broken English. It was such fun—even now I can remember what fun it was. He began to make love to me. We agreed to pretend that the villa was our home, that we were just married and coming to live there. I suggested that we should try one of the shutters—the one you tried this evening. It was open and inside the room was dusty and uncared for. We crept in. It was exciting and wonderful. We pretended it was our own house."

BREAKING off suddenly, she looked appealingly at Mr. Satterthwaite.

"It all seemed lovely—like a fairy tale. And the lovely thing about it, to me, was that it wasn't true. It wasn't real."

Mr. Satterthwaite nodded. He saw her, perhaps, more clearly than she saw herself—that frightened, lonely child entranced with her make-believe that was so safe because it wasn't real.

"He was, I suppose, a very ordinary young man. Out for adventure, but quite sweet about it. We went on pretending."

She stopped, looked at Mr. Satterthwaite, and said again:

"You understand? We went on pretending. . . ."

She went on again in a minute.

"He came up again the next morning to the villa; I saw him from my bedroom through the shutter. Of course, he didn't dream I was inside. He still thought I was a little Spanish peasant girl. He stood there looking about him. He'd asked me to meet him. I'd said I would, but I never meant to.

"He just stood there, looking worried. I think he was worried about me. It was nice of him to be worried about me. He *was* nice. . . ."

AGAIN she paused. "The next day he left. I've never seen him again.

"My baby was born nine months later. I was wonderfully happy all the time. To be able to have a baby so peacefully and with no one to hurt you or make you miserable. I wished I'd remembered to ask my English boy his Christian name. I would have called the baby after him. It seemed unkind not to. It seemed rather unfair. He'd given me the thing I wanted most in the world, and he would never even know about it! But, of course, I told myself that he wouldn't look at it that way—that to know would probably only worry and annoy him. I had been just a passing amusement for him, that was all."

"And the baby?" asked Mr. Satterthwaite.

"He was splendid. I called him John. Splendid. I wish you could see him now. He's twenty. He's going to be a mining engineer. He's been the best and dearest son in the world to me. I told him his father had died before he was born."

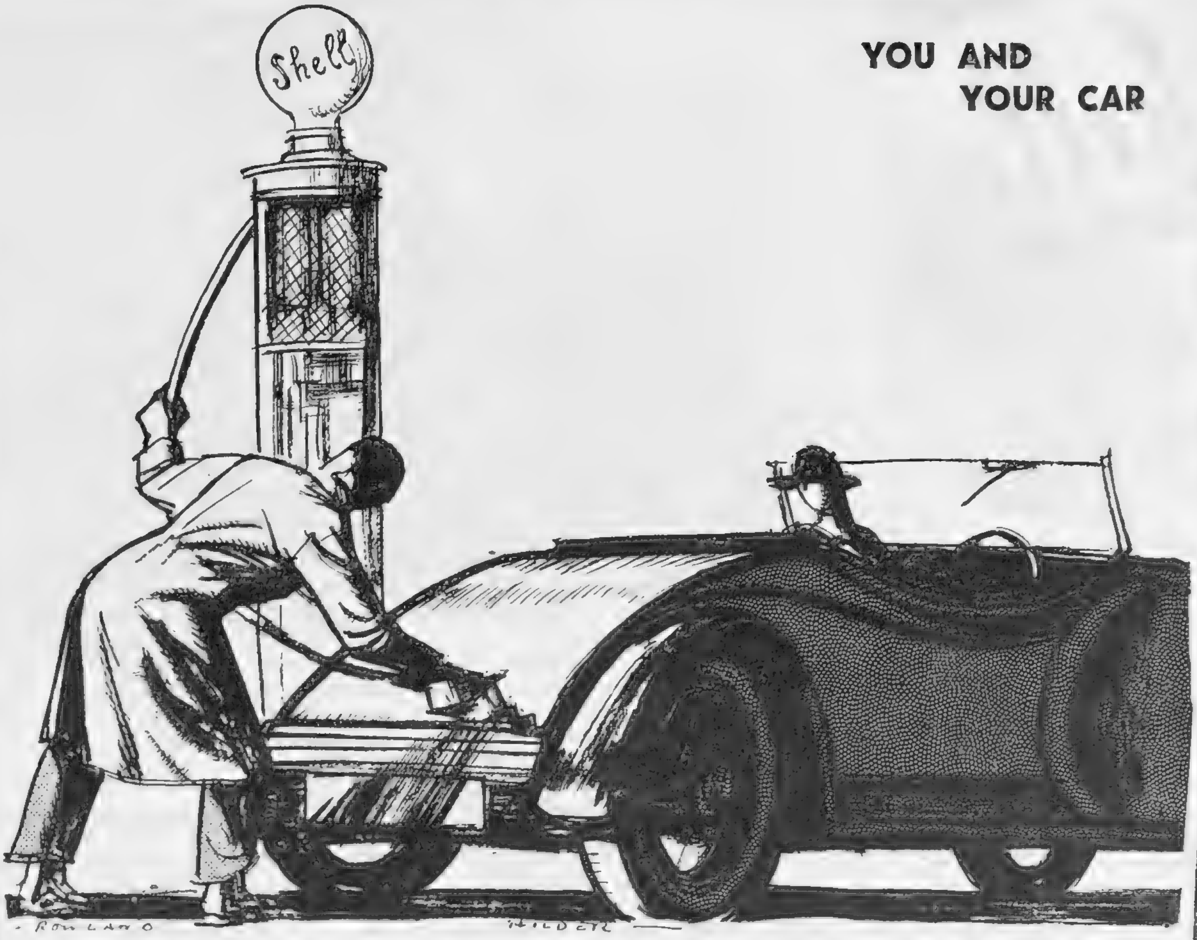
Mr. Satterthwaite stared at her. A curious story. And somehow, a story that was not completely told. There was, he felt sure, something else.

"Twenty years is a long time," he said thoughtfully. "You've never contemplated marrying again."

She shook her head. A slow, burning blush spread over her tanned cheeks.

"The child was enough for you—always?"

(*Continued on page* 162)



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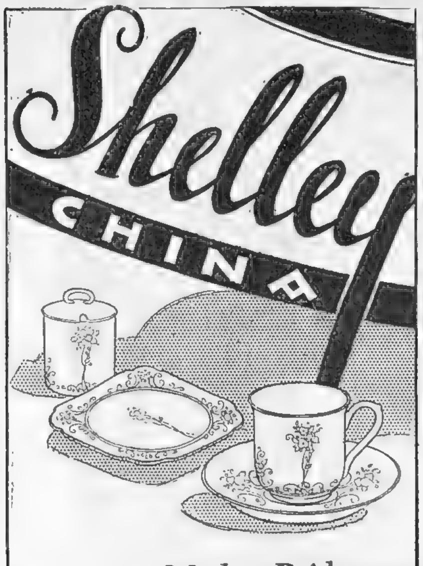

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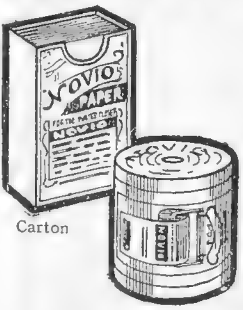

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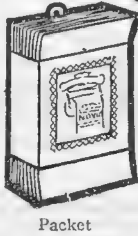

SHE looked at him. Her eyes were softer than he had yet seen them.

"Such queer things happen!" she murmured. "Such queer, queer things. . . . You wouldn't believe them. No, I'm wrong, *you* might, perhaps. I didn't love John's father, not at the time. I don't think I even knew what love was. I assumed as a matter of course that the child would be like me. But he wasn't. He mightn't have been my child at all. He was like no one but his father. I learnt to know that man—through his child. Through the child, I learnt to love him. I'd know him if I saw him to-morrow—even though it's over twenty years since we met. Loving him has made me into a woman. I love him as a woman loves a man. For twenty years I've lived loving him. I shall die loving him."

She stopped abruptly—then challenged her listener.

"Do you think I'm mad—to say these strange things?"

"Oh! my dear," said Mr. Satterthwaite. He took her hand again.

"You do understand?"

"I think I do. But there's something more, isn't there? Something that you haven't yet told me?"

Her brow clouded over.

"Yes, there's something. It was clever of you to guess. I knew at once you weren't the sort one can hide things from. But I don't want to tell you—and the reason I don't want to tell you is because it's best for you not to know."

HE looked at her. Her eyes met his bravely and defiantly.

He said to himself: "This is the test. All the clues are in my hand. I ought to be able to know. If I reason rightly I shall know."

There was a pause, then he said slowly: "Something's gone wrong—suddenly—after all these years." He felt himself groping—groping—in the dark recesses of her mind where she was trying to hide her secret from him.

"The boy—it's to do with him. You wouldn't mind about anything else."

He heard the very faint gasp she gave and knew he had probed correctly. A cruel business, but necessary.

"It is better for me not to know, you say. Better for *me*? But you are not a very considerate woman. You would not shrink from putting a stranger to a little temporary inconvenience. It is more than that, then? If you tell me you make me an accomplice before the fact. That sounds like crime. Fantastic! I could not associate crime with you, or only one sort of crime—a crime against yourself."

HER lids drooped in spite of herself, and veiled her eyes. He leaned forward and caught her wrist.

"It *is* that, then? You are thinking of taking your life."

She gave a low cry.

"How did you know?"

"But why? You are not tired of life. I never saw a woman less tired of it—more radiantly alive."

She got up, went to the window, pushing back a strand of her dark hair as she did so.

"Since you have guessed so much I might as well tell you the truth. You were right about the cause. It's the boy. He knows nothing. But last time he was home, he spoke tragically of a friend of his, and I discovered something. If he finds out that he is illegitimate it will break his heart. He is proud—horribly proud! There is a girl. Oh! I won't go into details. But he is coming very soon—and he wants to know all about his father—he wants details. The girl's parents naturally want to know. When he discovers the truth, he will break with her, exile himself, ruin his life. *It will break his heart.* . . . But if, before he comes, there has been an accident, everything will be swallowed up in grief for me. He will look through my papers, find nothing, and be annoyed that I told him so little. But he will not suspect the truth. It is the best way. One must pay for happiness, and I have had so much—oh! so much happiness."

"But, my dear child——"

"Don't argue with me." She flared round on him. "I won't listen to conventional arguments. My life is my own. Up to now, it has been needed—for John. But he needs it no longer. He wants a mate—a companion—he will turn to her all the more willingly because I am no longer there. My life is useless, but my death will be of use. And I have the right to do what I like with my own life."

"Are you sure?"

THE sternness of his tone surprised her. She stammered slightly.

"If it is no good to anyone—and I am the best judge of that——"

He interrupted her again.

"Not necessarily."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen. I will put a case to you. A man comes to a certain place—to commit suicide, shall we say? But by chance he finds another man there, so he fails in his purpose and goes away—to live. The second man has saved the first man's life, not by being necessary to him or prominent in his life, but just by the mere physical fact of having been in a certain place at a certain moment. You take your life to-day and perhaps, some five, six, seven years hence, someone will go to death or disaster simply for lack of your presence in a given spot or place. It may be a runaway horse coming down a street that swerves aside at sight of you and so fails to trample a child that is playing in the gutter. That child may live to grow up and be a great musician, or discover a cure for cancer. Or it may be less melodramatic than that. He may just grow up to ordinary everyday happiness. . . ."

SHE stared at him.

"You are a strange man. These things you say—I have never thought of them. . . ."

"You say your life is your own," went on Mr. Satterthwaite. "But can you dare to ignore the chance that you are taking part in a gigantic drama under the orders of a divine Producer? Your cue may not come till the end of the play—it may be totally unimportant, a mere walking-on part, but upon it may hang the issues of the play. If you do not give the cue to another player, the whole edifice may crumble. You, as you, may not matter to anyone in the world, but you as a person in a particular place may matter unimaginably."

She sat down, still staring.

(*Continued on page* 164)

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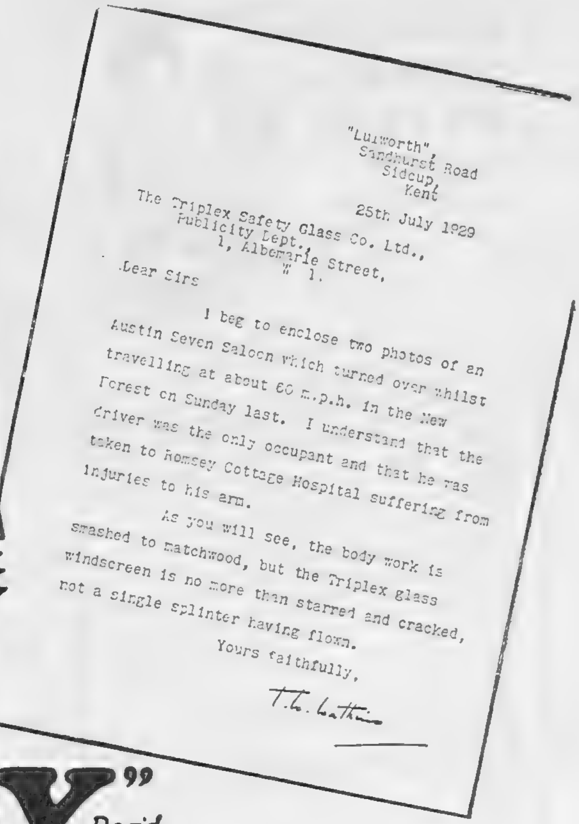
TO MATCHWOOD....
..BUT NOT A SINGLE SPLINTER!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"What do you want me to do?" she said simply.

It was Mr. Satterthwaite's moment of triumph. He issued orders.

"I want you at least to promise me one thing—to do nothing rash for twenty-four hours."

She was silent a moment or two, and then she said "I promise."

"There is one other thing—a favour."

"Yes?"

"Leave the shutter of the room I came in by unfastened, and keep vigil there to-night."

She looked at him curiously, but nodded assent.

"And now," said Mr. Satterthwaite, slightly conscious of anti-climax, "I really must be going. God bless you, my dear."

He made a rather embarrassed exit. The stalwart Spanish girl met him in the passage and opened a side door for him, staring curiously at him the while.

IT was just growing dark as he reached the hotel. There was a solitary figure sitting on the terrace. Mr. Satterthwaite made straight for it. He was excited and his heart was beating quite fast. He felt that tremendous issues lay in his hands. One false move—

But he tried to conceal his agitation and to speak naturally and casually to Anthony Cosden.

"A warm evening," he observed. "I quite lost count of time sitting up there on the cliff."

"Have you been up there all this time?"

Mr. Satterthwaite nodded. The swing door into the hotel opened to let someone through, and a beam of light fell suddenly on the other's face, illuminating its look of dull suffering, of uncomprehending, dumb endurance.

Mr. Satterthwaite thought to himself: "It's worse for him than it would be for me. Imagination, conjecture, speculation—they can do a lot for you. You can, as it were, ring the changes upon pain. The uncomprehending blind suffering of an animal—that's terrible. . . ."

Cosden spoke suddenly in a harsh voice. "I'm going for a stroll after dinner You—you understand? The third time's lucky. For God's sake, don't interfere."

MR. SATTERTHWAITE drew himself up.

"I never interfere," he said, thereby giving the lie to the whole purpose and object of his existence.

"I know what you think—" went on Cosden, but he was interrupted.

"You must excuse me, but there I beg to differ from you," said Mr. Satterthwaite. "Nobody knows what another person is thinking. They may imagine they do, but they are nearly always wrong."

"Well, perhaps that's so." Cosden was doubtful, slightly taken aback.

"Your life is your own," said Mr. Satterthwaite. "Nobody can alter or influence the use you mean to make of it. Let us talk of a less painful subject. That old villa, for instance. It has a curious charm, withdrawn, sheltered from the world, shielding, heaven knows what mystery. It tempted me to do a doubtful action. I tried one of the shutters."

"You did?" Cosden turned his head sharply. "But it was fastened, of course?"

"No," said Mr. Satterthwaite. "It was open." He added gently: "The third shutter from the end."

"Why," Cosden burst out—"that was the one——"

He broke off suddenly, but Mr. Satterthwaite had seen the light that had sprung up in his eyes. He rose—satisfied.

Some slight tinge of anxiety still remained with him. Using his favourite metaphor of a drama, he hoped that he had spoken his few lines correctly. For they were very important lines.

But thinking it over, his artistic judgment was satisfied. On his way up to the cliff, Cosden would try that shutter. It was not in human nature to resist. A memory of twenty odd years ago had brought him to this spot, the same memory would take him to the shutter. And afterwards?

"I shall know in the morning," said Mr. Satterthwaite.

IT was somewhere round ten o'clock that Mr. Satterthwaite set foot once more in the garden of La Paz. Manuel bade him a smiling good morning, and handed him a single rosebud, which Mr. Satterthwaite put carefully into his buttonhole. Then he went on to the house. He stood there for some minutes looking up at the peaceful white walls, the trailing orange creeper, and the faded green shutters. So silent, so peaceful. Had the whole thing been a dream?

But, at that moment, one of the windows opened and the lady who occupied Mr. Satterthwaite's thoughts came out. She came straight to him with a buoyant, swaying walk, like some one carried on a great wave of exultation. Her eyes were shining, her colour high. There was no hesitation about her, no doubts or tremors. Straight to Mr. Satterthwaite she came, put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him—not once, but many times.

"I'm so happy," she said. "You darling! How did you know? How *could* you know? You're like the good magician in the fairy tales."

She paused, a sort of breathlessness of happiness upon her.

"We're going over to-day—to the Consul—to get married. When John comes, his father will be here. We'll tell him there was some misunderstanding in the past. Oh! he won't ask questions. Oh, I'm so happy—so happy—so happy!"

HAPPINESS did, indeed, surge from her like a tide. It lapped round Mr. Satterthwaite in a warm, exhilarating flood.

"It's so wonderful to Anthony to find he has a son. I never dreamt he'd mind or care. Isn't it strange how things come right and end all beautifully?"

He had his clearest vision of her yet. A child—still a child—with her love of make-believe—her fairy tales that ended beautifully with two people "living happily ever afterwards."

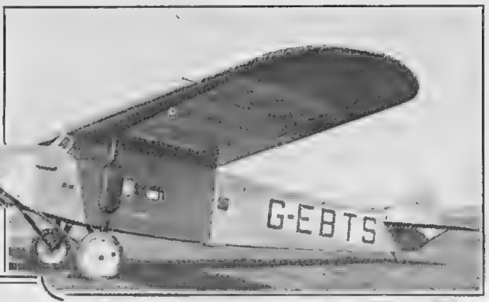
He said gently:

"If you bring this man of yours happiness in these last months, you will indeed have done a very beautiful thing."

Her eyes opened wide—surprised.

"Oh!" she said. "You don't think I'd let him die, do you? After all these years—when he's come to me. I've known lots of people whom doctors have

(*Continued on page* 166)



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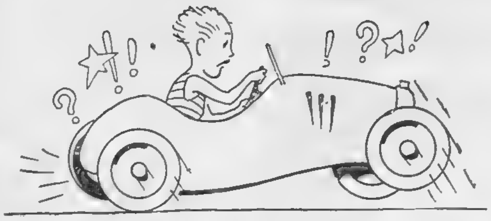

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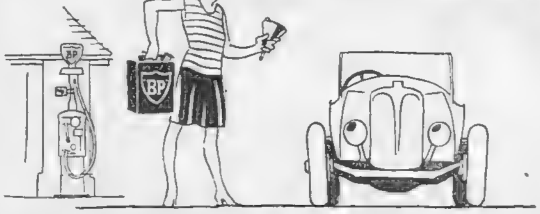
it used to stop



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given up and who are alive to-day."

He looked at her—her strength, her beauty, her vitality—her indomitable courage and will. He, too, had known doctors to be mistaken. . . The personal factor—you never knew how much and how little it counted.

She said again, with scorn and amusement in her voice :

"You don't think I'd let him die, do you ? "

"No," said Mr. Satterthwaite at last, very gently. "Somehow, my dear, I don't think you will. . . ."

THEN, at last, he walked down the cypress path to the bench overlooking the sea and found there the person he was expecting to see. Mr. Quin rose and greeted him—the same as ever, dark, saturnine, smiling and sad.

"You expected me ? " he asked.

And Mr. Satterthwaite answered "Yes, I expected you."

They sat together on the bench.

"I have an idea that you have been playing Providence once more to judge by your expression," said Mr. Quin presently.

Mr. Satterthwaite looked at him reproachfully.

"As if you didn't know all about it."

"You always accuse me of omniscience," said Mr. Quin smiling.

"If you know nothing, why were you here the night before last—waiting ? " countered Mr. Satterthwaite.

"Oh that—"

"Yes, that.'

"I had a—commission to perform.'

"For whom ? "

"You have sometimes fancifully named me an advocate for the dead."

"The dead," said Mr. Satterthwaite, a little puzzled. "I don't understand."

Mr. Quin pointed a long, lean finger down at the blue depths below.

"A man was drowned down there twenty-two years ago."

"I know—but I don't see——"

"Supposing that, after all, that man loved his young wife. Love can make devils of men as well as angels. She had a girlish adoration for him, but he could never touch the womanhood in her—and that drove him mad. He tortured her, because he loved her. Such things happen. You know that as well as I do."

"Yes," admitted Mr. Satterthwaite. "I have seen such things—but rarely—very rarely. . ."

"And you have also seen, more commonly, that there is such a thing as remorse—the desire to make amends—at all costs to make amends."

"Yes, but death came too soon. . ."

"Death ! " There was contempt in Mr. Quin's voice. "You believe in a life after death, do you not ? And who are you to say that the same wishes, the same desires may not operate in that other life. If the desire is strong enough—a messenger may be found. . ."

His voice tailed away.

Mr. Satterthwaite got up, trembling a little.

"I must get back to the hotel," he said. "If you are going that way. . . ."

But Mr. Quin shook his head.

"No," he said. "I shall go back the way I came."

When Mr. Satterthwaite looked back over his shoulder, he saw his friend walking towards the edge of the cliff.

Empire Free Trade

By The EARL of BIRKENHEAD

(*Continued from page* 43)

insuperable—the probable conflict of interests between our home manufacturing industries and those of the Dominions. It is well known that the Dominions are fostering their nascent industries by tariffs which, though preferential to England in their incidence, are nevertheless aimed towards the replacement of more and more imports by home manufactures. Can Lord Beaverbrook count upon the industrialists of the Dominions wholeheartedly to support his scheme ? Without the support of the Dominions, the crusade is clearly doomed at the outset.

Fifthly, crusades have not hitherto been associated with thoughts of peace. It may be feared that an Empire Crusade would not be more fortunate. A British Empire Customs Union, as envisaged by Lord Beaverbrook, must of necessity arouse animosity in innumerable directions. It is all very well to argue that the United States have set up a compact, high-tariffed enclave without by such means exasperating the outside world to martial hostility ; but the United States are largely self-contained. It would be wrong to overlook the menace of future wars in this Empire Crusade.

A CRANK came recently to me—though why he should have chosen me remains a mystery—with the suggestion that the present Roman Catholic countries of the world should join together to re-establish the Holy Roman Empire of the Middle Ages. I did not go into his plan sufficiently to discover whether he envisaged also a customs union and a tariff wall against the outside Protestant world, but I presume that it did so. While I would not think of comparing Lord Beaverbrook's brave and patriotic scheme with this madman's dream, I cannot help feeling that modern political conditions, both in England and the Dominions, make the accomplishment of an Empire Free Trade Union almost impossible at the present time.

But where I do think progress may be made towards the realisation of Lord Beaverbrook's vision is not through political but through private enterprise. I regard it as very symptomatic that Lord Melchett, for example, has expressed sympathy with Lord Beaverbrook's idea. Such great magnates of international development as Lord Melchett have it in their power to achieve great things towards that end. He has, indeed, already, not merely recently, but for many years past, set himself within the vast sphere of his interests to bind together the Empire by the bonds of economic reciprocity.

On these lines, Lord Beaverbrook's plan is certain of at least partial fulfilment.

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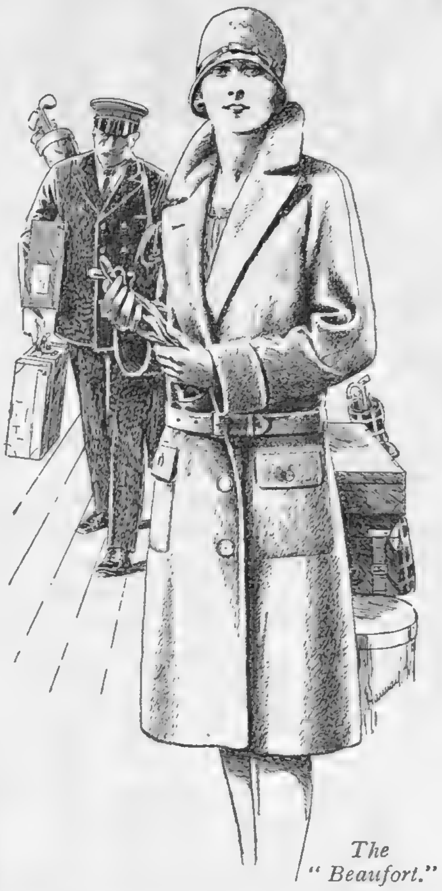

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Famous Women of History

(Continued from page 46)

discussed whether Messalina should not be frightened into breaking with Silius. But all except Narcissus, when it came to the point, decided that "caution was a safer counsellor than fear." Narcissus, however, while abandoning the suggested plan, decided on a bolder course, to induce Claudius to destroy his faithless wife. Probably he was encouraged by the fact that in her formidable enemy Agrippina, the mother of Nero, he had both an ally for himself and an alternative consort for the uxorious Emperor. First he sent two courtesans whom the Emperor knew, Calpurnia and Cleopatra, heavily bribed, to Ostia, to break the news, and then himself obeyed the Emperor's summons. On arrival he found Claudius in a panic asking "Was he still Emperor? Was Silius master of the city?" Distrusting the commander of the prætorians, Narcissus suggested to Claudius that the only hope lay in transferring to himself the command of all the forces for one day. He then set out for Rome, taking the precaution of seating himself in the Emperor's own carriage, so as to keep his grip on that vacillating person's will.

Meanwhile, Messalina and her new husband were simply enjoying themselves. It was full autumn, the time of the vintage. Her home was full of winepresses and overflowing vats, women in fawn skins were capering about like Bacchanals, while, in their midst, with streaming hair, she brandished a thyrsus, and by her side Silius, crowned with ivy and shod with buskins, reeled amid the yelling crew. One of the revellers, having climbed a tree, was asked what he saw, and replied, "An ugly squall coming up from Ostia"; but this sinister remark attracted no attention, till the news came that Claudius, bent on vengeance, was on his way to Rome. Then, indeed, the party broke up: Silius went off to his business at the Forum, the revellers slunk away, centurions appeared and made a number of arrests.

BUT Messalina still had one card to play. Left alone by her panic-stricken guests, she went first to her gardens and then, with only three companions, set out to meet the Emperor. She crossed the whole city on foot and at the gate towards Ostia was fain to get a lift in a cart which was removing garden rubbish. It was thus that she met the carriage in which the Emperor and Narcissus were proceeding to Rome. Narcissus faced the crisis with promptitude. The Empress called loudly on Claudius to listen to the mother of his children, Britannicus and Octavia. Narcissus shouted her down with taunts of Silius and the marriage, and, to keep Claudius's eyes employed, handed him a list of Messalina's lovers. Still wrangling, the party reached the gates and here the two children and one of the Vestal Virgins, hastily collected by Messalina's friends, tried to move the Emperor to pity. But Narcissus ordered the children away and even ventured to send the Vestal, with promises of a hearing for Messalina, back to her duties. The Emperor all this while maintained a gloomy silence. But Narcissus hurried him on. First he took him to Silius's house and showed him evidences of disloyalty there, and then to the prætorian camp, where the soldiers yelled for vengeance. Silius was brought thither and his prayer for a speedy death granted. With him perished eight of his friends, and, in spite of some wavering on Claudius's part, the unfortunate actor Mnester, though he actually tore off his clothes to show the stripes Messalina had given him.

THAT lady herself was still at large, scribbling petitions to the Emperor in the Lucullan gardens. And Claudius, who had demanded an early dinner, was clearly lapsing, under the influence of wine, into a sentimental mood. When he sent a message "to the poor lady" to come and plead her case on the morrow, Narcissus saw there was no time to be lost. Some troops under a Tribune, with a trusty freedman to see they did their duty, were sent off to the Gardens, with instructions to put an end to the Empress's life: such they were told were the Emperor's orders. They found her lying full length on the ground with her mother, now reconciled to her after many quarrels, sitting beside her and urging her not to await the executioner and to take her own life. "But in that lust-polluted heart there was no sense of honour left." She was still weeping and wailing when the garden door was burst open, and while the Tribune stood silently before her, the freedman "after his kind" reviled her with insults. "Then at last she looked her future in the face," took up a dagger and pressed it, fumbling, now to her throat, now to her bosom, till the Tribune, impatient, ran her through with his sword. Thus, to quote Merivale, "The death of Asiaticus was revenged on the very spot; the hot blood of the wanton smoked on the pavement of his gardens and stained with a deeper hue the variegated marble of Lucullus." Claudius, when he heard the news, called for more wine and asked no questions. Agrippina's day had dawned.

THUS, with consummate art, the greatest of the Roman historians paints the degradation of his country. The restraint which distinguished him from the other chroniclers of Messalina's shame makes his strictures the more damaging. He does not accuse her, as Juvenal does, of quite incredible debauchery in the lowest haunts of vice: he does not, like Suetonius and Dio, heap scandalous tales together with obvious relish; he relies for his effects on the terse, cold narration of crucial episodes: here are the facts, he says, interpret them as you will. But there is much that he does not explain. Was Claudius indeed the squalid weakling he portrays? He does not endorse the cruder accusations of Suetonius of gluttony so gross that a routine of vomiting followed the Imperial feasts, of scatter-brained forgetfulness and bestial blood-lust. His character of the Emperor hangs together with some sort of consistency; it is not quite incredible that a man with many sound ideas and some vigour in enforcing them should be in his domestic affairs the blind slave of his affections—a semi-invalid of fifty, who suddenly exchanges the obscurity of contempt for the isolation of supreme power, has a cruel strain put on his character. And Messalina in her first youth, with an ambitious and unscrupulous mother, an elderly and doting husband, and all the temptations and excitements of a corrupt society at her command, had little chance of escaping contamination.

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The One *who was* Clever:

by ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

(*Continued from page* 27)

The Colonel had gone down to headquarters and came back with some papers.

"I'm taking Captain von Koch to Rouen to-morrow," he told Carol. "There's a two-seater out at Orly that belongs to my wing. Instead of sending for a ferry pilot, I'm going to let you fly it back. How does that suit you?"

"Fine, Colonel," Carol agreed, "but not to-night. I can't fly at night. And I wouldn't leave Paris to-night if it was surrounded by the whole Hun army. Have a drink."

"Thanks. All right. The plane will be ready for you to-morrow morning. Get an early start. I'll telephone out and have the plane on the *tarmac* at seven, ready to take off. Here are your orders and clearance papers. Just give them to the Officer of the Day at Orly. I've receipted for the plane and the fuel."

"Fine, sir. Too bad I can't take you with me, Von Koch. I'll miss you every night when the bombers come over."

"And I trust the bombers miss you," Von Koch returned gallantly. "I'm now retired, and I hope that if my comrades take you, they will return the courtesy and treat you as I have been treated. Before you go, I will give you a note in case you survive my friends in their new Fokkers."

"Thanks. Here's to the dawn patrol over Wipers."

The Colonel pricked up his ears at the mention of the new Fokkers, but was unable to persuade Von Koch to say more about them.

Some one brought a guitar, and Von Koch proved himself an able musician. The two girls danced and sang, and the evening began to turn into an event. Both girls had been on the stage, and even the Colonel joined in with a chorus or two.

But the party didn't work out to suit Carol. Von Koch had taken a fancy to the blonde also, and she was fascinated by his playing and singing. She knew several German dances, and they performed them together.

Carol tried to reinstate himself in her affections, but without success. Then he got mad. The idea of a French girl preferring a Hun to an American! Where was Lafayette? This was no way to treat our gallant allies from across the seas.

The other girl tried to calm Carol, but he refused to be calmed. He didn't want her. He wanted the blonde. Benjamin Franklin fared better than this in Paris. Why hadn't he plugged that squarehead when he had a chance? The blonde was his by right of conquest, and now she'd fallen for that damn'd Heine! He was through with this party. He wasn't going to play any more. He'd go get himself another blonde. It required considerable argument from the Colonel to keep him from going back to the New York Bar.

THE blonde and Von Koch were in conference meanwhile and seemed to have come to an understanding. The other girl claimed that Carol had insulted her, and left. The blonde announced her intention of staying.

Von Koch claimed the privilege of making the next bowl of punch. He promised a real treat. The blonde offered to take drink for drink with them all. Midnight found them in a good humour again. The blonde was dancing on the table while Von Koch beat out "The Blue Danube" on the guitar. Carol noticed that the Colonel was a little drunk. Well, so was everybody else. They gave the guard a drink of Von Koch's punch.

Carol saw the Colonel slip under the table. He tried to get up to help him, but realised it was too late. He needed help himself. He waved his hand at Von Koch cheerfully and joined the Colonel under the table . . .

Carol awoke from a sound sleep and found he was undressed and in bed. Nice of Von Koch! What time was it? Got to get out to Orly. He held up his wrist. His wrist-watch was gone. Maybe it was in his pocket. His uniform was gone. He got up and looked for it in the other room. There must have been a party last night, by the look of it! There was Von Koch's uniform, but no sign of his own. Where was it?

HE walked into the Colonel's room. The Colonel was still asleep. Where was his uniform? No sign of it there. But there was the blonde's dress and hat. What the hell——. He tried to arouse the Colonel, but got no results. So he went into Von Koch's room. There was the guard asleep on the bed. He still had his uniform, though. Carol finally got him awake. There was no sign of Von Koch or the blonde. They put the Colonel in a cold bath and got him awake. He was quite obviously doped. They all were, for that matter. There was a box of narcotic tablets in the waste-basket. They had been purchased the day before.

The Colonel called Orly on the phone. Yes, a lieutenant had come out in a taxi at seven o'clock and taken off in the two-seater. Yes, he had left orders and a receipt for the plane. Yes, the plane had four hours' fuel. A British colonel had accompanied the pilot.

Carol swore loudly.

"That blonde sold us out."

"No question about it," the Colonel agreed. "Our allies, the French, have bungled everything. What say you, Major le Man?" he asked the guard.

"Alas, we are undone," he agreed. "I am getting through to the French Bureau of Information now. It is ten o'clock. By now they are safe in Germany."

"What do we do?" Carol asked. "Lock ourselves up in jail or blow our brains out in disgrace? The way I feel I'd just as soon."

"No," said the Colonel, "we will go back to bed and sleep until Major le Man straightens the matter out with the French and gets us new uniforms. He initiated this party, and he can terminate it. Then we will enjoy Paris. We followed our orders faithfully. Let some one else worry. I shan't."

SO Carol went back to bed and slept until the middle of the afternoon. By

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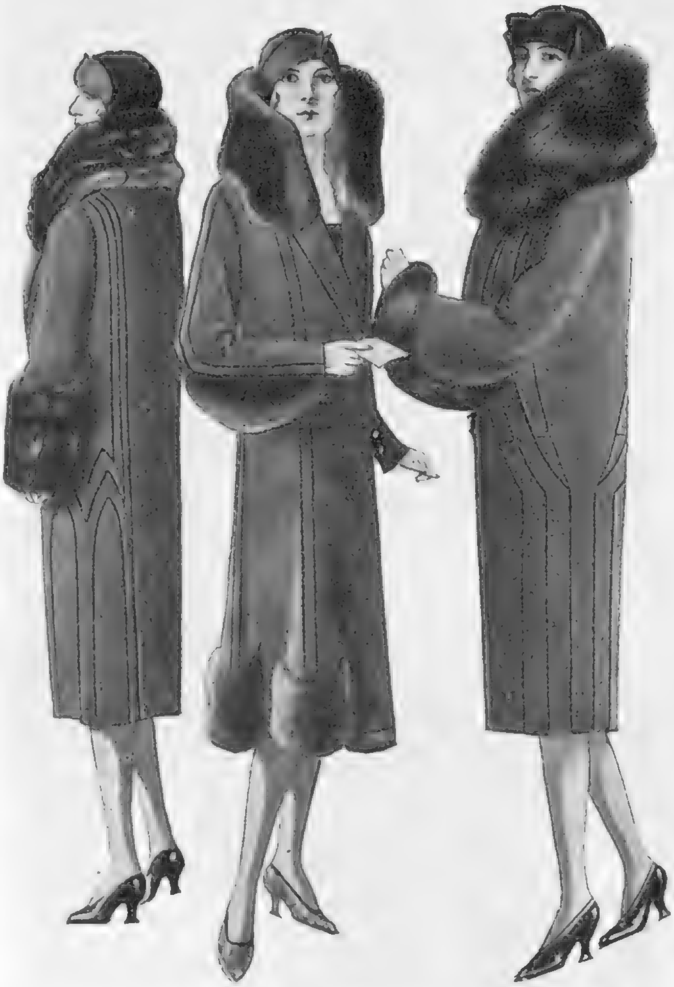

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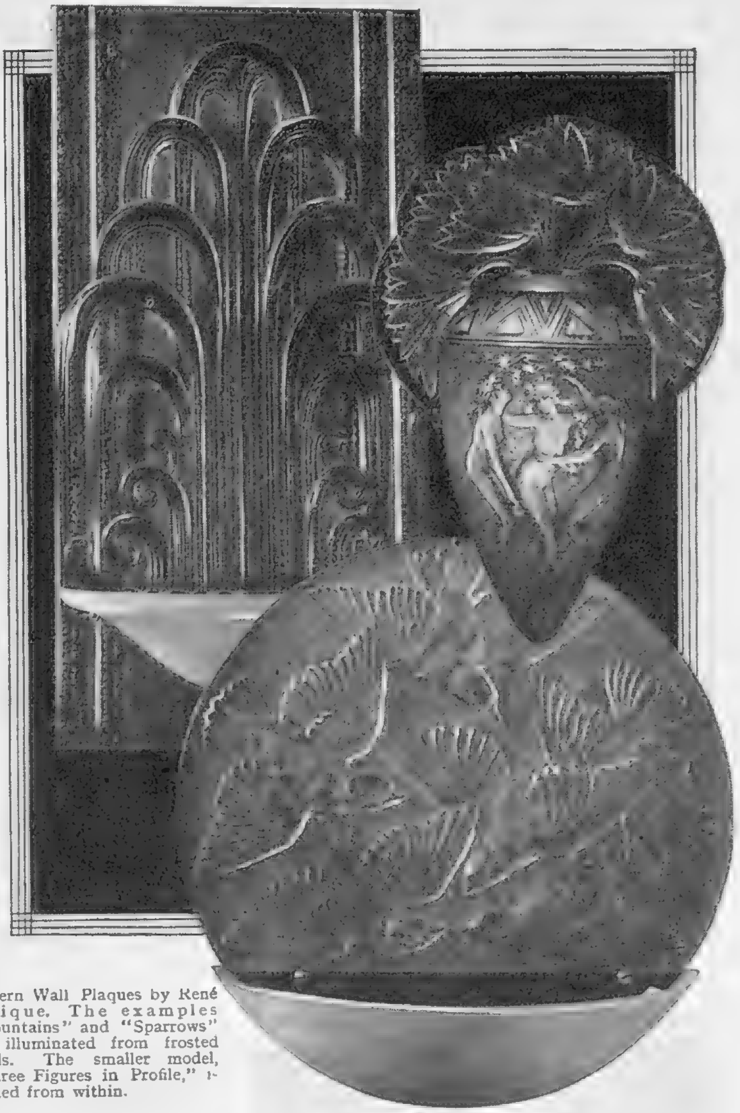

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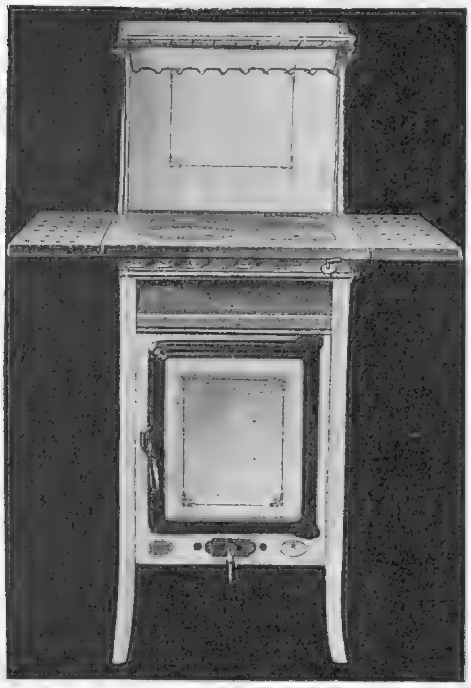

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that time he felt all right again. Major le Man had everything straightened out with the French.

"It seems," he explained, "that the blonde girl double-crossed us. The other girl is not involved. They had never worked together before. The blonde was born in Schleswig-Holstein of a French mother and a native father. She was educated in France, but became a dancer in Berlin when her parents died, and was there when war was declared. She came through Switzerland to France in 1916 to live with her mother's people. She volunteered her services as a spy, and went back to Schleswig last year. She returned through Holland with valuable information. The Germans probably sent her. There's nothing like getting paid by both sides. Now she's gone home for good—for God help her if she ever tries it again. There's a firing-squad waiting for her in England or in France."

"Yes," said Carol, "and she pinched my wrist-watch! It's hard to believe a girl with a face like that would pull such a dirty trick. She planned the whole thing and even bought the knock-out drops. I'm through with Frenchwomen. Colonel, hereafter I stick to your countrywomen. They're cold as a cocktail, but at least they're honest."

"Thank you," said the Colonel. "But before you say anything harsh, let's put on our new uniforms and see if we can't locate a couple of English girls in this city that are neither cold nor honest."

"What about the plane?" asked Carol.

"Orders from headquarters are to forget everything," Major le Man explained. "Under no circumstances are we to discuss this further. The French are now trying to locate the girl's confederates. I take full responsibility, messieurs, for everything that has happened."

Next morning Carol and the Colonel returned to Dunkirk. The Colonel didn't seem to feel any disgrace, so Carol saw no reason to hide his head in shame. They'd managed a pretty good evening in Paris after all, and Carol had no complaint to offer for his trip.

If only that blonde hadn't turned out so badly! All was said to be fair in love and war—but pretty girls shouldn't behave like that. Apparently the little Hun had fooled the whole French Secret Service. Berlin must be ringing with laughter. Von Koch was probably strutting around Bruges now with the girl on his arm. What a *coup!*

NO one seemed to take war seriously. Well, good luck, Von Koch! There was a firing-squad waiting for him if he ever came back. And the little blonde had better retire and take up another profession. If she was as good at anything else as she was as a spy, she'd soon wear pearls.

But Carol's good humour didn't last long. Three nights later there was a bomb raid, and a daring German came down below five hundred feet and dropped three bombs on the squadron's hangars. Four mechanics and one officer were killed.

Next morning a package was found on the field addressed to Carol. A mechanic brought it to him and suggested that some messenger had dropped it in the confusion of the raid. It contained his uniform, boots and wrist-watch. In the pocket of his tunic was a picture of the blonde taken at Bruges.

Carol raised his eyes to the sky and gritted his teeth as he put the picture into his pocket carefully.

"Captain von Koch," he addressed the blue heavens, "you stole my girl and you stole my plane. Now you send my wrist-watch back with a cracked dial. Some day you will go too far. I've let daylight into you once, and by the sacred left-handed anti-clockwise propeller of Saint Peter's power-plant, I'll do it again."

The Colonel told Carol confidentially that his uniform had also been returned, accompanied by three one-hundred-and-twenty-pound bombs on his headquarters.

IN July, the flight commander of the American Camel squadron across the canal was killed, and Carol was sent over to take his place.

One afternoon a couple of weeks later he was about to take off for the late patrol when a cylinder of his Clerget motor cut out, due to a broken valve spring. He waved to his deputy-leader to go ahead with the patrol, and taxied back to the hangars for quick repairs.

The flight sergeant promised to have the motor running in fifteen minutes, but it was over an hour before it was actually ready. It was too late to join the patrol now, but Carol decided he'd go out anyway and take a look at the war.

He climbed up to twelve thousand feet, and decided he would go over to Armentières and try to flush a two-seater in the Salient. There was always something going on south of Ypres. For an hour the sky was as peaceful as a mill-pond; then he caught sight of a flash of sunlight on a wing over Estaires and turned south to investigate. It proved to be a German two-seater at eight thousand feet, and Carol gave chase immediately. The two-seater saw him and turned back into Hunland. Carol tried to overtake it, but did not gain fast enough and lost altitude rapidly. With great reluctance he gave up the chase and came back to the lines in a shower of Archie.

It was nearly dark now, and Carol headed back for Dunkirk. His motor was missing badly, and his Camel wouldn't do over seventy without vibrating unpleasantly.

The darkness was closing in fast on him now, and he realised that he had misjudged the time badly. It was already dark on the ground. It would be too dangerous to try to land now on a strange field.

He picked up the canal at Bergues and followed it into Dunkirk easily, but he couldn't make out the field. With some difficulty he located it between the Bourboung Canal and the railway. But could he land in the dark? Thank heaven, a Camel was as easy to land as it was hard to fly.

The mechanics heard his motor and recognised him as he drifted low over the field. They dipped some rags in gasoline and made flares to show him the limits of the runway as he circled about until he got into the right position. He glided in low above the flares, side-slipped deftly and made a fair landing in the middle of the field.

He reported the chase of the two-seater to the adjutant and alibied his late landing by swearing that he was too close to it to give up sooner.

Before he got to the mess, the German bombers arrived for the evening strafe, and all lights had to be put out. He ate

"Rejuvenating the Eyes, Face and Neck"

by Lady Maud Warrender

Authentic photograph of a lady's eyes, after she had the loose and wrinkled skin removed from under and above them. The result is guaranteed for life.

There is no greater tragedy for a woman, once beautiful, than losing the contour of her face and neck, and whose eyes are losing their natural expression, by the formation of loose and wrinkled skin. In the case of those who depend on their looks for their wage earning, these marks of age are fatal.

Innumerable systems of skin manipulation, appliances, and preparations, have been invented to remove such marks of age, but anyone who has tried them, sooner or later realises how impossible the task is. I am, therefore, glad to find that the mental suffering of those women who have tried in vain to eradicate the wrinkles and signs of old age, is totally unnecessary.

They can regain their lost looks. I have just investigated the latest scientific method, practised by Mr. C. H. Willi, Fellow of the College of Physiology (London), F.R.S.A., at his consulting room, 40, Baker Street, W.1, and am completely astonished at the results. I interviewed the specialist with the wonder-working hands, and he introduced to me cases actually under treatment, and also others he had treated some considerable time ago. I found that deep-seated furrows between the eyes, crowsfeet under the eyes, wrinkles on the forehead, lines from nose to mouth, and loose skin on the neck, had all been banished, and the soft rounded contours of youth restored. What surprised me equally, was that the effect is permanent. Once this glorious appearance of youth has been recaptured, it remains.

This treatment is so simple and so safe, that I can foresee the time coming soon, when a visit to Mr. Willi's consulting room will be as much a part of life, as going to the dentist, except that it is quite simple and pleasant.

The appearance of age on the face is purely a matter of loose skin on the face and neck.

As soon as the looseness of the skin is adjusted the perfect facial contour is restored.

One thing should be noted, said the specialist: Although deep, age-old furrows are removed at any age, it is better for every woman to go at once for treatment, as soon as the skin shows the least crease or slackness. I am certain that she will be overjoyed at the result.

Maud Warrender

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in the dark, cursing Von Koch. Why hadn't he killed him when he had the chance?

"I wish they had come over about half an hour earlier," Carol remarked to Major Fowler, who happened to be over for dinner. He was in charge of the American pilots who were serving with the British. "It would have been a lot of fun to catch one of those big ferry-boats on our side of the lines. I don't suppose they can do more than seventy with a load of pills, and can't manœuvre for nuts. It ought to be duck soup to shoot 'em down."

"If you can put salt on a bird's tail, you can always catch it," Major Fowler agreed. "I understand there is a night-flying Camel squadron being trained in England now."

"A lot of good that does us. We'll all be blown to Kingdom Come before they get half-way through the farewell dinners."

"Well, why don't you go up and get them in the meanwhile?"

"I wish I knew how to fly at night."

"Why don't you learn?"

"Sure! Fly all night after bombers and then chase Fokkers from sunrise on! The pilots' union won't let me. Did anything happen to-day over the lines?"

"Nothing much. Henry Clay got a two-seater over Roulers. And we had two planes collide."

"Too damn' bad. All killed?"

"No. One plane got down all right."

"How?"

"Both planes were flying at about the same speed, and the propeller of one hit the tail of the other. All it got was a broken propeller, so glided down and landed. The other one, with the smashed rudder and elevators, went into a dive and never came out."

ARCHIE was firing away merrily when Carol went to bed. For over an hour the raid kept him awake. Well, why didn't he go up and get one of them? No use letting Von Koch take a crack at him every night. He'd given him the laugh when he stole his little blonde in Paris, and now he was giving him insomnia. That blonde certainly was a beauty. Too bad she could hide behind a corkscrew. Who'd believe a girl with a face like that would double-cross her own relatives and help a German steal a British plane and escape to Germany to return and drop bombs all over France? Well, spy or no spy, French or German, that girl had hot lips!

And dreaming of them, he slept until the orderly woke him at three for the dawn patrol. . . .

That evening he took off ten minutes before sunset and practised landings as the sunlight faded into the ocean. He made his last landing by the flares after darkness had descended. It was ticklish business, but he believed he could learn to do it. Next night he repeated the performance and made two landings by the flares. For a week he increased his confidence little by little and made an extra landing each night. He broke two tailskids and an undercarriage strut, but he was constantly improving his landings, so that he didn't have to hold his breath as he levelled off. He got a small battery and installed two dash-lights on his instrument board. Then he tried going up to two or three thousand feet and stunting.

WHEN the moon was full, he made landings without the flares. He felt his way along slowly, trying something new each night the weather was good. He went up farther and tried getting in and out of clouds. Not bad. He spun and found it just as easy to come out at night as in the day. There was a network of canals below him, and the channel a few miles west, so if one star was out, it would be reflected in the water and he would have a point of focus to establish his equilibrium.

In three weeks he felt he was a night flyer. Around the mess he was known as the Owl. Just as he was about to graduate himself, the wing adjutant called up to say that no planes were to fly after sunset.

Carol called the Colonel to find out why it was forbidden.

"The French are complaining," the Colonel explained, "and our Archie doesn't like it. They can keep track of you for a few minutes, but they're afraid of a slip. The French say that in case of doubt they'll open fire on you. There are standing orders to fire on any plane that doesn't show the proper navigation lights and answer signals with the light-of-the-night. They're afraid some Hun will go out to sea and sneak in over the harbour and blow Dunkirk up from a hundred feet. Of course, they can't hit you in a Camel, but it's a waste of good ammunition. It's too foolish, anyway. If you did get close enough to a bomber to fire, our own Archie barrage would do you more damage than it would him. They wouldn't cease fire on your account. And you might run into one of the cable balloons. There's plenty for you to do during the day. I know that's what you're after, but leave him to Archie and get your beauty-sleep early. Come over to-morrow night for dinner, and we'll teach Major Fowler to shoot craps. He thinks he's good."

"Anything you teach Major Fowler, I'll eat," Carol told him. "All right, Colonel, I'll stay on the ground after dark, but I don't promise to get any Fokkers unless you give me a real plane to fly."

So Carol gave up his night flying. But he couldn't seem to get a Fokker. They were too fast for his Camel and stayed too high. His Camel couldn't go above fifteen thousand, and the Fokkers could work at twenty. He got himself into several bad corners when Fokkers leaped on his flight from above, and only fought his way back while the Three Sisters held their breath. He lost a man in a dog-fight and had two planes shot down. He got a two-seater in the Salient beyond Kemmel Hill, but got well shot up himself by the observer. The war wasn't going to suit him at all.

Then one day the Colonel appeared on the field just as he was going on patrol, and stopped him.

"Let the patrol go ahead," the Colonel told him. "I want you to stay."

So he sent the patrol on with his deputy and got into the Colonel's car to talk to him.

"I suppose you want to know the odds on rolling Little Joe and Big Dick?" he asked the Colonel.

"No, what I want to know is how to roll them. Seriously, I have a job for you. I think you'll like it. But it's no lead-slinging affair. To-night there is going to be a big raid on Boulogne. How do I know it? Secret Service. Your friend Major le Man got word an hour ago. The moon is full at midnight, and they want to be over Boulogne then to blow up the wharves and warehouses as well as drop a few bouquets on the camp. Von Koch's going to lead."

"You don't know what he's going to have for dinner, do you, sir?"

"Le Man didn't say, but I'll guarantee he can find out. It is very important that we get Von Koch—dead or alive. This time you can shoot to kill. Bring down his plane, no matter how you have to do it. We must have him. I can't tell you how important it is. I'd send up the whole squadron if I thought it would do any good. Will you try it for me?"

"With great pleasure. But how will I know which one is Von Koch?"

"He's going to lead. He'll probably be a few minutes ahead of the others. As soon as they cross the lines, you'll get the message and can take off. Wait for him between Calais and Boulogne. Then stick to him until you get him."

"What about our Archie? I haven't any navigation lights."

"You'll have to chance that. There's no Archie between Calais and Boulogne to speak of, and not much over Boulogne. The batteries will be able to recognise your rotary motor, and won't fire unless you are near Von Koch. If they take a shot at you, make your mixture rich, and your motor will throw out a circle of flame that will be signal enough. The wing E.O. is coming over now with some mechanics from the Handley squadron and will equip your plane with a parachute flare tube. Do you know how to work one?"

"No, sir, but they can show me. I saw them demonstrated at Oxford, and it didn't look hard. And I've seen the Hun drop them."

"All right. You understand that I couldn't order you to do this. I might let a volunteer try it, but you're the only man in this wing who has a chance to succeed at it. You're the only scout pilot who can fly at night, and there's no use to send a Fee up. I knew you were anxious to try night-flying and had a score to settle with Von Koch."

"That's right, sir. I'd like to try it. And if I'm as good as I think I am, I'll get him. It's time I got an even break after the luck I've had lately."

CAROL spent the rest of the afternoon with the wing-equipment officer and the gunnery sergeant. He had two special belts made up of phosphorus and tracer bullets only. He wouldn't be able to use his sights, but must aim his gun by watching the sparkle of the tracer.

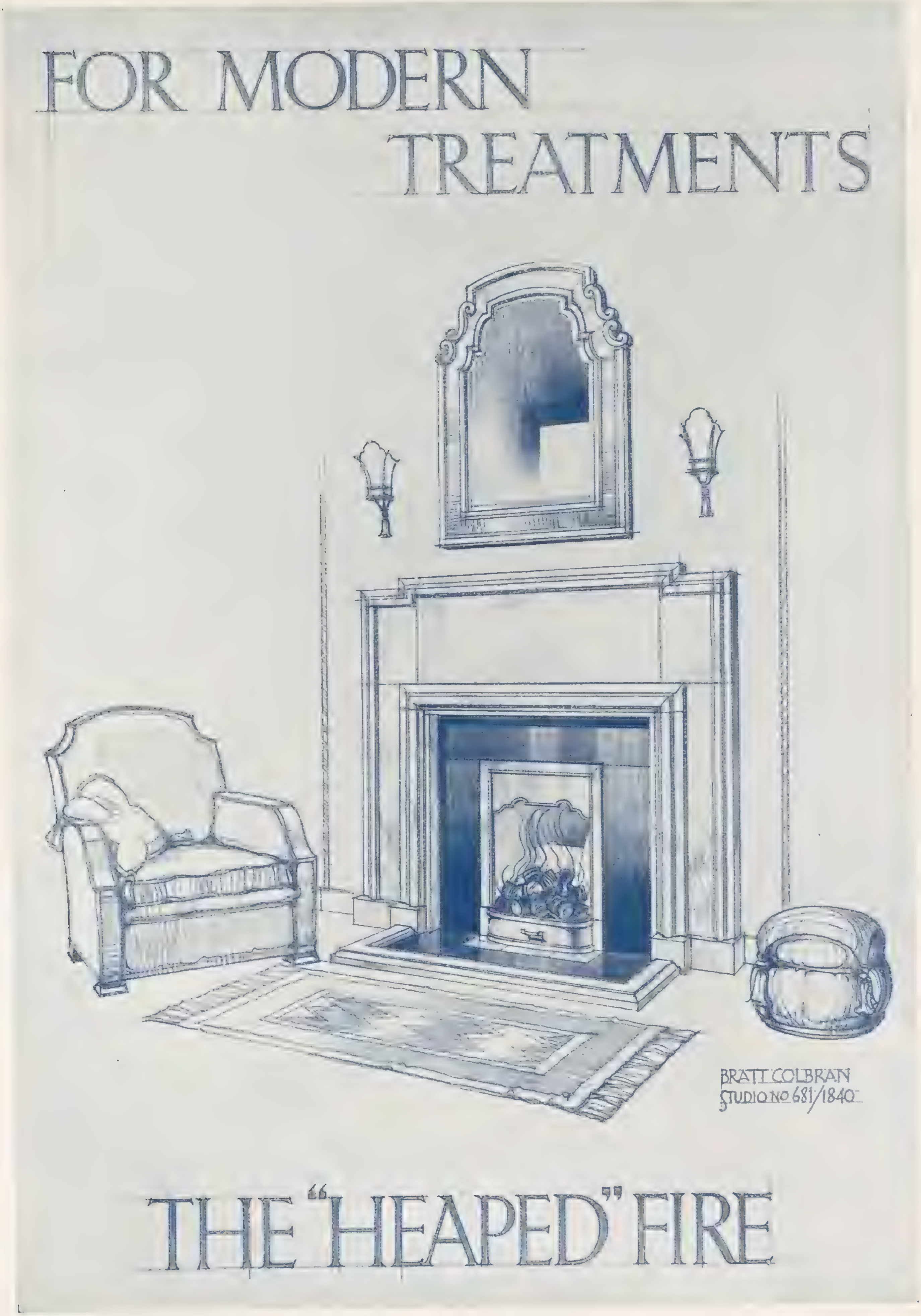
The patrol reported a dud show, so he hadn't missed anything over the lines. He stayed sober after dinner for the first time in months. He limited himself to two whiskeys, as he'd need a steady hand in the dark.

After dinner he found himself getting a bit jumpy, so played bridge until the rest of the mess went to bed. The C.O. stayed up to see him off, and the adjutant waited in the telephone-room.

About eleven-thirty he saw a long string of flaming onions go up over the front lines and heard the distant rumble of Archie. Major le Man was right.

He got dressed and was ready to take off when the telephone message came.

(*Continued on page 177*)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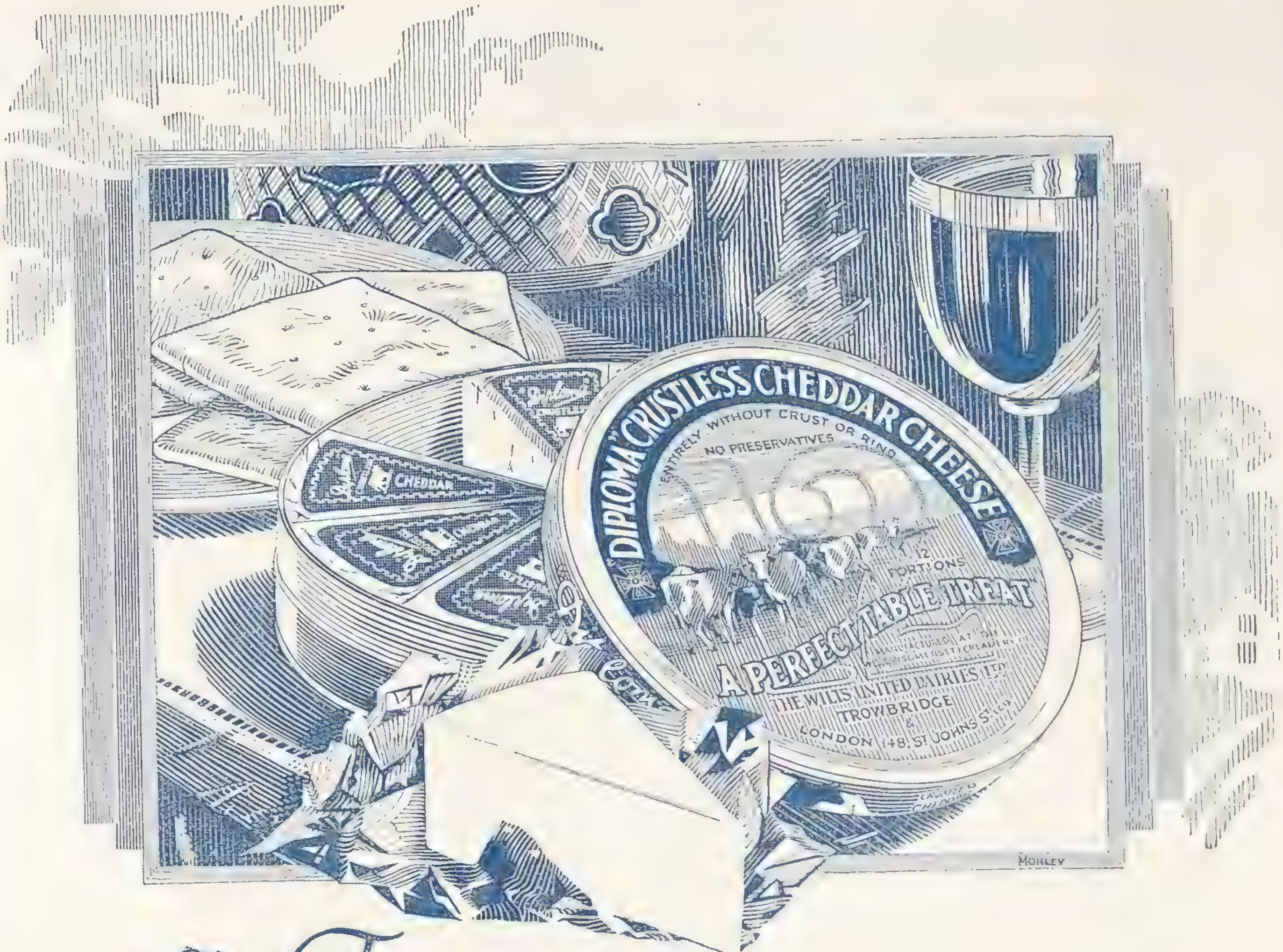
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He got off quickly and headed for Calais. A French battery on the coast took a shot at him, but when he opened his fine adjustment and let some flames blow out of his cowl, they stopped.

He took up his position half-way between Calais and Boulogne at four thousand feet and waited. He could see the long beams of the searchlights over Dunkirk stabbing the sky like silver lances and the quick flashes from Archie burst like twinkling stars. There was his prey! He was shivering from both cold and nervousness. The noise of his own motor drowned out all other sounds.

The moon was out now, and with any luck he ought to pick up the Hun by the flash of the moonlight on its wings.

He was scanning the heavens eagerly when the searchlights around Boulogne came on, and he hurried toward their beams to investigate. Suddenly a plane seemed to burst into brilliant flames a half-mile ahead of him. It was a big bomber, and a searchlight had found it. Then other beams concentrated on it. It stood out of the black sky like an electric sign.

IT was the biggest plane Carol had ever seen—five-motored, probably. Von Koch would naturally have the best. He banked and turned and shook off the searchlights, but Carol was close enough now to see the dark silhouette and occasionally a spurt of flames from the exhaust. He flew toward his target with throttle open and warmed up his guns. The German could not hear him and probably wouldn't see him. All hands would be busy with bomb-sights. They'd think any Camel up now was a ghost.

He turned off his dash-lights and made his mixture as lean as possible.

When he was within a hundred yards range, he opened fire. His sights were worthless, but he could see his tracer going below the bomber. He pulled up. The German saw him now and turned.

Carol got into position above the bomber's tail and opened fire again. As the bomber turned, he saw that tracer was coming toward him. So the observer was on the job, eh? The tracer was too close to him to be comfortable, so he skidded to one side. Still the tracer followed him. All right, he'd go underneath. He manœuvred into position under the bomber's tail and opened fire again. So did the bomber. The gunner had a trap-door in the bottom of the fuselage, and Carol saw two streams of tracer coming down toward him. This time he was closer and he could see his own tracer going into the bomber's fuselage. He saw a shower of sparklets on his right wing. The German was scoring too! Well, something was going to happen quick. Both his guns were pouring lead into the trapdoor.

He overshot to avoid a collision and did a climbing turn into position. He was better off above, so he tried another dive. This time he got no answering burst from the German. He must have killed the gunner. He'd better hurry before another one took his place. He poured another burst into the bomber, but Von Koch turned quickly, and he had to pull up sharply to avoid a collision.

The searchlights were playing all around them now. Von Koch was having a hard time with enemies above and below. He had to manœuvre with Carol and avoid the searchlights at the same time. Archie obligingly, gave Carol a free hand after they saw him open fire. He closed in again as a searchlight caught the bomber, and pressed his triggers for the kill. Nothing happened. He cleared both guns by hand quickly. There was no jam. Still neither gun would fire. He felt for his belts. Plenty of ammunition. He swung away to find the trouble, but was helpless in the dark. Something had gone wrong with his synchronising gear; probably it had been hit. He got back into position and tried vainly to fire. What an anti-climax!

Von Koch must have sensed his predicament, for he turned slowly toward Boulogne.

He must have a ton of bombs in that crate. And Carol had to sit up and watch him drop them! Well, something had to be done.

What was it Major Fowler had said? The two planes were flying at the same speed, and the propeller of one cut the rudder and elevators off the other. Well, the bomber had just as fragile a tail as any scout. And a bigger and more vulnerable one. Could he do it? He'd have a try.

Von Koch was flying toward Boulogne in spite of the searchlights. Archie was a mile behind him. He was flying perfectly straight to get his bomb sights set. The nerve of him!

CAROL opened up his throttle and overtook him. When he was within a hundred yards, he throttled down to the same speed as the bomber. He increased his speed just a little. Thanks to the moon he could see perfectly. He was travelling three or four miles an hour faster than the bomber. The distance decreased. A searchlight played first on him and then on Von Koch. They weren't fifty feet apart now. Carol closed in gradually. He could see the big double tail in the moonlight. If he could just barely nick it with his propeller! Well, here goes!

Von Koch apparently sensed his purpose, for he started to turn. It slowed him down just a fraction, and Carol felt the tail coming toward him. There was a shock, and the sound of his propeller splintering. Then he was free again. The bomber's motors had pulled them apart when his propeller ceased to function. His own motor was racing terribly without it. It caught fire. He cut his switches and shut off his gasoline. The flames from his cowl died out. Now, what must he do? He switched on his dash-lights. He had two thousand feet, and all his controls were good. Well, he might get out with a broken back. But he'd sell those two thousand feet to hell dearly.

He pulled up in a slow glide and dropped his parachute flare.

It burst into a bright magnesium light two hundred feet below him and lit up the ground like an arc light. He circled and searched eagerly for a place to land. There was an open field beside a canal. He spiralled down under the flare and dropped into the field. No trouble about seeing where to land. He side-slipped as he came low over the canal and levelled off. Hold everything! His wheels struck the ground easily, but caught an obstacle, and the plane went over and settled on its back........

Hopefully Carol worked his fingers and toes. No, he wasn't hurt. He unfastened his safety belt and crawled out from under the cockpit with no complaint to offer. The parachute flare landed nearby and burned out on the ground.

THERE were voices in the distance, and some French peasants came up in a few minutes. They were very excited and brandished guns and knives. He couldn't convince them that he was friend and not foe, as he had no uniform on. Two men took him into Boulogne.

It was three miles, and by the time they reached it, the raid was over. Carol found a military policeman, who rescued him from the peasants and guided him to the base headquarters.

He explained the matter to the Officer of the Day and persuaded him to get the 65th Wing on the 'phone. The adjutant said a tender was already on the way from the squadron to Boulogne with his mechanics. A report had come through from an Archie battery that both Carol and the bomber were down. The Colonel and Major le Man had gone to the bomber an hour before.

The headquarters staff gave him a drink and many congratulations. By the time the tender and mechanics arrived, he had his nerve back. He took the mechanics to the wreck and left them to dismantle it while he went on back to Dunkirk in the tender. It was after dawn when he arrived at headquarters, and immediately fell asleep on the Colonel's desk.

At eight the Colonel and Major le Man came in. They were jubilant. Carol explained to them what had happened.

"A wonderful stunt!" the Colonel exclaimed, and congratulated Carol. "We saw what had happened to the tail. If you were in the British Army, you'd get a V.C. But no one except a soldier of the King is eligible for that. So you'll have to be content with the D.S.O."

"WHAT happened to Von Koch?" Carol asked.

"He was killed instantly. The plane came down in a dive, and they were all killed in the crash except the gunner, and he was full of holes already. They hadn't dropped a bomb."

"Didn't any of them go off?"

"Not one. They all had double safety fuses. But here's the important thing. In Von Koch's pocket was a love-letter from the blonde girl."

"I'm not interested in that," Carol told him.

"Oh, yes, you are," Le Man insisted. "That's why we sent you up after him. As soon as the Colonel has a plane ready, I am going to take this love-letter to Paris. It contains in code the disposition of the German troops from Nieuport to Ypres."

"What?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you we would be too clever for Von Koch? He fell into our trap nicely. We let him take our spy with him and then bring back her message. Rather neat, what?"

"You mean she really was a French spy all the time?"

"Certainly. Also a German one. That was why Von Koch trusted her. But she gave the Germans bad information and the French good. If you think what you

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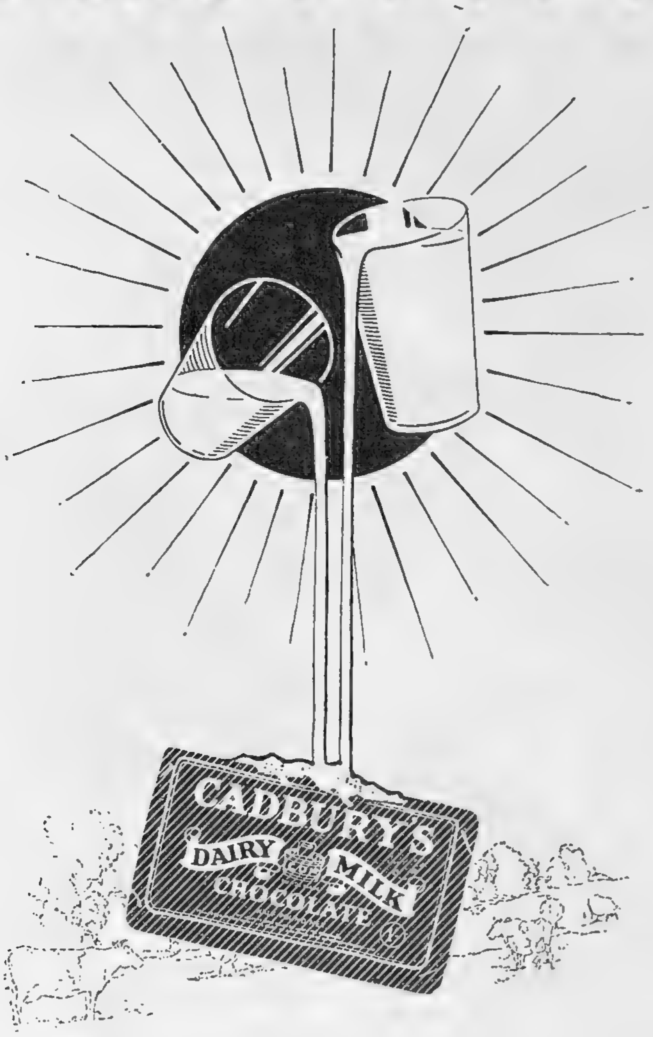

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did was dangerous, imagine her position! But she worked through Von Koch nicely."

"How did you know he would be over to-night?"

"A signal to one of our observation planes."

"My God! She made Von Koch play chauffeur to his own funeral."

"Yes," said the Colonel. "She's the one who was clever."

IN October Carol was wounded and sent to Boulogne, to the hospital. He had the D.S.O. now, and the D.S.C. with a bar. When he was released he obtained leave and went to Paris. In the New York Bar he ran into an officer from headquarters whom he had known in London.

"By the way, Banks," he said, "there was a girl in headquarters the other morning asking for news of you. Oh, boy, what a treat for sore eyes she was!"

"Asking for me?" Carol echoed. "Wonder who it could have been. Blonde or brunette? How'll I find who she was?"

"Ask Marshall Mills. He got her address."

Carol lost no time. In an hour he knocked at the door of an apartment, and it was opened by the little blonde spy.

Carol spluttered something in bad French. To his surprise, she addressed him in good English.

"Welcome," she said. "It is indeed a pleasure to see you again. My message bore fruit quickly."

"Yes," said Carol, "that was very clever of you. And very kind. I am sorry I acted so badly before, but I didn't understand."

"It was just as well. My life hung in the balance. You played your part well. Captain Von Koch was completely disarmed. I had already whispered to him that I was an agent for Germany and was planning his escape."

"You're marvellous. How did you get back?"

"Through Denmark. That was easy."

"I suppose the Germans sent you back for more information."

"No. I have quit the spying. You see, that flight back was very cold. I was not dressed for it. The Colonel's uniform was very thin. How I suffered! It affected my lungs badly. Now I must go to the mountains. Perhaps I have not long to live."

"That's a damn' shame," was the only thing Carol could say to that, though he felt the bottom had dropped out of the world.

"*C'est la guerre,*" she murmured philosophically. "Did you get the picture I sent you?"

"Yes. Did you mean it for me?"

"Certainly."

"Gosh, you're a peach," said Carol admiringly. "And what a rotten time you must have had! Imagine having to go back to enemy territory in a stolen plane! You might have been shot down on the way. What a terrible experience!"

"That's not the worst part of it," she told him.

"What was the worst part of it?"

"Having to leave you and go off with that German. I might never have seen you again! But God has spared you to me—for a little while."

"Blame it on anybody you like," said Carol. "As long as I'm here, I won't dispute you."

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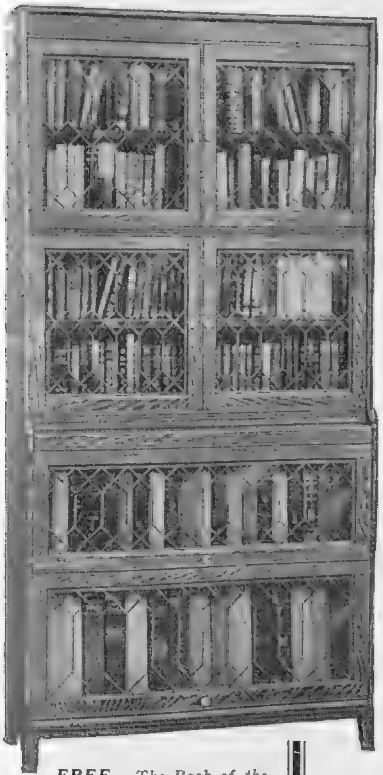

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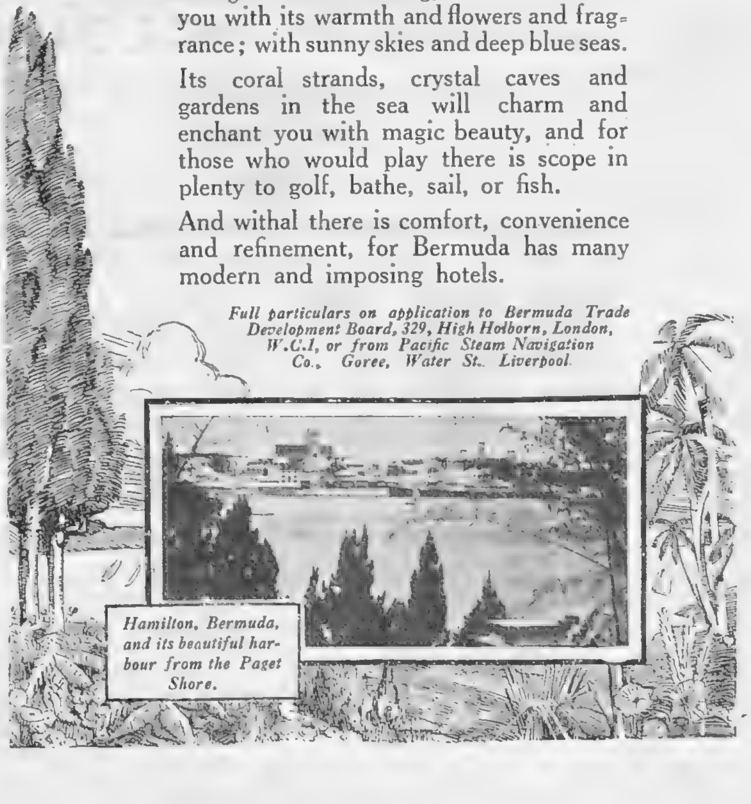

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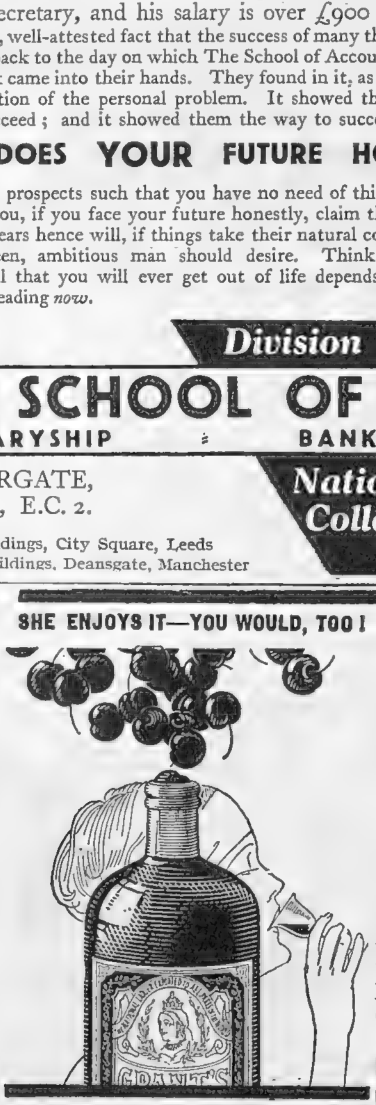

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A Glass *with* You

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

(Continued from page 51)

liked to display his capture, collect suffrages of envy . . .

In the latex house, wide, shadowy and cool, the atmosphere grew swiftly more and more strained, until it seemed like a stretched violin string, about to break. Nothing but the arrival of Joe Redfern's morning milk saved the situation.

HE was a huge, heavy, powerful fellow of the carthorse kind, but, as I had already learned, there were weak spots in his big body and the port doctor had counselled him, for the sake of certain needed vitamins, to drink milk. Joe hated it, whisky was more in his line—but he ordered and tossed down a couple of glasses daily. It was Miss Stack's duty to see that these unwelcome draughts were prepared, and she had come into the latex house (where he was generally to be found at eleven o'clock) just ahead of the boy and the tray.

Lydia, of course, knew all about it; she had spent some weeks of honeymoon on the place before escaping to port to consult her dentist—as she said. I think myself—but that is beside the point.

"You appear to be a Jimmy Woodser," she remarked satirically to her husband. A Jimmy Woodser, in Australian slang, is a man who drinks alone.

Redfern set down the glass and wiped his lips with his handkerchief. "Muck," he said comprehensively. "Who—I? Who wants the stuff?"

"What about Miss Stack?" said Lydia, talking, I guessed, for the sake of talking. She could not remain silent any more than a man can stand still upon hot plates of iron. Make no mistake, I was the better man, and she knew it just then; the thought was burning her.

"She can have what she wants," said Redfern carelessly. Mean in all things connected with the labour of the place, he prided himself on his hospitality.

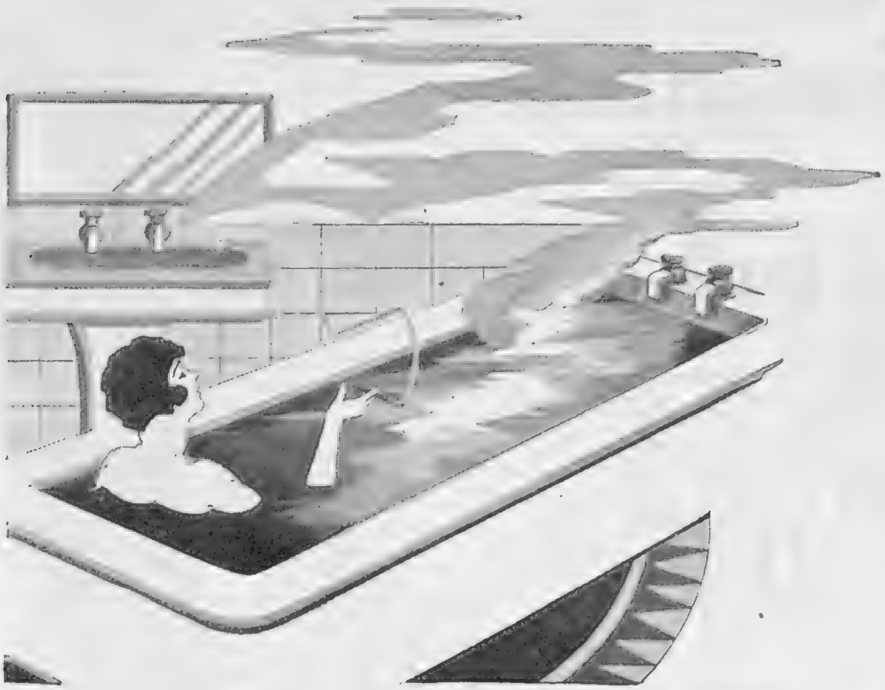
The look that Gretta sent him, out of her pale small eyes! She had been a year on the place. She must have wanted—hoped——But what matter? One never thought of her.

She was speaking. Gretta's voice was soft, and almost musical.

"Thank you," was all she said. "You've been very kind to me. I shan't forget it." And then we all went out into the sun again and I watched Lydia walk away with Joe Redfern, across the clearing and down the fluttering light green avenues to the plantation house, low and wide and red-roofed, that was their home. She was eighteen. He was thirty or so. They might live half a century together, loving and eating and drinking and having children, while I, maybe, was a pinch of dust adrift on the island winds.

I WENT no further than the threshold; there was the coagulating work to do and rubber couldn't be wasted, though the world stood still. Six weeks on Garia had taught me the sacredness of that strange white blood of trees upon which the fortunes of half New Mercia hung.

Outside, the sun, white-hot as molten steel, flooded the clearing; shadows were shrunken black as fur. I turned



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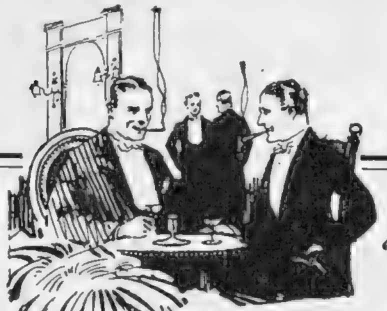

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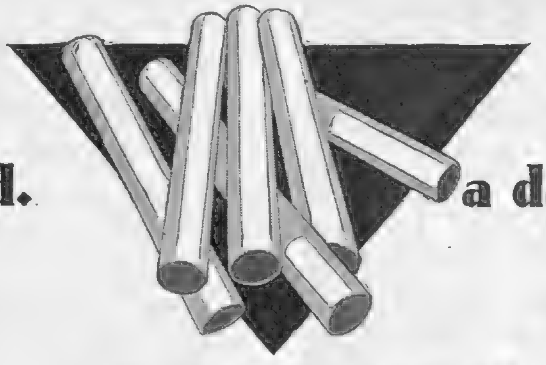

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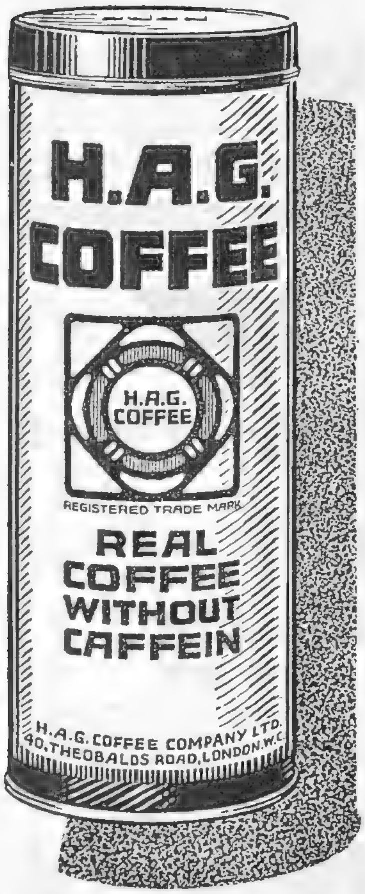
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into the grateful shadow of the rubber house, pure and cool as a dairy. The last of the boys were hurrying in with their enamel buckets, filled to the brim with creaming latex. Fluttering green shadows from the leaves outside made play upon the milky lakes of sap as I began to pour.

"It's beautiful, all of it, isn't it ?" said Gretta's voice. . . . Confound the woman ! I had forgotten she was there.

"Very beautiful," I agreed. "You like Garia ?"

"I might as well be here as anywhere else," she answered, not without a certain bitterness. "Mrs. Redfern was kind enough to suggest I should stay on."

I realised that Lydia was no fool ; she had sized up the situation without difficulty. Some women would have given the housekeeper her walking papers. Miss Stack, I remembered, had shown no particular gratitude for this condescension ; she had winced away from the name of Mrs. Redfern every time it was uttered. If she had been more communicative, things, I reflected, would have been a good bit easier for me. I should have had some idea of what was coming ; I shouldn't have been standing here in the latex house, working away, with my very heart sick and my fingers cold on the warm glass of the beaker, cursing Miss Stack for being there, cursing myself for being there, at odds with all of life.

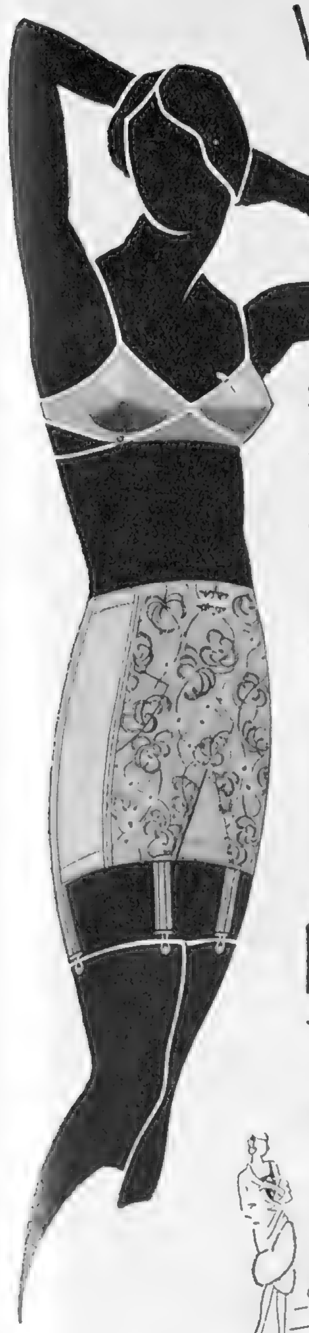
I could not make a bolt for it now. I should have to suffer things out—for a while, at any rate. And by this time I was well aware that plantation life is the worst possible scene for a comedy such as seemed likely to be played with our three lives. There was no other settlement for thirty miles ; Joe Redfern and Lydia, Joe Redfern and I, Lydia and I, were the only possible combinations of society, to be repeated and again repeated. . . . Oh, and Miss Stack of course. There, she was going away at last, thank God ; she was gathering up the two streaky tumblers that Joe had reluctantly emptied ; she was opening her sun-umbrella. . . . Gone !

* * * *

REDFERN had lost a boy and had sent me out to hunt for him. The job suited me so little that I was sitting on a log not three hundred yards from the plantation house, safely concealed by bush, waiting till the boy should have had ample time to clear off beyond pursuit, before I obeyed orders. Joe could be cruel at times, not deliberately, but roughly and impulsively. He had cracked this particular New Mercian over the skull with an iron bar, and the native—who by some miracle was not killed—had promptly made off into the uncharted sea of the hundred foot forest that surrounded the plantation. It was not likely that I, or any white man, could trace the runaway ; but Redfern, when he was annoyed, had to be doing something, even something useless ; he was one of those jumping-jack fellows, always on the go. What he wanted he wanted at once, with a bang. . . .

Sitting alone there on the log, a younger man, a better man, yet defeated by just this jumping-jack quality of Redfern's, I felt myself, suddenly, outclassed, depressed. There was a stream beside me to play Narcissus ; take stock of my physical self. No beauty-man looked back at me from that primal

When choosing new frocks



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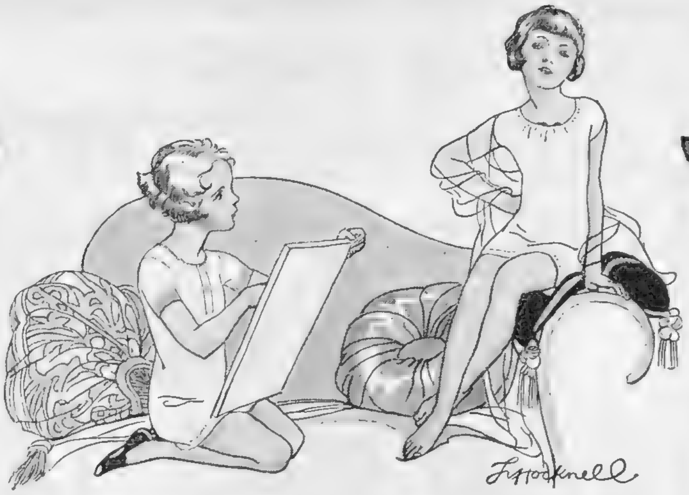

A few bright hints are given here to artists in the bud,
At least to those who've passed the stage of plasticine and mud.
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mirror; a brown, tough chap, with a certain Gay Musketeer touch about him; for all that, a steady fellow, one who could endure and wait. . . .

And much good enduring and waiting had done me! Much good they were likely to do. What was I enduring for, waiting for, now? I faced the question squarely. I don't know that I had reached an answer, when something happened that drove philosophy out of my head.

Before me, in the mirror, another face took shape. It was like looking into a magic crystal, seeing therein one's thoughts, one's fate. It was as if I had called her up by a spell; she who was never absent from my mind. Lydia.

I did not turn round. I said coolly, as if no stab of intolerable passion shook me at the sight: "Evening, Lyddy."

The face still looked, unmoving, over my shoulder. Lydia's shadow seemed to stare at mine. And the shadow said to the shadow what the substance had never dared to say (for we had kept on "cracking hardy" all these days; pretending that nothing had happened, or could happen): "Nick, what's going to become of me?"

Answering the woman in the mirror, I said, without moving: "Is there anything now?"

"There's this," she said, speaking with concentrated fury, "that I'll kill myself soon. I could stand him before—when I didn't know—but not now." She stopped, and went on, on a quiete note. "You were my man, Nick, you always ought to have been."

"Yes," I said. I knew it too. She needed the steadiness of me; I wante the fire and fury of her. Not but what had fire of my own—but Lydia was flame, in love, in anger, in daring. Th mad impulsiveness of her beat again the same quality in Redfern. They tor one another—already. I thought of th boy and the iron bar, and I was frightene for her.

She spoke again, almost as if she ha overheard my thoughts. "I'm afraid sometimes. This place is full of temp tation."

"What do you mean?" I aske swinging round to face her.

THERE was a look almost cunnin in her eyes. "Never mind," sh said. "But it is full of gateways, eas gateways. And one never knows on mightn't—walk through."

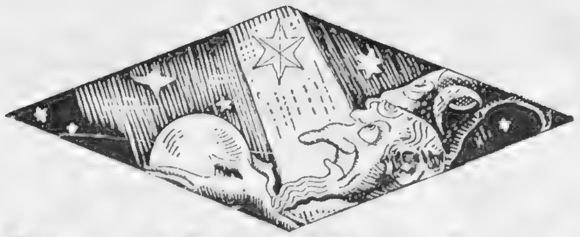
I suppose I did not quite catch the significance of this; you know how it is when you listen so closely to the speake that the words seem to miss you. I said what was in the bottom of my heart. "If you'll come with me, I'll honour you like my sister till he gets a divorce."

Lydia sat down on the log beside me. Silent, she was looking at the tan shoes that covered her slim feet. "He wouldn't," was her verdict, delivered after some moments' study of straps and rubber soles. "And I know what you're going to say, and I wouldn't. So that's that."

"Lyddy, will you leave him anyhow? I thought you were going to rub along, but since it's like this—why not go home?"

She jumped to her feet.

"Do you see me—me," she cried, "back again like a bad penny returned after a wedding in the cathedral and bridesmaids and all of it—gone back to sit on the verandah with a dog and a



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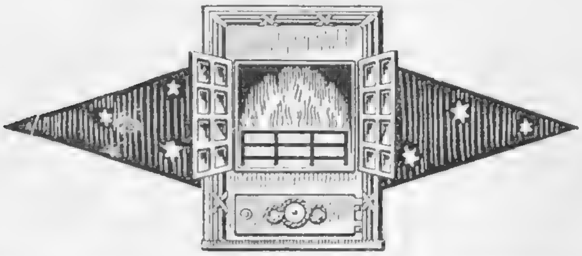

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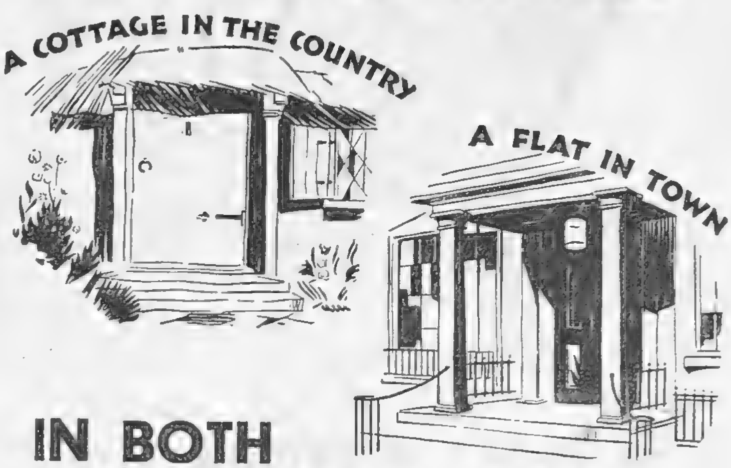
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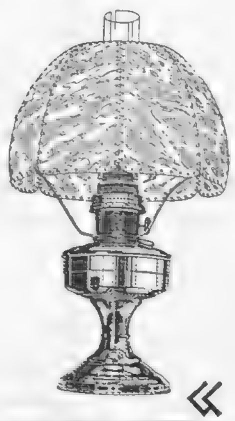

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pack of patience cards for the rest of my life—like an old maid—no, a hundred times worse. Me! "

"No," I answered her. For indeed I did not see my cocktail girl filling any such position. Nor did I see her wandering the world at my side, undivorced, a mark for snubs and sneers.

Suddenly she fell from the fiery mood into another. She was soft now: tears were not very far from her eyes. "And you know," she was saying, "they are right when they tell you the islands are made for love. And the plantations most. They are so beautiful and so lonely, and you get right away from the world into a sort of Garden of Eden."

SHE sat upright, her eyes wide open; she talked and talked. "I will not cry. I'm damned if I'll cry," I could almost hear her say to herself. She was always so plucky, my cocktail girl—who was not my girl after all. And Garia was lovely, as only these warm paradises are; nowhere else on earth such a blare of living blues and greens; nowhere such suns of melted gold, day-long and year-long. And the rubber, the delicate stately Hevea, fine-fingered, fluttering, almost alive; trickling white blood into its thousands of latex cups, drinking the furious swift rains like wine. . . . And under its leaves, while rain cascaded, butterflies, white velvet, sapphire silk, clinging with folded wings ready to rise and sail like fairy birds as soon as the storm passed by. Lydia spoke no more than truth when she said that this Garia, remote and exquisite, was meant for love.

That was why I got to my feet and dashed upon indifferent subjects. "Did you see the runaway?" I asked, well knowing that she had not.

"If I did," she said, "I'd help him to run. For very little I'd run myself—only where?"

"You've only to say the word and I'll go away and wait," I told her. "I'll wait down in the port. I'll wait a hundred years."

"Oh, what's the use?" she said. "What's the use of anything? Nick, I'm afraid of myself sometimes."

"Why?" I said, fronting her so that her eyes could not escape from mine. She met the challenge, stared back at me. "I don't know," she evaded. "Nick, I say, Nick—what about that boy? Which boy was it?"

"You don't want to know, but I'll tell you. It was an eastern boy, a fellow who's been on Kalalu plantation as boss tapper before he came here; looks after the cattle too and can coagulate as well as I can at a pinch. The very last boy to go monkeying with when we're so short of labour. It's a pity Redfern didn't go for one of the Northern River boys with his crowbar, when he was at it, they'd have given him something to go with and maybe cured him. But a tribesman from the eastern island is just a sheep."

"Sheep or not," she said, "we're in for a hot time in the old town to-night if Joe has lost his best tapper. He does run so jealous of the Kalalu people. Gretta Stack and I'll get the brunt of it, I suppose, as if it was our fault. Why didn't she make him fancy her? A woman who's not an absolute idiot can, and Gretta would have loved his caveman ways. I think she did. I think she'd knife me if she dared, but she's another sheep; she might have come from the eastern group herself. Oh, Nick, my heart's sore, but I'm not going to talk any more to you; it does no good and I don't know what's going to happen to any of us. Stop there, don't come back with me. There'll be caveman behaviour enough going on without that."

I LOOKED at her and I did not kiss her; there was the thought of Joe Redfern in my mind, and how he had held her in his arms, down in the latex house, and kissed her as if he would kiss her away. "Divorce!" I thought, in a sullen flash. "If he wasn't dead and stamped down in his grave and rotted in it, I'd not touch your little finger. I'm no sharer with men above ground anyhow." And I fell to thinking, as she moved away, of that slight trouble of Redfern's and what it might be; whether it would allow him to reach middle age.

"It will," I thought. "He'll live for ever, if he knocks off whisky and probably if he doesn't. Hated men live long."

And so the sunset of a most miserable day flared down behind the tree-tops and I went home to my cabin; no use, I knew, to look for the missing boy.

Redfern, next day, was in a devilish temper; I could only conjecture what a time Lydia must have had with him last evening, for she did not appear. The work went quicker than usual; everyone feared to meet the master's eye. Twenty minutes or more before the usual time the last of the latex buckets was in, and the work of making rubber begun. And, as before, while I was measuring and filling in came Gretta Stack, a boy behind her carrying the tray with Redfern's dose. That was what he called it; so far, I don't think it had done him any particular good.

JOE was the soul of punctuality, for all his jumping-jack character. The last of the buckets had barely foamed its contents into the last of the white-enamelled troughs when horses' hoofs came cantering, tirra-lump, tirra-lump, along the pathway and the master of Garia slid down from his saddle and stumped into the latex house. He was fearfully hot, he swabbed his forehead with his handkerchief and stood for a moment, gasping, like a stranded fish. I thought, as I looked at him, that the unpleasant pallor of his face was more than usually noticeable in this heat, when everyone else was flushed, and once again the question flashed into my mind "How long will he live?"

But I am glad to think—I shall be glad for all my life—that with that thought came another—"You took my girl and you're the two ends and bight of a damned brute, but all the same, I wouldn't grudge you, or any man, an hour of God's sunlight, a day of walking about on earth and finding it good."

He was in a bad temper, as I have said; he chose to ignore me. It was to the other courtier that he turned his royal face. "Here, Miss Stack," he said, "Lyd was grousing on me the other day because I was a Jimmy Woodser, drinking alone. I'll give you the second glass to-day." He held out one of the filled, snowy tumblers to her. "Here's luck," he said, and flung the other down his throat, as if it had been black draught.

I had the beaker in my hand and was pouring the measured acid which, in a brief while, would turn the trough of creamy fluid into white solid rubber, ready to go through the wringers and to come out in flat, printed sheets, like little Turkish bath towels. Such was the magic of the coagulating house, followed later on by that of the smoke-house, where the opaque white sheets would turn to translucent amber. I wasn't thinking of that, or of anything in particular, as I did my work. Certainly I was not thinking of Joe Redfern and his draught; I had seen him disgustedly toss it down some scores of times by now. . . .

I don't know what it was that made me lift my eyes (at peril of ruining some gallons of latex) and see what I saw, what I am never likely to forget.

Joe Redfern was leaning against the nearest table, his face scarlet, his eyes projecting. One hand was in his mouth. I could not make out what he was doing: it looked almost as if he was trying to choke himself. The other clutched at the glass he had just set down—the empty glass.

I saw all that in a flash and in the next moment Gretta's tumbler was on the floor broken, the milk running out of it and she had sprung to his assistance. "What is it?" I heard her say.

He took his hand from his mouth. "Mustard," he said. "Quick—damned quick! I've drunk latex."

She screamed at that; a thin, shrill cry like a ghost's. She ran out of the latex house into the hot sun. I saw her hurrying towards the house, which was a good half-mile away. She might as well have tried to run to the port for all the help she could bring. I did not attempt to follow her. I knew just what the mock milk of the rubber trees, indistinguishable at a casual glance from the real thing, could do if suddenly cast into a human stomach. The gastric juice would coagulate it just as quickly as my acetic acid coagulated the latex in the troughs. The wretch's interior, in fewer minutes than it would take to tell, would be a solid lump of rubber.

"It happened on Kalalu," I thought, horrified, hurrying to Redfern's side. "I remember—the boy who'd been working on a dairy farm—who would try the latex, because it looked like milk—died—no doctor——Here, old man, drink water, drink a lot—maybe it'll help you." I had the water-can to his mouth. There was just a chance. . . .

HE drank and choked, and drank again. His face grew clay-coloured as he struggled to rid himself of the poison. No use!

Panting, he let himself slip to the littered floor, in a pool of spilled white liquid that might have been latex, or milk, or both. "I'm done," he said; his harsh voice shrill with astonishment—the immemorial astonishment of life surprised by death.

The nearest surgeon, the nearest help, was three days' ride away. That night we buried Redfern.

Miss Stack had cried hysterically all day long. After the end, I went to her room and walked in without the formality of knocking.

"I want you to tell me," I said, "just how that fatal mistake was made, if you know. You're the housekeeper; it's up to you."

She sat erect on her bed and stared at me. It had grown dark; the incandescent lamps were lighted; a glare of white flame illuminated Gretta's small pinched face. The windows were black; you could not see the stars or the ocean of forest outside, but you could smell the thick-sweet smell of trumpet-flower and hear a flying-fox scream angrily among the orange trees. I felt, of a sudden, that we were all very far away from the national, commonplace world of the settlements; that here, in the enormous lonely forests, anything might happen—might have happened. . . .

Gretta kept silence for a time. I waited. "I don't know what you want," she said at last. "I didn't fill them. I know no more than you."

I thought of the glass in her hand, that had fallen shattered to the floor. I thought of something else; of a dark face that had looked, for one moment, out of the thick bush beyond the rubber house, when I was working over Redfern. The face of the runaway boy . . .

But that might have meant nothing. He was probably hungry—looking for a chance to steal food.

Yet—the boy had worked on Kalalu, had seen his comrade die. And poison is the sting of weak creatures. Of women too . . .

What, was she as clever as that? The glasses of milk—an innocent mistake—filled from the wrong bucket, with the day's milking standing beside a latex bucket and a stupid boy at work. Yes, I could hear that defence. And the floor of the latex house, when I went to look at it that afternoon, had been washed clean. Nothing in that; the floor was washed every day, though perhaps not quite so early. But—there was nothing to tell now whether the second glass, so unexpectedly offered to Gretta, had contained milk or the white deadly venom of the Hevea. Much turned on that—if one had known.

I realised that one would never know for certain. Whether she was innocent—and she looked it, crying upon the bed, that little white-faced thing whom no one loved—whether the boy was guilty, whether the two of them had combined to gain a common end, or whether there had been a genuine mistake and no one was guilty at all—I could not tell. And, unless I was much mistaken, the inquiry that I foresaw would find out nothing either.

I left her alone. I went out into the hall and stood looking down the long verandah, splendid with stars.

Was it too soon to remember that the barriers were down, the long pain over, for Lydia and myself a new life might begin?

"I will think about all that," I said. "to-morrow."

* * * *

Months afterwards she said to me: "I always knew it must have been Gretta, because she ran away after and because of all sorts of things."

"The boy ran away too," I reminded her.

"Men are stupid," was all her reply.

I have often wondered. . . . She spoke of "temptation"—would those red lips have been stilled for ever, as Redfern's brutal mouth was stilled, if Gretta, or the boy, which ever it was, had not acted first?

I don't know, thank God. I never shall. We are happy together—and I am growing cocoanuts.

Night-time Blues: *by* VINA DELMAR

(*Continued from page* 81)

THE autumn saw the Trents back in town again. Carlo found a competent nurse for small Ruth, then tried to forget that she had had a child.

Billy loved the baby. He brought her dolls, games and toys that she could not possibly enjoy for another two years. He brought her a puppy at which she was frightened. He wanted her to hurry up and grow big so that he could buy her a lot of lovely things. But he never knew when she had a cold or a sick tummy.

Carlo was accustomed to the racing now. As time sped by she learned to accept her life. She loved Billy and she had him.

On, on—faster, faster, faster. . . .

"The Club Rococo opens at midnight and small Ruth has measles. The Giffords are sailing; we must see them off — but Father's birthday is that night. He expects us. Billy wants to go with the Groves to Bermuda. He'll lose his position if he keeps taking time off like that. His uncle won't stand for everything forever. The opening of the new Merries show! What, that night? Why, I've invited Dr. Hale to dinner. But of course that can be cancelled. We're giving Geraldine Hull a surprise party here on the ninth. Oh, dear, I could stand it all, I think, if only that pain would stop!"

The pain, a strange phantom that pounced upon Carlo at odd moments, did not stop. It would come when least expected. A smile would freeze on her lips suddenly and the pain would be there.

She went at last to see about it. She was not surprised at the verdict. An operation. And at once.

Billy was grief-stricken. He cried when she told him. Carlo was taken aback at this manifestation. Could this be Billy? She was reassured when after five minutes of misery Billy rallied and called some people in for a quiet evening at home. . . .

Everything is relative. The operation was not bad when compared with what followed.

"It will be necessary, Mrs. Trent, to take things easy for six months or so. Don't walk a step more than is necessary, and of course don't dance or exert yourself at all."

"Yes, Doctor."

"Be in bed early at night. Don't worry about anything. Just generally lie around and have a good rest."

"Yes, Doctor."

CARLO did not tell Billy what the doctor had said. If she did he would buy her a hundred good books, put a very efficient nurse in charge of her, have roses delivered every morning—and in a week he would forget there had ever been a time when she had played with him. She couldn't let him forget. She couldn't bear it if he did.

She followed him as before in his mad chase. He went nowhere without her. But she could not dance. She had to give in there. She had tried in the privacy of her bedroom, humming softly to herself and whirling giddily across the rug. Then she stopped abruptly and held on to the foot of her bed, praying earnestly for the agony to cease. She addressed the pain which to her had become a living, cruel foe:

"I surrender, I surrender!"

So Carlo, faltering but game, followed Billy's fleet steps in their constant dash for pleasure. It was torture to be left always with the party bore or with somebody's aunt. Funny to be regarded as someone who, of course, couldn't be quite "in" on everything. She read the pity in people's eyes. Pity for Billy. He was so young and so full of go. Too bad that he of all people should have an invalid wife! It was odd to be sitting with an elderly lady, watching Billy dance.

"Doesn't he dance well?"

"Yes, that's my husband, you know."

She hardly ever saw small Ruth now. It was necessary to rest her sick, tired body some time. The child was in the park when Carlo arose, and by the time Ruth came home Carlo had gone to meet Billy.

MR. SANTREY was having Dr. Hale to dinner. He had thought that there would perhaps be a couple of games of chess afterwards and a chat with the quiet young man to whom he had taken such a fancy.

"You'll be out this evening, I suppose," Mr. Santrey said to his son.

"No. Don't you remember, Dad, this is the night I've asked Linda and her mother over to dinner?"

"Oh, yes." Linda was a sweet thing. Mr. Santrey suspected that she would eventually become his daughter-in-law. Well, the chess was out, and the quiet chat—so it might as well be a larger party. Perhaps Carlo and Billy could come too.

As it happened, they could. Carlo arrived before Billy, who came directly from the office.

"I had asked some people to our house to-night," he explained to his father-in-law as they shook hands. "Just a few people. I 'phoned them and asked them to come here instead. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all."

"Thanks. Say, Carlo, you're looking wonderful. I never saw that dress before, did I?"

"Only four or five times, Billy."

Billy wandered about the room for a bit, and as Carlo and her father returned to their conversation he switched on the radio.

Carlo's brother came in with Linda Wright and her mother. Linda was a small, vivid brunette, slim and lovely. Her eyes were brown and ablaze with life. Dr. Hale was late, but came in time to go with the party in to dinner.

It was ten o'clock when Billy's friends arrived. Miss Crane and Mr. Worthley and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton. They were a lively, talkative foursome. They greeted Carlo with slight interest. How was she to-day? . . . That was fine! They gathered about Billy and laughed and joked; the party was theirs.

The radio played and people danced and Carlo sat with Mrs. Wright, while from across the room Dr. Hale watched her.

"Mind if I dance with Linda, Walt?" Billy asked, tugging at her hand.

"Not at all." Walter Santrey's tone was convincing, but his eyes never left his brother-in-law. After all, Walter had known Billy for years.

Carlo also watched as Linda and Billy danced together. They danced beautifully. There was the rhythmic quality of true dancing even in their foolish antics. The orchestra stopped, and while the announcer spoke Billy clung to Linda. He wanted her for the next dance too.

"I wonder what they'll play now," Linda said. "Oh, St. Louis Blues! Lovely!"

Carlo's eyes—sad, grey pools of wistfulness—followed her husband and the gay Linda about the room. They danced as though it had been rehearsed. It was permissible to-day to dance as Billy and Linda were dancing. It had taken a certain recklessness to do it on that far-away, sunny day when Carlo had first heard those silly, tragic words.

Linda's small body shuddered deliciously on the whining notes; her gown glittered in the lamplight as Billy turned her about. She was a good dancer. Was Billy remembering——

The music stopped.

"By gosh, nobody ever danced like you!" Billy cried.

HE had forgotten. He was not being mean; he was not trying to deride Carlo for having fallen in the race. He had simply forgotten. Billy had no place to store memories. His brain was too crowded. There was no room for even a tiny recollection of having danced with his wife and having people leave the floor to watch them. He mustn't forget. Carlo couldn't bear his forgetting.

She slipped from her place beside Mrs. Wright. On that shelf of old records she had had the St. Louis Blues. She must find it now. There it was. Dusty, and cracked a bit—but that wouldn't matter.

She started the record going. Walter shut off the radio.

"What are you going to play, Sis? Oh, that again? Why, we just had that on the radio."

Carlo walked to Billy. "Dance with me?"

"Sure," he answered in surprise. "I never thought of asking you, Carlo."

"You must be feeling well to-night, Carlo," her father said.

Dr. Hale's eyes were grave and disapproving. He leaned forward in his chair to watch.

"*St. Louis wom—an*"

"Gosh, Carlo, how you can dance!" Billy's applause was the dearest in the world. It almost made Carlo forget that the pain was with her again—tearing, biting.

Linda's voice came to her ears from a great distance. "Marvellous!"

Around the room, again and again, slowly with dragging steps, long and mockingly solemn like the wails of the saxophone. Smiling into Billy's eyes, clinging to him a little, now and then.

AFTER the dance Carlo slunk away to the library. She could give in there to the enemy. She knew she was rocking back and forth in the chair, that beads of perspiration were upon her forehead. Suddenly she beheld Leonard Hale in the doorway. He closed the door and came over to her.

"Pretty bad, Carlo, wasn't it?" he asked.

(*Continued on page* 190)

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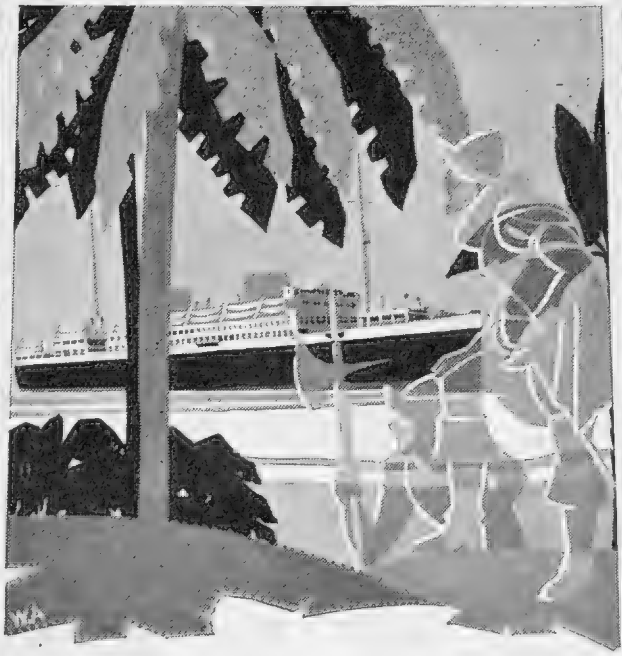

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She shrugged with an attempt at nonchalance. This man of all men must not know Billy's shallowness. He must not know that her marriage depended on her ability to keep up with her husband.

"Modern women are fools," she said. "We take such silly chances. I simply felt that I had to dance and I did."

"Carlo, you can't dam a flood by standing in its way for a moment, but you can drown yourself."

"Yes, I know—and I see that you know. But Leonard, Leonard, for God's sake don't preach! Don't you see, he lives too fast to remember? I had to remind him that I wasn't always an old woman. I wasn't jealous of Linda. She's sweet and I like her. It's just that I love him. He's got to know that I'm still here. He's got to think that I'm alive."

"But, Carlo, if you were sensible, in a year at the most you'd be yourself again. Didn't your doctor tell you that?"

"A year's too long," she cried. "Don't you see, Leonard? I'm taking a licking, but I want to take it standing up. Don't try to stop me. The licking is inevitable, and if you ever cared for me, you won't want me to take it lying down and whimpering."

He said nothing—just watched her as she sat in the chair with clenched fists and closed eyes. The music of the radio came to them through the door.

Billy was dancing again. Carlo could not dance this time, but there were always more partners.

Dr. Hale opened the door and went out quietly. He saw her point. She was right. There was a licking coming to her inevitably. He would not talk her out of taking it like a thoroughbred. He could be valiant too.

Outside, some one had suggested moving on to a night-club. Mr. Santrey had been invited and had declined.

"What about you, Hale? Going?"

Leonard thought of Carlo. Surely sl could not go.

"No, I'll stay here awhile with you."

Mr. Santrey's mind was still on the chess. He agreed heartily to that arrangement.

THE party was getting its wraps when Carlo appeared in its midst. Everyone was a trifle disconcerted. They had forgotten about her. She stood watching them. Her shoulders were thrown back and she stood very straight, because it would have been so easy to crumple up had she given in at all. Her eyes were keen and clear, but the taffy-coloured curls clung damply to her forehead.

"Where were you?" Billy asked. "Get your things. We're going down to the Paraguay Club."

"The Paraguay Club?" she echoed.

"Yes. Don't you want to go?"

"Sure. I'll go."

Carlo stood motionless as Billy draped her wrap about her. Her eyes closed once. She opened them and turned suddenly. Without a word to her father she followed the laughing people through the door.

Dr. Leonard Hale leaped forward as the door closed.

"You're not going, are you, Hale?" asked Mr. Santrey.

He stood irresolute for a moment. Then with slow, firm steps he came back to the centre of the room.

"Get the chess-board, Santrey," he said abruptly. "And say, could I have a drink?"

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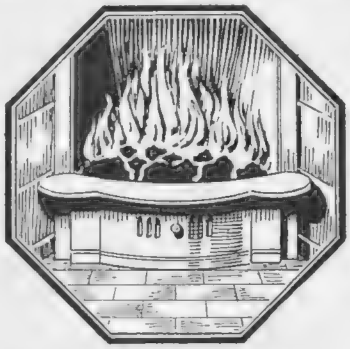

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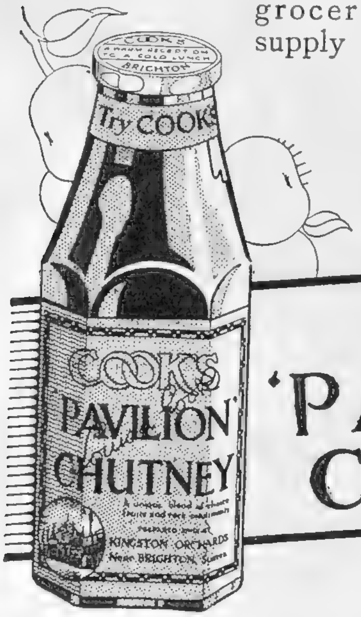

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Other People's Houses

(Continued from page 63)

when the great ladies of the day, headed by the famous Duchess of Queensberry in the reign of George III, were always followed by their attendant coloured boys. Painted wooden figures of these boys were made to form torchières and placed in convenient positions on staircases and in entrance halls. Another contemporary fashion with an Oriental origin was that of having large porcelain beasts placed about the rooms, emitting the smoke of sweet incense from their mouths. On a small lacquer table in Lord Lathom's study are two Charles II wax dolls dressed in contemporary needlework costumes. They are a charming rarity and are in wonderful condition. Many cushions of different coloured brocades and silks make the large divan a resting place of luxury, and a huge golden screen protects it from draughts.

ON the stairs leading up to the drawing room is another of the large windows which are such an excellent feature in the best of Regency houses. It has a wonderful pair of painted curtains designed and carried out by Miss Marian Dorn, the Californian artist. The design is in dark brown and white on a ground of deep golden yellow wool-backed satin.

Leading to the drawing room is a pair of double doors of modern design, similar to those of the dining room Within them is another pair of traditional panelled doors, harmonizing with the William and Mary panelling which lines the drawing room walls. This was copied from the library of a famous London house, and is made in the wood of the Spanish chestnut tree, which has a very pleasant streaky grain in places. Many of the large central panels are removed and their places taken by recessed book-shelves. One panel swings open at pressure on a concealed spring and reveals a modern refrigerator, a curious item in the furnishing of a London drawing-room! It is, however, a splendid idea, for here cold drinks can be kept iced all through a late party on a hot summer night, long after the servants have gone to bed. This end of the room and a luxurious sofa in a deep window recess have been christened by Mr. Edward Knoblock the "Dissipatorium"! There is some fine furniture in this room, and touches of colour are given by the sea-green brocade on some of the chairs and the lovely Nile green of some Chinese celadon vases which are used for lamps with shades made from old maps. The best of modern art is represented by Ernest Proctor's enchanting "Flora and the Horse," which hangs over the chimney piece, and a lovely boy's head in bronze by Dobson.

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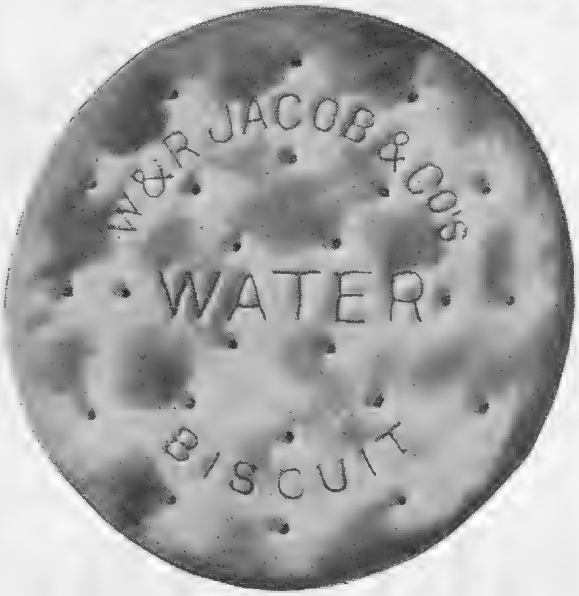

SOME like them "*high-baked*"; some like them "*ordinary,*" but everybody insists on Jacob's. It's the nice nutty flavour that makes Jacob's a different Water biscuit—and a specially good one.

Sold loose, in half-pound packets or in the new 2/- tin

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This is an actual photograph showing one of the modernist designs of Coverings. There is a fine selection for all tastes.

Glorious Comfort for your Evenings at Home

Any piece of this Suite can be supplied separately.

The BERKELEY Easy Chair has always set a standard for value, and with the new FIBRE and HAIR Stuffing it is unrivalled. Luxuriously upholstered, with long, coppered-steel springs in seat, back, and front edge. Best birch frame.
CASH PRICE 78/6 or £4 : 2 : 6 :— 10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly

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GUARANTEE We deliver immediately on Receipt of Deposit with Order, and if the value of any Berkeley Easy Chair or Chesterfield does not come up to expectation you may return it AT OUR EXPENSE and we will refund your money in full. DELIVERED FREE IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

LOOSE COVERS from 16/6
Send for Free Patterns

YOU take a new pride in your home once the Berkeley Lounge Suite is installed. Not until you see this magnificent furniture by your own fireside and examine it yourself for comfort, strength, workmanship and finish do you fully realise its wonderful quality and VALUE.

Such luxurious proportions, beauty of design and lovely modern coverings are usually only found in the most expensive furniture. Only the unique resources of the largest factories in the world devoted solely to Upholstery, backed up by direct selling to the public, enable us to sell the Berkeleys at their amazing low prices.

Everything about Berkeley Upholstery is good. The frames are of best quality birch, long coppered-steel springs specially coiled for strength and durability are used, and real FIBRE AND HAIR stuffing. Soundly constructed throughout by experts, this magnificent furniture will give a lifetime's pleasure and satisfaction.

Write now for Catalogue and Free Patterns of Damasks, Cretonnes and Tapestries from which to select your coverings.

Berkeley (REGD) **LOUNGE SUITE**

CASH PRICE FOR COMPLETE SUITE **£17 : 5 : 0**
or £18 : 5 : 0 :—20/- with order and balance 40/- monthly

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD
(Dept. B.A.), 70-78, OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.1
Showrooms: 133, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.; The Arcade Croydon; 16, The Parade, Watford; *and* 85, New St., Birmingham

Sphere
GRIPMOR
SUSPENDER
The QUALITY Suspenders for QUALITY Corsets

The outstanding features of "Gripmor" They *divide the strain.* The long, flat sides of this new rubber button take more strands of the stockings than any other button. The buckle has no sharp points at side to rend the lingerie, and no metal at back to touch the leg.

Note (1) the wide, flat gripping surfaces and (2) the broad loop, then (3) the wide button *crossways* of the stockings.

Ask that SPHERE GRIPMOR SUSPENDERS be attached to your Corsets.

SPHERE SUSPENDER MANUFACTURING CO., LEICESTER

Another Motoring New Year

(Continued from page 57)

effect of transforming a quiet touring car into a high-speed sports model at will. At least one new firm will be exhibiting a supercharged car of which this may be said.

FRONT-WHEEL drive is another novelty which is gradually coming to the fore. It is obvious, however, that when a single pair of wheels has to be driven, braked, and steered, a number of very complex problems must arise. It is rather wonderful, in fact, that engineers have already achieved so large a measure of success in packing the entire "works" of a motor car into the space afforded by a bonnet of quite reasonable length. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that some refinements have still to be worked out, so that it is hardly likely that the conventional rear-wheel driven car need seriously fear the competition of the newcomer for the next few years.

Among the New Models

AMONG the most interesting of the new models produced by well-known firms will undoubtedly be the six-cylinder Isis, a car designed by Morris Motors, Ltd., for use in all parts of the world. The expert will find it remarkable in that the greater part of the chassis is built up of steel pressings, the whole being exceedingly rigid and substantial. To the eye of the layman, the general effect will suggest an alliance of British and American design—no bad thing for Continental and Colonial purposes. The horsepower is 17.7, and over 60 m.p.h. can be obtained. The price is not yet disclosed, but one need not be a prophet to state with some assurance that the complete car will represent a value-for-money proposition that will be very hard to beat.

The Standard Motor Co. is producing a new six-cylinder 15 h.p. model, carrying more roomy coachwork than the "Exmouth" type.

There will, of course, be many others, which, for reasons of space, cannot be dealt with here. I have, however, tried to touch upon sufficient points to show that Olympia this year will hold no lack of interest, either for the prospective purchaser or for the enthusiast in search of new developments.

Arrolyte Direction Indicator

Any device for making motoring safer is always welcome, and the Arrolyte Direction Indicator is certainly a step in the right direction.

The indicator arm is suction-operated in the same way as the windscreen wiper, and can be easily mounted and fitted to existing suction connection. It is simple to operate; by a touch of a button fitted to the steering wheel, the arm swings up and lights up automatically. A second after the button is released the arm falls and the red light extinguished.

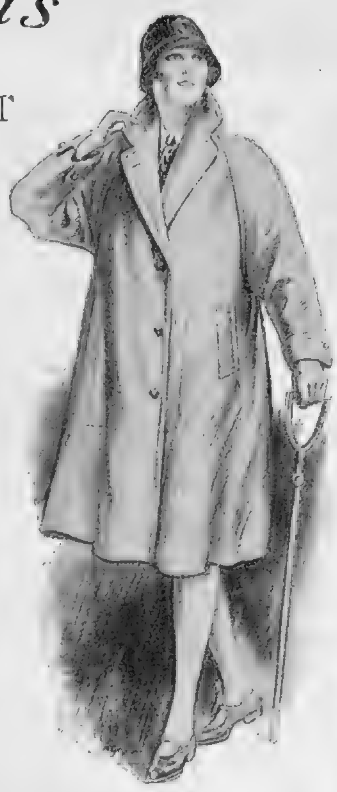
It is pleasing in appearance and can be seen for a considerable distance. This device is priced at £3, and is marketed by The Car Equipment, Ltd., 94 Newman Street, W.1.

Durward's
PERFECT
SPORTING COAT

THE "BALMACAAN"
Embodying all the essentials of a perfect Sporting Coat—warmth without weight, distinction and smartness, absolute freedom, practical utility, perfect protection against wind and wet. These coats are made from the finest materials in beautiful and exclusive colours, and are positively adorable when made up in our
"DURWARDEEN,"
a cloth manufactured exclusively for us, with a soft velvety finish, without any appreciable weight.

From **6 Gns.**

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT is under separate and expert supervision, and is carried out by workmen who excel in making from self-measurement without personal fitting. Patterns and fully illustrated Catalogue post free on mention of this paper.



THE "BALMACAAN"

KENNETH DURWARD Ltd.
37, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1.

CARR'S
Emblem
Assorted
BISCUITS
give a renewed zest for afternoon tea. There are no less than 18 kinds of little shortcakes, macaroons with cherries, wafers, & cream sandwich biscuits in this delicious assortment
Made only by
CARR'S of Carlisle

EVERYTHING The G.E.C. your guarantee ELECTRICAL

PEARL Osram LAMPS

ELECTRIC LIGHT AT ITS BEST

SOLD BY ALL LEADING ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS, STORES AND IRONMONGERS

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LAMP
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THE NATION'S SIGHT NEEDS OSRAM LIGHT

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Pines . . . Pines . . . Pines . . .

That is the simple secret of these new curative bath tablets

"*Marvellously refreshing and health giving*"—that is the unanimous verdict of thousands of men and women now using these remarkable Tonic Pine Bath Tablets.

And, the fact is, that until you have actually tried them you simply cannot *believe* how soothing and invigorating they are.

Novopine Sparkling Tonic Pine Bath Tablets are not bath salts in the ordinary sense at all—they contain all the wonderful properties of the oils extracted from the Austrian Tyrol Pines. Added to a hot bath they are an aid to health and physical well being which no-one who wishes to keep thoroughly fit and fresh should ever be without.

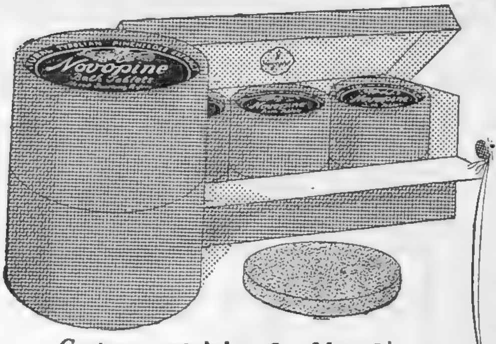
For ragged nerves, tired limbs, rheumatic stiffness, after a tiring day's work or play, or *any* strenuous exercise—just try the effect in your bath to-night or to-morrow morning. Just see what you think yourself.

Boots the Chemists, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all good chemists can supply you, or 4d. in stamps will bring you, post free, a sample direct. Order a carton to-day, or fill in the coupon below for sample. Natural Products Ltd., London and Glasgow.

After a hard day's golf!

Novopine

Sparkling Tonic Pine Bath Tablets



Cartons containing 6 tablets 2/-
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Messrs. NATURAL PRODUCTS Ltd.,
40, Furnival Street, London, E.C.4.

I enclose 4d. in stamps for sample of Novopine Sparkling Pine Bath Tablets. Please send at once to address below.

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GENASPRIN

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for HEADACHES, COLDS & NERVE PAINS

At all Chemists, 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

GENATOSAN LTD. LOUGHBOROUGH LEICESTERSHIRE.

Marriage *and the* New Morality

(*Continued from page 83*)

This is a very real good—and it would be ungrateful and dishonest to deny it. But it is one thing to cease to regard sex as obscene and quite another to come to regarding it as the be-all and end-all of the complete life. Has the human spirit no other needs equally pressing—even more pressing? Is it conceivable that the "development of personality" achieves itself fully and finally in the frank gratification of this one (specialised) impulse?

It is inconceivable for the reason that the spiritual history of man is made up of his successive attempts at self-discipline in the service of his changing ideals. There are things in life—ideas, spiritual needs—for which men are prepared to make sacrifices. It comes, then, down to this: is marriage one of those things?

One thing at least is certain. Marriage yields up few of its possibilities to the dabbler. It demands, for its complete attainment, unconditional surrender of body and mind. Anything less is useless. The man, or woman, who enters upon marriage with the mental reservation that it need not preclude the possibility of extra-marital adventures is preparing its failure in advance. Marriage is a state of being bound—to combine it successfully with a state of being free is not possible.

IT becomes clear that the richest and finest possibilities of marriage—in itself the most profound of human relationships—can only be achieved by sacrifice. Without sacrifice, without surrender of the personality, only an incomplete relationship can be achieved.

This is not to say that the modern attitude to sex—in itself a perfectly sound one—is useless and wrong where it touches marriage. Far from it. Countless marriages are wrecked on a misunderstanding of man's (and woman's) physical nature. The squint-eyed aversion of the puritan from any disinterested discussion of the matter, and the sentimentalities of the romantic, have between them created in our minds a painful "complex" as regards sex, from which only a severe and decent honesty can set us free. Repression — historically necessary—had finished its work when it had reduced our grandfathers to such a state of mind that they could not look upon an exposed ankle without qualms. The revulsion from so too-effective a moral policing was due, and has arrived.

The danger is less that it should go too far than that it should not go far at all, but merely swing backwards to a primitive and childish indiscipline. "Free" unions and marriages in which husband and wife hold themselves free to "experiment" outside marriage, are both symptoms of this danger. Only the spiritually undisciplined and mentally undeveloped believe that it is possible to enjoy the best of two worlds, the delights of marriage and singleness.

Sacrifice for an ideal is not repression. Repression merely thwarts. Deliberate sacrifice, the conscious throwing away of a lesser good for a greater, enriches and develops. This is a mystery—the profoundest in the world. Not to understand it is to perish.

Worrall Dyed VELVET

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

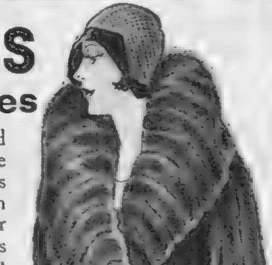
Velvet transcends all fabrics as the diamond amongst gems. To be assured that the Velvet you buy shall give you every possible pleasure see that it bears the Worrall stamp on the selvedge, which guarantees perfection in Dye and Finish and sets the Velvet Standard.

Leading drapers supply Worrall Dyed and Printed Velvet. If necessary, write for the names of suppliers to J. & J. M. Worrall, Ltd., Manchester.

J. & J. M. WORRALL LTD MANCHESTER

RELIABLE FURS

At Wholesale Prices



Frasers are able to offer fashionable and exclusive fur models at genuine wholesale prices, because as manufacturing furriers they do not require, nor have they, a high rented shop, but inexpensive first floor Showrooms. Their guaranteed Furs pass direct from workrooms to wearer at first cost, thus eliminating "middle profits"

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

Typical Fraser Values

Sable Fitch Ties very smart and hardwearing guaranteed skins, worth double	7½ Gns.
Grey Squirrel Stoles of large winter skins, pure grey, double Fur	8½ Gns.
Beige Lamb Coats youthful, ideal for slim figures, goodwearing but inexpensive	18 Gns.
Silver Musquash Coats from selected skins of fine quality, very hardwearing	24 Gns.

FURS GLADLY SENT ON APPROVAL

The charming model illustrated is an example of the wonderful wholesale value we offer. Of fine quality Mink Marmot, as soft and pliable as real Mink and perfectly worked to give slim effect. It is lightweight, hardwearing and handsomely lined.

Our Wholesale Price **29** Gns.

THE FRASER FUR Co.
(JAS. FRASER & Co.)
237, REGENT STREET
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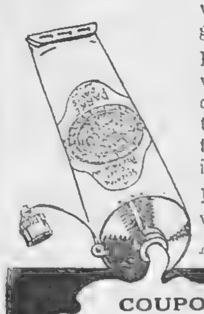
A Second from Oxford Circus. Corner of Princes Street.

They walk in your SLEEP!

While you sleep, dental decay germs are wide-awake searching your teeth for their opportunity of attack. Defend yourself with

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE



which, as laboratory tests show, kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds.

Euthymol night and morning and a precautionary visit to the dentist twice a year is the golden rule of tooth-protection. The evening tooth-toilet leaves the mouth fragrant as well as clean; it is a pleasure to repeat it in the morning. Your dentist's skilled inspection of the teeth nips any risk in the bud.

Begin to keep the golden rule by sending for a week's trial supply free.

A large tube costs only **1s. 3d.** at your chemist's.

COUPON
To Parke, Davis & Co. (Dept. 33Q), 50 Beak Street, London, W.1
Please send me a free sample of Euthymol Tooth Paste.
Name ....
Address ....

NEW ZEALAND
'Imperial Bee' HONEY

Start his day with a spoonful

EMPIRE PRODUCE
New Zealand
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Honey
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Increase his store of energy with this golden, creamy, New Zealand 'Imperial Bee' Honey.

It will give him a reserve of strength. It is a body builder. It replaces the sugar in the body used by every muscular action, because it is instantly absorbed into the system.

This matured natural sweet food cannot spoil the teeth or upset the digestion and will satisfy his natural craving for sweets. Let him take it with his porridge.

Packed in ½'s, 1's and 2½'s glass jars with patent 'Netur' caps. If unable to obtain locally write to the HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR NEW ZEALAND, 415, STRAND LONDON, W.C.2, or to the Sole European Agents: A. J. MILLS & CO. LTD COLONIAL HOUSE, TOOLEY STREET S.E.1., either of whom will be pleased to send you a list giving names and addresses of Stores regularly stocking.

SAVE YOUR COUPONS Full particulars of FREE GIFTS are given on the coupon attached to every jar. They are (1) Honey Stand for table use, (2) Spoon and (3) Mascot doll of 'Imperial Bee Esq.' 12½ ins. high

A 'SWEET' STORY specially written for children sent free on request.

EMPIRE
New Zealand
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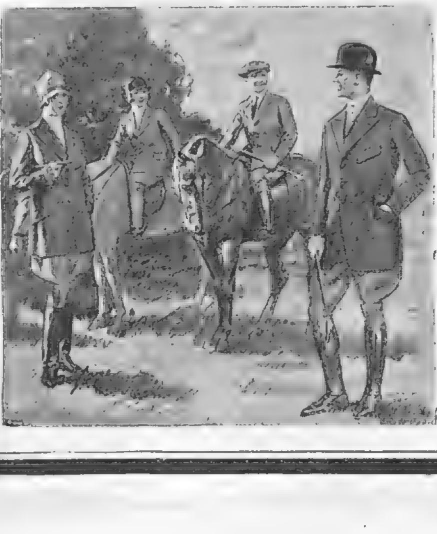

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For LADIES, GENTS and CHILDREN
for just about half the price you usually pay. Perfect fit, smart cut and satisfaction guaranteed even from your own measures.

GIVE US A CALL OR SEND FOR PATTERNS

RIDING BREECHES	from 21/-
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Every garment cut to your special individual measurements.

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Our Literary *Competition* Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. *These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex,* who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SIXTY-EIGHTH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than the first post Wednesday, October 16th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best poem on any aspect of Christmas.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best description of an American millionaire and party at the National Gallery.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—OCTOBER 16

SIXTY-NINTH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than the first post Wednesday, October 30th

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric concerning the New Year.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short paper on the weak points of any great Victorian novelist.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—OCTOBER 30

Results of 63rd Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

The interesting theme submitted by "Nae Luck Ava" has missed the prize owing t some awkwardness in the lilt. Severa technically excellent verses refuse to brea new ground either in matter or phraseology "Fiona" and M. R. M. Bone were the bes of the exceptions. Honourably mentioned i addition: Joyce E. Boyd, Mary Redmayne, Pierre-Eugene Audemars, G. M. Hudson "Winifred Davies," Anne Richardson, "Phy M. L.," G. Mann, "Girlie," Annie Huggin Mabel Asher, "Hannah May," Hermion Kennedy, G. Whitcombe, May Belben "Aurore," "Elizabeth F. Alden," "D Lange," B. Killick.

The Winning Entry:—

A VENETIAN PASTEL.

Under my casement, the long cana
Winds like a ribbon, and everywher
  Jasmine tendrils
  Clamber and cling
  Scenting the air.

"Premi!" There comes the mellow cry
Of a swaying, singing gondolier:
  A shower of silver
  Drops from his oar,
  Rhythmic and clear

Lightly a zephyr lifts the veil
Of young romance, for a moment's flight . . .
  O kiss of rapture
  Under the blue
  Venetian night

Touched with the magic gold of the moon
Fleet as a swallow, the boat has flown.
  A jasmine flower
  Falls like a star.
  I am alone

GERTRUDE PITT

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best synopsis of a three-act play.

Awarded to Margaret R. M. Bone.

The entry sent in by the winner was far and away the best and showed considerable ingenuity in getting round the difficulties. It is much too long to print. Honourably mentioned: "G. G." and "Rathmore."

A Fashionable Figure

Look Slim While You Get Slim!

The moment you put on this wonderful Girdle you appear more slender—more graceful, and in a very short time you lose pounds of your superfluous fat—which not only improves your appearance—you begin to feel better—healthier.

WONDERFUL GIRDLE

No more long waiting to grow thin; no more heart-straining exercises; no more disagreeable diets; no harmful medicines. This scientific Girdle makes you look inches slimmer at once—and gently reduces stoutness without the slightest effort or inconvenience. Slip into the Madame X Reducing Girdle and wear stylish, becoming clothes at once.

EASY WAY TO MOULD YOUR FIGURE

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built on scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of five, ten and even twenty pounds. Gives you a more slim appearance than the ordinary corset without the stiff appearance and without discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has suspenders attached—and so constructed that it touches and massages every portion of the surface continually. Women often reduce from one to three inches the very first week! If you are interested in this Girdle, fill in the coupon below and post it immediately. We will gladly send you our illustrated folder, which gives full particulars of this wonderful Girdle, together with list of Dealers who regularly stock these goods.

Do not hesitate to send for this folder, there is no obligation.

FREE ON APPLICATION FULL DETAILS & LISTS OF STOCKISTS

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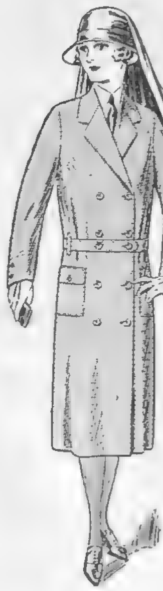
Manufacturers of the famous

Madame X Reducing Girdle
Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin

E. & R. GARROULD, 150 to 162, EDGWARE RD.,
LONDON, W.2.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.



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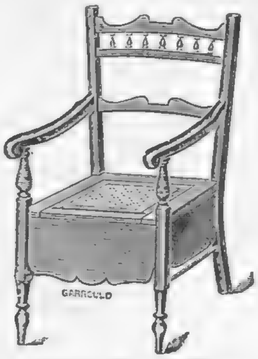
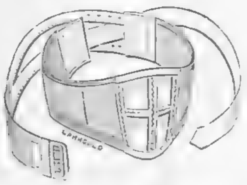
GARROULD'S NURSES' SALOON

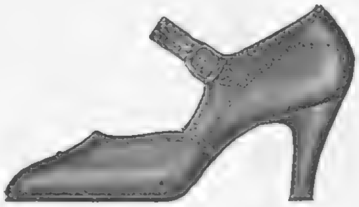
WILL FIND A LARGE STOCK OF UNIFORMS FOR NURSES, ALSO EVERY APPLIANCE AND NECESSITY FOR THE NURSERY AND SICK-ROOM. ELASTIC HOSIERY AND ACCOUCHEMENT REQUISITES.



COMMODE CHAIRS



ABDOMINAL BELTS



- A smart, tailored Hanan model for early Autumn. In all Dark Brown Calf with Bronze buckle, as illustrated.
- Also in Brown Kid with Autumn Brown Suede back, button strap and Kid heel.

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HANAN SHOES

328 Oxford St: 203 Regent St.

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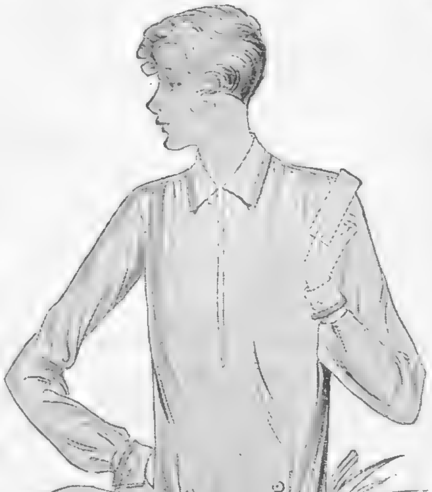
Latest Models



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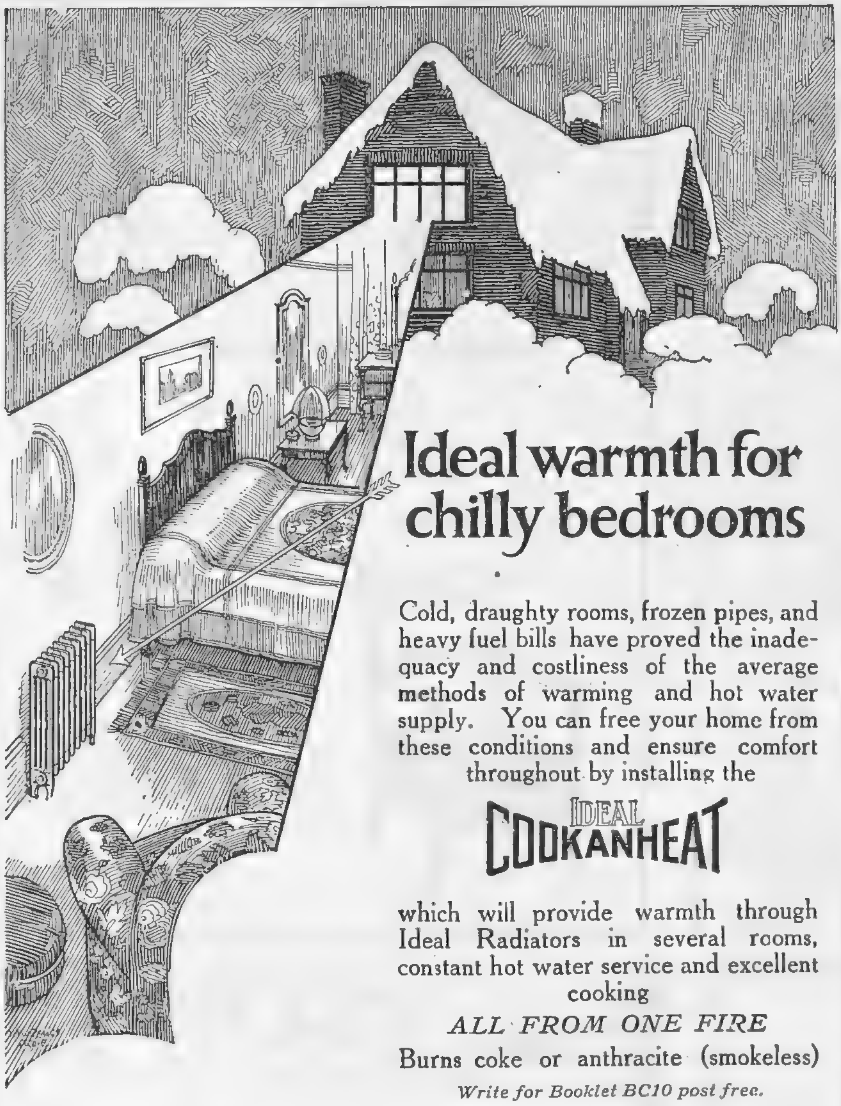
NEW MODEL

Celes registered name is on every garment—a guarantee that it is a genuine Celes Model.

Obtainable at the Leading Houses

CELES
PURE SILK

Overblouse with stitched front and finished with glass buttons. Made in a variety of two toned effects.



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Cold, draughty rooms, frozen pipes, and heavy fuel bills have proved the inadequacy and costliness of the average methods of warming and hot water supply. You can free your home from these conditions and ensure comfort throughout by installing the

IDEAL COOKANHEAT

which will provide warmth through Ideal Radiators in several rooms, constant hot water service and excellent cooking

ALL FROM ONE FIRE

Burns coke or anthracite (smokeless)

Write for Booklet BC10 post free.

If desired, confidential arrangements can be made enabling installations to be effected now and the purchase completed by instalments.

NATIONAL RADIATOR COMPANY LIMITED.

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London Showrooms: IDEAL HOUSE, Gt. Marlborough St., W.1.

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THE WORLD SPA WIESBADEN

Germany's greatest Medical Baths. Notable performances in the Kurhaus and State Theatres. WORLD-FAMOUS THERMAL SALT SPRINGS AT 150°, CURE GOUT, RHEUMATISM, nervous disorders, metabolism, diseases of the respiratory and digestive organs. Station of Rhine Steamers at Wiesbaden Biebrich.

Good Accommodation at moderate prices.

Salts and pastilles for export.

Hotel lists (8,000 beds) from the Municipal Information Office and Travel Bureaux.

ANTWERP—HOTEL DE LONDRES

THE MOST MODERN AND THE BEST CLIENTÈLE.

Results of 64th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for a Sonnet on any aspect of Flight.

Awarded to "Senga."

The winner's "aspect" was distinctly the most interesting submitted, "Ann Raine" was quite cleverly amusing, but the sonnet is not the best verse form for witty trifling. Hon. mention goes to "Aurore," Ambrosine Carey, Mabel Asher, A. Trotter, Mary Redmayne, May W. Harrison, Blanche Jones, G. Pitt, Vivien Jameson, Margaret R. M. Bone, May Belben, Margaret Huxtable.

The Winning Entry:—

RIVALRY.

The condor soared into the Empyrean blue
And poised on giant wing. Lord of the clouds,
In majesty unchallenged, on he flew
Above the mass of Cumuli's billowy shrouds.
Then higher still than condor ever dared
He sped, triumphant, monarch of the sky;
Through virgin paths of misty blue he fared
Serene, in grandeur wild, as eagles fly.
But stay, proud bird, king of the air! This way
On giant wings from out the East, a Thing
To challenge and to wrest from thee thy sway
Comes throbbing, swept on swift relentless wing.
Bend thy proud head! Low as the pampas lies
The power that once was thine throughout the skies.

"SENGA."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea, for a description of a garden.

Awarded to Hermione Kennedy.

Honourably mentioned: Margaret Huxtable, Vivien Jameson, May Belben, A. Trotter, M. R. M. Bone, M. E. Chubb, Esther Home, May W. Harrison, "Phyl M. L.," Theresa Mason, Angela Gilmour, "Fiona," Mabel Asher, Elsie Wilson, Gladys Mann, "G. E."

The Winning Entry:—

A LOST GARDEN.

I knew it during the war. Through all the years that have gone by since then, the memory of it remains with me still. I can go back in imagination and recapture some of the feeling of peace and contentment it brought to me in those far-off days.

It belonged to a tumble-down French château in which I was billeted for a time. The approach to it lay down a steep and muddy lane, and as I picked my way through the ruts and mire, avoiding the puddles as best I could, it made me wonder what ill-fate had guided me to such a spot. Then, suddenly, at the foot of the hill, glimmered two white gate posts, and, beyond them, smiling through the gloom, the garden spread out in welcome.

It wore an air of gay déshabille—the grass ankle-high, the flowers overflowing their beds in charming disarray, while great trees watched over it like kindly sentinels.

Neglect was rampant. There had been neither time nor labour available to keep it in proper order, but I grew to love its ragamuffin air, like some overgrown child whose hair has grown too long, and whose pinafore has been patched with every colour of the rainbow.

I learnt to know every nook and corner, to revel in its contrasts of light and shade, and to understand its every mood.

There was, I remember, a small iron gateway leading into the paved courtyard, and beside it stood a tall Madonna lily, which strove, with her white purity, to stem the passion of the crimson rambler that rioted above and around her, holding out lovely beseeching arms.

A little wood lay behind the house, and there, on a summer evening, one would lie and dream after work was over. The peace of the garden, like some lovely bird, spread out its wings and gathered one to its breast.

Lying there, under the evening sky, the soul seemed to float out into a lake of silence, which lapped one around in waves of soundless music.

Heaven, seen beyond the arch of ghostly trees, was very near . . .

And there was romance, too, in that garden. Hot afternoons when, with someone very gay and charming, we would sit together under the tree on the shaggy lawn, and feel ourselves far away from all the clamour of life outside—wonderful evenings under the moon, when the sleeping garden seemed to hold a message for us alone, and only the flowers were awake to hear us bid one another good night.

All that is long ago. I have revisited the garden once since then. As I picked my way down the familiar lane, that seemed even steeper and muddier than I remembered it, my heart quickened.

How would it greet me? Would it remember, would it be glad to see me again, or look on me as an interloper after all these years?

There glimmered the white gate posts, standing sentinel at the bottom of the hill, but, alas! heavy iron gates barred my way, and a large notice bearing the harsh words, "Défense d'entrer," met my disappointed gaze.

I tried to peer through the ironwork, and caught a glimpse of neat borders and orderly flower beds arranged in serried patterns, while a gardener, very correct in his baize apron, was tying up the ramblers beside the gateway which led into the courtyard.

I waited to see no more, but turned and fled, fearful of losing the magic that garden had held for me so long, and only wishing to carry always in my heart the dear remembrance of it as it used to be.

HERMIONE KENNEDY.

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Looking at me now, with my clear unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I veiled my face to hide the hideous growths of ugly, disfiguring hair? Yet that is so. For years my life was a misery. As the young wife of an officer in India I suffered the agonies of shame. I had a distinct moustache, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive, painful electric needle brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disfiguring growths came back again, stronger than ever on my face and body.

Then, almost in a day, my clouds were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble Hindoo soldier. In his gratitude the Sepoy breathed to him the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen sign of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it was! I was cured completely. I was a normal woman again. Since then I have told many other sufferers of my experience, and the secret recipe has never failed. It has brought joy and permanent freedom in every case. If you, too, suffer, let me help you. Let me tell you how I suffered, and let me pass on to you the secret that saved me. I shall gladly send it free if you will send me coupon below, or a copy of it, to-day, with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me three penny stamps to cover my outlay for postage, etc. Address as below.

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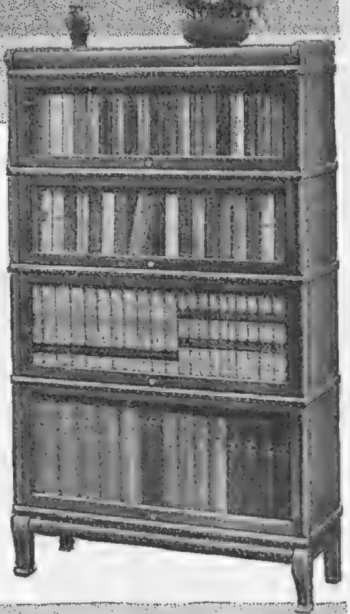

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Sugar Daddy

By

MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

(*Continued from page* 91)

room, Sylvia shrouded in three layers of rosy gauze, so that sunlight filtered through like cochineal, and the guest splashed deliciously in a bath of grenadine syrup.

But the living Harridges, the flesh and blood cells of that swarming hive of humanity, refused to be concealed so prettily. Every morning just before nine, as Wyn finished his second cup of coffee and gloomed at the *Times*, a stream of Harridges' employees hurried past the house, using their exclusive, quiet street as a short cut from their lowly bus or tube station to the staff entrance. Every morning at nine o'clock Wyn Pendock, issuing forth to pick up a taxi, joined the stream, met other streams that converged and swirled into it, all pouring into that great concrete-and-steel mouth that, at six o'clock, would open and disgorge them all again. Girls, most of them—shop girls, lift girls, packers, typists, waitresses, mannequins—here and there a man. And amongst them walked Wyn Pendock on his way to the City, the *Times* folded neatly under one arm, his grey eyes a hundred miles remote.

One morning, quite suddenly, he became acutely aware of them. One morning, looking at himself in the glass as he shaved, he remembered suddenly that it would be his birthday in a couple of weeks. Sylvia had been asking carelessly what he thought of those new links and waistcoat buttons Cartier were making, crystal and onyx, set with a small, discreet diamond. Forty-seven! Why, he was becoming what it had seemed so improbable, somehow, that he should ever become—a middle-aged gent. In a few more years he would be a stout old party. . . . His sudden terse outbreak of profanity was only half due to a slip of the razor-blade.

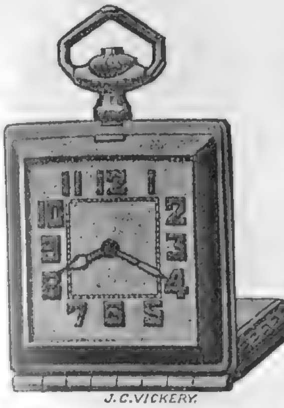
Descending, the nick in his chin patched up with face-cream but still bleeding, he was seized with a sudden unreasonable hatred of the dim green carpet that throttled every footstep in a soft, ghostly parody of motion. Soft! Quite astoundingly even to himself, Wyn felt that he was being stifled by the softness of the house, the terrible, silken softness of Sylvia's house in which he had buried his face as though it were the warm, sweet bosom of a woman. Face, body, soul—and he had wakened up to find himself soft too. A middle-aged gent. A stout old party suddenly alive to all the dangerous enchanted peaks he might have climbed, all the windy moors he might have ranged over, all the dark things he might have dared if only—if only Sylvia wasn't giving him a set of crystal and onyx waistcoat buttons on his forty-seventh birthday a couple of weeks ahead.

HE was terribly ashamed of himself. Run down . . . what on earth am I . . . want a change, maybe. He sat down to breakfast. Sylvia was already there—it was her pride that she was always down to breakfast, fresh and astoundingly youthful looking in the trim little tailored suits, the jaunty sweaters or

(*Continued on page* 205)

A Practical Novelty

The Victo Watch



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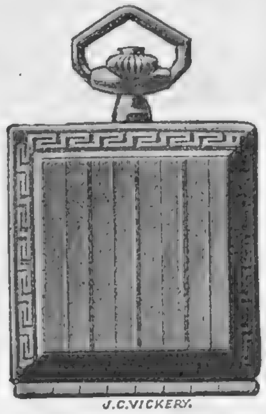

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☛ *Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of* "**Facktative**" *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to* **THE FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 71), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

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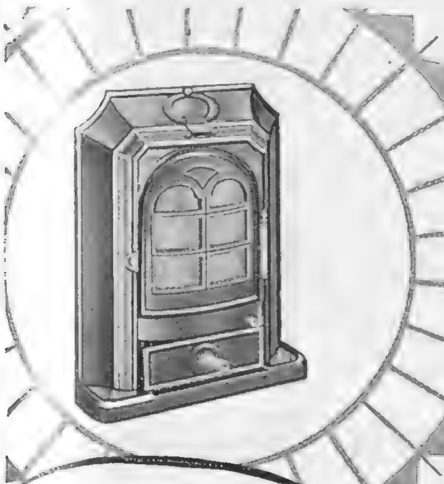

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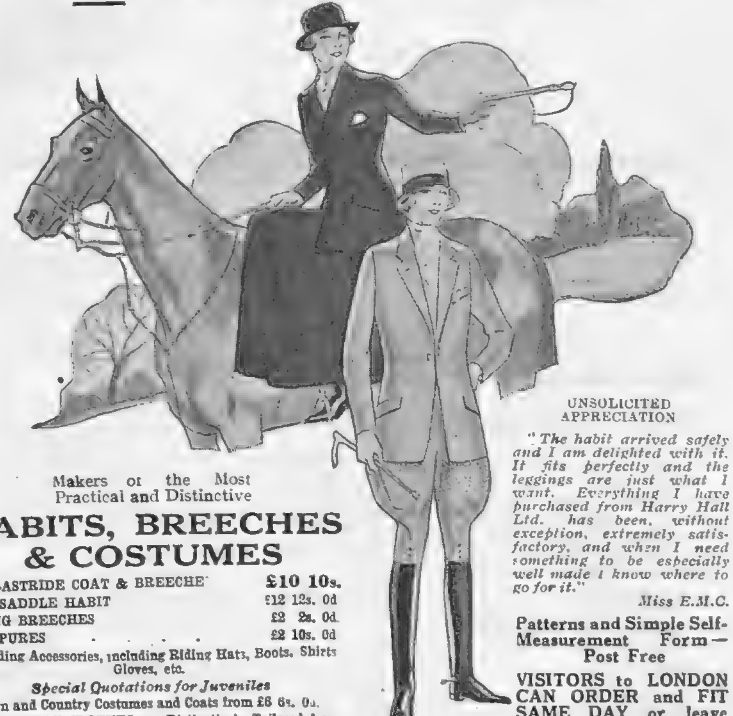

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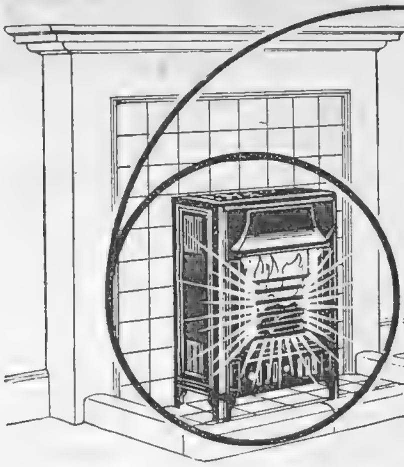

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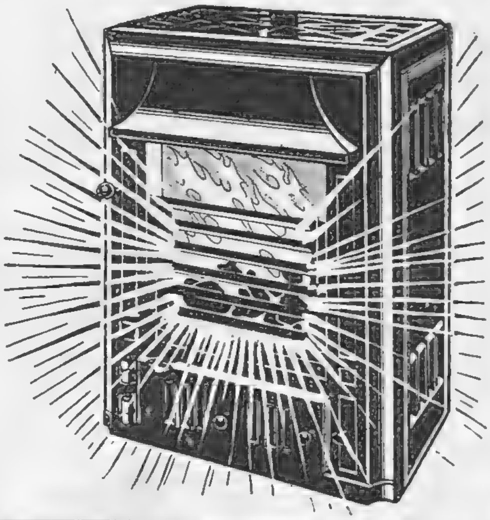

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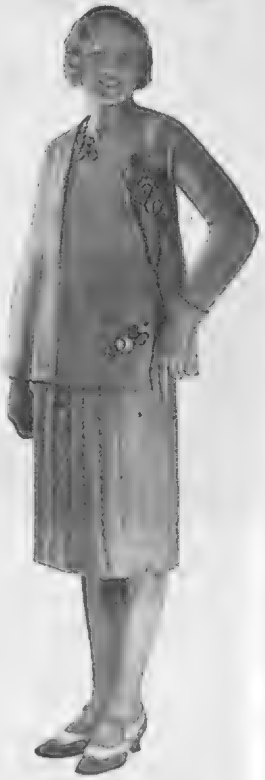

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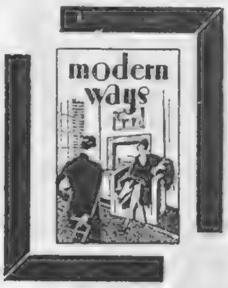

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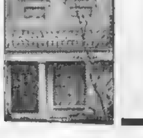

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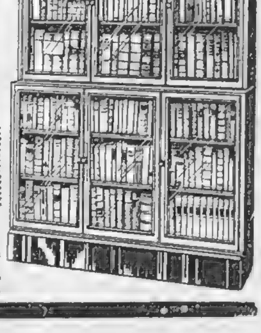


absurd ruffled blouses she wore for her morning's "pottering about." Nibbling at a curl of toast and turning over her mail, she said:

"There's a card from the Rossiters for the 15th—I'll accept, shall I, darling? You like Ned Rossiter. Magda's back, and wants us to go down for the first week-end in April. Isn't that the week-end you arranged with Bill to fish? Pity to miss it. And, my dear, you *must* listen to this from Naps Woodhouse—it seems that—where did I put the thing? It seems that her divorce has . . ."

Wyn, listening wearily, pushed aside a boiled egg. And, gazing out of the window, saw as if for the first time the human stream beginning to flow past in the direction of Harridges. A young, hurrying, alert stream. Youth, flowing unheedingly away from Wyn Pendock, a middle-aged gent who was so nearly a stout old party. . . .

After that, he noticed them. He saw them on fine mornings, stepping out in jaunty little coats, twinkling along, with their slim beige silk legs and their ridiculous little tottering high heels. He saw them on rainy mornings, scurrying swifter than ever, their shoes absurdly sensible, their flat little chests buttoned up tight in mackintoshes. Singly, in laughing twos and threes, they hurried past the watching Wyn and the unconscious Sylvia reading in her gay, ironic voice what Naps Woodhouse was going to do if Snorks didn't give her a divorce.

Later, when he joined the stream, and met fresh streams, and was jostled by a thousand currents all making for the same source, Wyn still watched them. Their youth, their funny little brisk airs of efficiency, the way in which they stared through him so that he knew only too well how dreadfully forty-seven he must seem to them—it made him feel stimulated, and at the same time a little wistful. Sometimes, intentionally, he overheard scraps of conversation. I spoke right out and said to him. . . . We went and danced, we had a grand time . . she's put it off till Christmas because her boy says . . . They went cheep! cheep! like sparrows. Sometimes Wyn wondered if they cheeped as indomitably at the end of a long, tiring day. In the mornings they acted on him as a sort of mental shower-bath, a sparkling, ice-cold douche of youth that both refreshed and stung.

He got to know certain faces. White faces, rosy faces, laughing, anxious, sharp, pathetic faces—and one day a face that smiled at him. Somehow it flattered Wyn, one little ripple of that hurrying, careless stream remembering him enough to smile. Involuntarily he smiled back. The other ripples swirled her on, a gay little speck bobbing into the yawning steel-and-concrete mouth of Harridges.

Wyn got to look out for her, a slim young creature in a slim little suit that, amusingly, aped the very cut of Sylvia's "runabout" wear. She was nearly always with a couple of friends, trotting along, all three cheeping as hard as they could go. Her legs were slender and immature and her little body looked immature, too, and the curves of her profile, and the preposterously rouged softness of her mouth. Wyn knew that she was aware of him, and growingly, tinglingly, he was aware of her. It was absurd. How old was she? Eighteen? Nineteen? It was more than absurd. . . . He would leave the house in the morning with the guilty, idiotic feeling that he was hurrying to meet his own youth.

THERE was something delightfully secret and intimate about their daily exchange of smiles. He saw with amusement that she was quite cunning about it, drew the other girls' attention to something happening on the opposite side of the street, and then, from under the ridiculous brim of her quite ridiculous felt hat, threw him one of those dimpling, provocative glances. It left a small warm glow that lasted until the end of the street when he got into his taxi.

He had no desire for anything further. Sometimes, not very often, he would speculate idly about her. Where did that gay human atom find its niche in the great, flesh and blood hive of Harridges? Flower department, hats, the young ladies who chanted "Ironmongery, turnery, hardware, children's toys, furnishing, mind the step, please, going up" — none of these seemed to fit her. At last he hit on the confectionery department. He had a silly idea that she looked as though she spent her days weighing up candy kisses, scooping green and pink lollipops into little gold cartons for children like herself.

Left to Wyn, it would have stopped harmlessly at that, but one brilliant April morning, when his smile was perhaps a little more appreciative than usual of her and her delicious youth and a sky gone mad with spring, she planted herself like a small challenging angel dead in his path. She was alone.

"Ain't you *ever* going to speak to me, huh?"

Her eyes were lovely, wide apart, empty, but somehow, he fancied, knowledgeable. Her voice was brittle and vulgar, pitched plaintively in a high childish pipe. Wyn stood looking down at her rather helplessly. An unusual, foolish feeling this, not quite knowing what to do.

"Why—did you. . . . I didn't think you'd like me to."

"Oh, go on!"

She laughed up at him, her head on one side. Smiles without sex behind them were clearly incomprehensible to her. Impossible to convey Wyn's new, abstract longing for youth that saw in her something lyric and lovely, impersonal as a spray of apple blossom in tight pink bud. Those cool, experienced young eyes would only recognise the obvious scale of values. Man. Woman. The S.A. radiated stickily by film stars over the one-and-threepenny plush tip-ups.

"Well, there aren't many men I'd pick up in the street like this, I can tell you!" Her eyes were suddenly enormous. "Oh, you don't think I'm that sort of girl, do you? The sort who picks up anyone? I mean. . . ."

WYN, his poise recovered, had to laugh. He found that the laughter did him good. As it rushed out of him something buoyant, delicious, sparkling rushed in. And she laughed too, her head in its ridiculous felt hat tipped to one side. Sylvia wears a hat like that, but different somehow. . . . If she could see me now, what would she. . . Good lord!

"Well," he said rather heavily, "I mustn't keep you, Miss —— uh—— "

Suddenly her little hand was on his arm. He looked down at it with a queer, startled expression.

"Listen, don't you want to see me some time? We get out just after six most evenings."

Yes, and just after six Sylvia got out also from her bridge or her matinée, snuggled up in her furs and crying: "Home now, Dysart!" in that light, girlish voice of hers. The way home had to pass Harridges. . . . Wyn stammered:

"Sorry, I'm afraid I . . . . Impossible. . . ."

"Oh!" she pouted, like a disappointed child.

A sudden madness seized Wyn. He said rapidly:

"Look here, doing anything to-morrow night? All right! Meet me—let's see—outside the Criterion Theatre, main entrance, a quarter to eight. We'll go and dine somewhere."

His excuses to Sylvia were surprisingly fluent and casual. He thought with a grin: "Why, this is easy!" A man just over from Buenos Aires. . . . Sorry, dear, but it's important. . . . No, he couldn't come here, business; better take him to the Club. Sylvia pouted, too—his second in a day.

"What a bore that old business is! I *promised* Alison we'd look in. Can't you possibly put the man off till another night?"

Wyn was admirably calm and reasonable.

"My dear child, how can I? Practically the whole reason that he's over here is to get in touch with me. And it all means more of this sort of thing for you. . . ."

He tweaked the hanging sleeve of her negligée, a lovely, impractical thing of chiffons and rosily-dyed fox. She was in her room preparing for bed. Balanced on the edge of a cushion-piled *chaise longue*, Wyn watched idly while she patted cream into her face with a deft upward stroke, patted it out again, dabbed a piece of cotton-wool soaked in lotion round the eyes, ran the buffer with a swift, nervous motion over her already shining nails. In this softly shaded, intimate atmosphere she looked ten years younger—not the naïve, unstudied youthfulness of apple blossom—a more careful kind. Wyn often thought that it was like a sort of front line attack with all the heavy guns ranged at her elbow—creams and lotions and tissue oils, scarlet and white pastes, frosty liquids, bottles and bottles and jars and more bottles.

Her answer had a faint edge of impatience.

"Oh, can't you afford to drop all that? A man who could buy the world, almost, talking as though he still had to grab after every wretched little thousand!"

"Sweeping!" Wyn commented, with a grin.

Sylvia swiftly made the best of it in her light, inimitable way.

"Well, I'll look in at Alison's by myself, that's all. I suppose you couldn't drop in later after you've got rid of your Buenos Aires man? Poor lamb, what a shame taking your off hours as well!"

He was surprised to find that his conscience gave him no trouble at all. Not even the faintest twinge.

Next day he almost forgot about it, immersed in his day, and remembered just about five o'clock with mingled feelings of anticipation and uneasiness.

At a quarter to eight, feeling like a conspirator, he poked a guilty nose out of his taxi as it circled Piccadilly Circus, and saw her already waiting, a small, dark figure under the lights of the Criterion. Wyn's forehead went damp. All those confounded green and red electric signs juggling about opposite seemed focussed on his taxi. Damn it! Why did I say Criterion. . . . All these lights. . . People going to theatres, too . . . Anyone might . . .

"Hallo, Miss—uh—Sorry to have kept you waiting. Traffic . . . blocks. . . ."

She was far more self-possessed than he was. In the first few seconds he learnt that she was so hungry she could eat the world; that her name was Tessa Kelly—but Tessa was all he wanted; that, while she waited, a nasty little Jew boy had had the nerve to try and get off with her, would you believe it? Sauce!

As their taxi lurched round a corner, her firm little body slipped against his shoulder, nestled there as naturally as her warm, boneless little hand slipped into his. Wyn was amused and liked it. Somehow he felt rested and at ease in a way that the over-heated, over-luxurious perfection of Sylvia's house hadn't been able to produce lately. It was like coming out of an unbearably close room and turning one's flushed face to a refreshing rainy wind.

After much thought he had decided on Soho for their dinner. Sylvia's friends were like squirrels in a revolving cage, aimlessly treading out the same old round—Embassy, Berkeley, Ritz; they wouldn't penetrate to Soho, except certain places where it was "amusing" to go now and then. Wyn avoided those. He knew a little place where the cooking and wine were excellent. Tucked away at a corner table in their upstairs room he was able to breathe freely and feel inconspicuous, although the *patron's* glad: "Ah, good evening, Mistaire Pendock!" had frightened him to death.

"Pendock?" commented Tessa. "That's a funny name. Married?"

"Yes."

"Thought so.'

"Why?"

"Oh, you look awfully married."

Her knowledgeable expression made him laugh, and laughing, too, she asked:

"What's she like, huh? Nice?"

Wyn found himself absurdly red and stiff and hot at the back of the neck. He felt a peculiar aversion to discussing Sylvia, or letting Tessa Kelly discuss her, but he couldn't tell her so, and evading her question, he asked:

"How old are you, Tessa?'

"Eighteen."

"Good lord!" he said, blankly.

"How old are you?"

"Guess!" he said, rashly.

Without a second's hesitation she guessed "Fifty."

"Good lord!" said Wyn again, in a note of righteous indignation. "Certainly not! I'm forty-seven."

"Well, that's only three years' difference, isn't it?"

"Certainly! Certainly it's only three years' difference!" He hesitated, wondering how to convey to her the enormous, inexplicable chasm that yawns between forty-seven and fifty. Suddenly his pique faded; it no longer seemed to matter. She was pulling at her close-fitting little hat, running a cheap celluloid comb through her bobbed hair, that was glossy and tender and damply curling as a baby's. When she bent to put her hat on the floor, he saw the innocent white nape of her neck, rather touching somehow. Wyn thought how monstrously coarse-grained and dark his finger would look against it, as though it were made from a different texture altogether.

"Why do you use lipstick, Tessa? You've got such a sweet little mouth."

Amused, he watched her cram it cheerfully with an astounding quantity of food. Her relish for the *scampi* (an Italian speciality—small crayfish fried in batter), the excellent chicken and green salad, was like a greedy child's. Wyn, whose tastes were frugal, smoked a cigarette while she tackled a delicate ice *bombe*. He hadn't seen a woman enjoy her food that way for years. He found it delightful. Sylvia had a habit of scraping the sauce off her fish or *entrée* that could set his teeth nervously on edge. . A potato? My dear, I wouldn't *dare*. . . Waiter, I want my salad dressed with just plain lemon juice. . . Smiling, Wyn watched young Tessa scooping the last fragments of the ice from her spoon with the tip of a curly pink tongue.

It was not so busily engaged that it could not chatter as well. Pretty soon he knew everything there was to know about her. She was on her own, worked in the perfumery department, roomed with a girl called Rita. Rita was lucky, she had lovely clothes and plenty of money.

"Why?"

"Oh, one day a fella comes in to buy some stockings for his wife's birthday—he's married, too, like you. My friend's in the stocking department, and they got chattering—the buyer was at her lunch. And he says: 'Silk right past the knee, aren't they?' And Rita, who's a saucy one, says: 'You bet, right up to here!' lifting her skirt and giving him a peep. Rita's got neat kind of legs. . Well, that's all. He's not bad—he's a Jew. She says he'll set her up in a flat any day she says the word."

Wyn's laughter startled the amiable little *patron*, who hurried up to say: "The dinner oll right, Mistaire Pendock?"

"So you're in the scents department? I guessed at the confectionery."

"Go on! Did you? Well, I'm not, but that's not saying I don't like chocolates."

From somewhere mysterious the little *patron* managed to dig up a five-pound box, tied with orange ribbon. Tessa squealed her delight. Sinking her sharp little teeth into a caramel (Wyn had taken one, too, and was suffering agonies), she cried:

"Aren't you a dear? Rita will be mad; she never gets such a swell box as this from Syd. You must be terribly rich. Are you?"

"Terribly is pretty strong,' smiled Wyn.

"Well, rich, then. Oh, I can tell by your clothes, and your links are lovely, and that cigarette case. It's gold, isn't it?" Her child's face was shrewd, naïve, expectant. "Syd's rich, too. Oh, he does give Rita some presents! The other day he bought her a dress down Shaftesbury Avenue—white satin, a copy of the one Dolores Hatton wears in *Virgins for Sale*. It would suit me better than her, though. Rita's a bit sallow for white."

"Is she? Well, run along to-morrow and get yourself one like it, or better, if you can. I'll settle the bill."

She crowed: "O-oh, really? O-oh, *aren't* you a dear!"

He took her home somewhere down in Victoria. In the drumming darkness of their taxi, she lifted her face to be kissed, as an obedient child does. Her mouth, offered a shade too readily, was fresh and pink and soft. Wyn, kissing it lightly, surprised her, surprised and shamed himself by muttering sudden tendernesses, fragments of foolish baby talk, with her warm, boneless little body curled into his arms and her curls against his face and her hat on the floor at their feet. Baby. Precious. Little Tessa baby. They sounded strange, somehow, coming from Wyn's hard, firm lips that used only the tersest of words. Do this and do that: Come here and go there.

When he got home, Sylvia was in bed reading under a rosily-shaded lamp. A ridiculous little cap of lace and tiny ribbon flowers gave her quite a youthful, coquettish look. She called:

"How did your dinner with the Buenos Aires man go off, dear?"

He said shortly: "Oh—satisfactorily."

Familiar with that voice, she asked him nothing further. She was, he reflected, guiltily and affectionately, a miracle of tact. So much so, that Wyn's more and more frequent dinners at his club passed without comment. She knew that men liked getting together and eating male food and talking male talk once in a while. It was good for them. He was looking well on it, too; better than he had done for years. When he slept his sleep was not leaden and exhausted, but dreamless and deep and refreshing.

It was as though some queer, unsatisfied ache, the lack of something whose name he didn't know, had been satisfied with Tessa. He hadn't realised before that his life had been incomplete. Sometimes, when he held her in his arms or listened to her prattle, he was on the verge of guessing what it was that had been missing and that made her so unbearably dear to him, something a little sad, forever lovely and forever lost.

His feelings for her were curiously sexless, and that seemed to pique her in a sulky, childish sort of way.

"I can't make you out. You're a regular Spinks! What's the idea, giving me all these things, huh?"

"Just because I like it, Tessa."

Plainly she did not believe him, and tried to surprise him into passion by a hundred warm, unsubtle little wiles. Once when he laughed, she sank her teeth into his thumb, quite deep, like a small, vicious puppy.

"I suppose you think it's funny?'

"I think you're a funny—baby."

"Oh, you do? You're a deep one. Most men would have left you standing by now. Rita says you must be soft. It's soft not wanting something back for your money."

He knew that it was impossible to make her understand exactly how much he was getting back for a few bon-bons and clothes and bits of jewellery. Tessa knew, with a certain dispassionate shrewdness that could make her little face oddly mature at times, what it was a man wanted when he went after a woman. Everything else was so much eye-wash. But most of the time she was sunny enough, always ready to curl up purringly on his lap and look through his pockets for the presents he brought her. He liked to hold her that way, tucked up in the crook of one arm as though she were a rag doll.

" What've you got me this time, Sugar Daddy ? "

It was her own name for him. She had prattled it out one night over dinner in the country. Wyn had taken the car and driven her down to the river, a quiet little hotel where few people came.

" Rita and me went to the movies last evening. It was Loretta May in *Silken Fetters*, and. . . ."

" Why was it called that ? "

" Well, I don't really know. Movie titles don't have to be anything to do with the story. But it did remind me of you and me! I wish you could have been there. Loretta May was a girl working in a tea-shop and there was an elderly man quite soft on her. . . ." Wyn smiled and winced. " And he was always giving her things. I got a new name for you out of it—Sugar Daddy."

Sugar Daddy ! He didn't know why, but the silly little name tickled him enormously. It sounded right, somehow. in her high, pert little treble.

" What's a Sugar Daddy, Tessa ? "

She answered glibly : " It's a man who's quite old and likes giving little girls lovely presents—just like you, Daddy. I'm going to call you that. Sugar Daddy ! "

" Baby. . . ."

She was frankly avaricious, but in the open, genial way of a young spark out for prey. Syd gave Rita a watch the other day. That girl's got some luck . . . Wyn hunted one out for her, a ridiculous bauble set discreetly in small diamonds . . . I've seen the cutest slippers in a shop down Oxford Street, green kid with teeny-weeny. . . . Rita's got a new coat. I don't see how Syd manages to . . .

Wyn was always giving her things. He enjoyed her naïve greediness, her trick of tearing parcels open as a child does who is too impatient to cut the string, her shrill delight. Something warm and tender would stir in his heart as he watched her. One day he bought her an absurd shift and panties of ruffled black chiffon, trimmed with minute rosebuds, and, because the Olympic young woman poured into a mould of black satin told him that the *ensemble* was incomplete without it, a shiveringly sheer nightgown to match. Wyn had marched in, very stiff and red in the face and steely about the eye, straight out of Bond Street to buy them because the ridiculous wisps reminded him of Tessa. He told the Olympic young woman they were for his daughter. Somehow the idea rather pleased him. When the Olympic young woman trickled smoothly : " I'm quaite sure your daughter will laike them, sir. Bleck doesn't clesh with anything, does it ? " he agreed with surprising warmth.

TESSA was delighted. Curled up in his lap, measuring black chiffon and rosebuds across her flat young chest, she chattered :

" Fancy my old Sugar Daddy being saucy enough to buy them ! Oh, what d'you think ? My, I was nearly forgetting. Rita's left Harridge's. Syd's taken a flat for her over in Maida Vale. She moves in to-morrow."

She purred her way a little closer into his arms. Her eyes were liquid and lovely, the space between them innocent with the clear, candid look of childhood. She murmured :

" There's a peach of a little flat just over Rita's to let, Sugar Daddy ; just a bedroom and a sitting-room and a teeny-weeny kitchenette where I could cook you Welsh rarebits and things. I could fix it . . ."

Wyn said suddenly : " No, Tessa ! No, baby."

" I'd be sweet to you the way I can't be here, with that old devil downstairs making a row if a man as much as pokes his nose in the hall after ten."

" *No*, baby."

" Oh ! "

After a bit, she let her curls brush his face and murmured :

" Well, if you won't, I've got another idea. Why don't you sneak a week-end off and let's go down to Brighton or somewhere ? Syd and Rita often did. He used to tell his wife he had a business friend up in Liverpool."

Wyn Pendock felt something sinking inside him. He could see the whole thing so vividly. Tessa waiting in one of those spurious Louis Quinze hotel lounges, his own handwriting: " Mr. and Mrs. Brown," the bureau clerk's blank, experienced stare. He didn't know why it should make him feel slightly sick. Why not ? Other men wouldn't hesitate. But somehow he couldn't with Tessa. Not the silly little Tessa whose eyes had such a clear, innocent space between them, who searched his pockets for candy, who flew into small, snarling tempers out of which she had to be shaken and cuddled, and her ridiculous little skirts smoothed down as though she were a rag doll. . . .

He wondered wretchedly how he was going to convey even a jot of all this to her, waiting there with her eager eyes and her greedy, wetted young lips, and the black chiffon crumpled against her throat.

" No, Tessa. I—can't. Tessa ! Silly little baby who ought to be spanked and put to bed instead of . . . We couldn't possibly, don't you see ? "

Suddenly she sobbed : " No, I don't see ! " and sprang furiously to her feet. " I don't see, and I'm about sick of all this hanky-panky ! Syd was always straight with Rita. He didn't hanky-panky with her. Giving me flimsies and then pretending it's not a hint ! Pretending you don't want to see me in 'em, you—you deep one ! "

Tessa in black chiffon and rosebuds, with her thin, immature arms and legs, her young sapling of a body gleaming through . . .

" Why, Tessa ! You'd be so sweet ! I want to see you in them, Tessa."

" Well, then . . . ! "

" Not the way you mean—not the way Syd might want to see Rita."

Ridiculous mortification twisted her face into a grimace like a child's, but her lovely eyes were suddenly ugly, harder than a stone.

" If that's so, you can keep away. I'm through with you, see ? I daresay I won't have much trouble getting a fella who is a fella, not an old fool too scared to have a bit of fun. You act as though you weren't human. Soft ! That's what you are, soft ! "

" Tessa . . . ! "

" Oh, get out ! And stay out. I don't want to see you again as long as I live, see ? Rita'll laugh, you bet, thinking I'd got hold of something good, who'd treat a girl on the straight like Syd, and all the time I'd got just a—a Sugar Daddy ! Get out ! "

Something black chiffon and rosebuds caught him square across the mouth, as soft as though it were Tessa's good-bye kiss.

Walking home, Wyn knew that he would never see her again. If he did, it would only end inevitably and wretchedly in a spurious Louis Quinze lounge under the bureau clerk's blank, experienced stare, and he couldn't let it happen that way. Not with Tessa. The dull ache of losing her seemed almost comforting, almost something he would remember later and be glad about.

WALKING back to Sylvia, he thought that he began to understand a great many things. The unsatisfied bit of his life that had been filled with Tessa. The reason why one saw so many men of his age and standing dining furtively in out-of-the-way restaurants opposite Tessas in ridiculous little hats and absurd little-girl frocks.

Sylvia's friends were always chattering cleverly about inhibitions . . . Freud . . . this and that complex. Supposing there were something in it ? An inhibition . . . for the children one might have had. An unsatisfied, unrealised ache, primitive as the old hills, that Tessa had filled with her laughter, her naïve greed and vanity, the sound of her high, thin little voice when she called him Sugar Daddy, the nestle of her warm little body into his arms. It had been something too wistful and lovely, somehow, to end in a Maida Vale flat or a South Coast hotel double room . . .

Wyn Pendock let himself into his house, a lonely man.

That night he said to Sylvia : " By the way, what about having those bars on the upstairs windows taken away ? They're no use, are they ? "

She raised her brows a little, twinkled in her light, ironic way.

" My dear Wyn ! Have you only just noticed them ? "

" No, I——"

" Of course they're no use, but they may as well stay. It's too much bother to have them taken down ! "

Wyn said shortly : " They—they spoil the look of the house. I'll send a man round to-morrow."

Sylvia wondered just a little. And when to-morrow came she noticed another funny thing. Watching Wyn from the dining-room window, her hands deep in the pockets of her jaunty little suit, she saw that he was walking a different way, cutting round the Square in the opposite direction to that young, hurrying, unheeding stream flowing towards Harridges. . . .

Pretty soon the house began to ring with hammers that seemed to shock its silence. The men were upstairs, taking down the bars from Tessa's nursery window.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION MONTH BY MONTH—*Continued from pages 52 & 53*

Coming through your Face: *by* LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Eyes—erroneously called the "windows of the soul"—seldom betray much, but if these are glittering flukes, "lights that do mislead the morn," how about the mouth, that most autobiographical of our features—a diary as revealing as Pepys's? Cruelty, gentleness, humour, self-indulgence—these and many other guests leave their traces on the lips of those who entertain them. Observe the corners of a middle-aged woman's mouth. Do they still run upwards? If so, cultivate her. But beware of the young woman whose mouth already droops at the corners. A prolonged course of discontent would mar the mouth of Helen of Troy.

No one can escape the ravages of "Time, that delves the parallels in Beauty's Brow." She who makes a battlefield of her face, and with cosmetics and massage fights the most stubborn of rearguard actions, risks the loss of expression. Do you not know those faces that look as though they were pneumatic?

At best wrinkles can only be deferred. Early death is the only method of escaping them.

But remember, wrinkles vary as widely as handwritings. There are creditable and discreditable lines. Crows' feet: those slow etchings of patient humour. How lovable these may be! No face is the worse for these lines, but there are calamitous ones from which may our philosophy defend us! Premature, deeply graved signatures of peevishness, worry and gloom. Even though such ill guests as these are invited by Fate, is it not temperament rather than circumstances that plays the hostess, determining the length and nature of their stay?

Grief in itself does not disfigure. Provided it brings no bitterness in its train, it destroys not Beauty.

And to descend from grief to her ugly sister worry, will not precisely similar annoyances summon quite different expressions to the faces of two women? She with the habit of humour will find occasion to smile, where the other will merely frown.

Gloom and fuss are disfiguring. Therefore conscript cheerfulness and serenity. Be "mistress of yourself though china fall."

To women with lovely natures who have been condemned to faces devoid of beauty of colour or line, it should be consoling to know that with the passing of years, as the envelope wears thin, the spirit shows through. Sweetness, wisdom and humour shine out.

Thus, however plain your features, you will have yourself to blame if to the eyes of the perceptive you do not in time achieve a certain beauty—such beauty as Charles Lamb had in mind when he wrote of the "divine plain face of Miss Kelly."

Thank God for a few Dukes! *by* WARWICK DEEPING

Ugly glances were cast at him, scornful glances by some of those who hustled past. A youth wearing a red woolly cap with a green tassel, and sitting in a sort of tin bath on wheels, even spoke rudely to the Poet. . . .

"Get on with it, you slug merchant!"

The Wild Man was pained. He glanced at the poet.

"Why did he say that?"

The Poet smiled patiently.

"Because we are sinning against the Holy Spirit."

The Wild Man was still very innocent.

"The Third Person of the Trinity?"

"No, no! Petrol is the Holy Spirit, and Speed is his prophet."

The Wild Man reflected, and then asked more questions.

"Why do they drive so fast?"

"That's the modern ritual."

"And where are they all going?"

"Going? Nowhere in particular. Over so many miles of tarred road in God's country."

"And where are we going?"

The Poet laughed.

"We are going to see a garden."

But they saw other sights before they saw a garden, for the Wild Man asked the Poet to diverge and visit a place that he—the Wild Man—had known twenty years ago. It had some sentimental glamour for the Wild Man. He spoke of it as a green and secret place, and he called it "The Pilgrim's Pool." He said: "I remember being there one June evening. The stillness! Vast. Old trees towering, and the stars shining in the water."

They took the road to the Pilgrim's Pool, and as they travelled along it seven charabancs passed them, seven sacred cars. The occupants were full of joy they hooted and cheered.

"Who are they?" asked the Wild Man.

"Pilgrims. They too are going to the Pool."

So they arrived, but for some moments the Wild Man did not realise that they had arrived. A row of bungalows edged the road.

There were three new garages with rows of petrol pumps, and a number of tea-gardens and parking places. Almost it suggested Epsom on Derby Day. A police constable and an A.A. Scout were directing traffic. It needed it. Dozens of motor-coaches and scores of cars were crammed into the parking places, an acre or two of cinders. Three young men wearing pink lamp-shades instead of hats came playing upon mouth-organs.

"Who are those?" asked the Wild Man.

"The Three Graces."

"And where are we?"

"This is the Pilgrim's Pool. Don't you recognise it? There are some trees left."

The Wild Man made no effort to get out of the car.

"I don't think I want to stop here. Do you?"

"No."

"Shall we go on?"

They went on.

The Wild Man wore a look of wonder and depression. He seemed unable to understand what had happened to England. He spoke softly to the Poet. Almost he glanced suspiciously at his friend.

"This garden that we are going to see?"

"Yes."

"Do the new pilgrims go there?"

"A few, a very few, and they are not very new."

"And who does the garden belong to?"

"A duke."

They turned off the main road, and sudden peace descended. They wound along a green valley, and through lodge-gates into a rolling park. It was full of the shadows of old trees. The tower of a church raised four grey pinnacles and four gilded vanes.

The Wild Man grew suddenly ironic.

"Some churches left, then?"

"Oh, yes."

"But how wasteful! Splendid places to garage cars in."

"Ah, that will come."

They arrived at other gates. They saw an old house of brick and stone. They left the car under the shade of a great lime tree. There were just two other cars in the shade. A girl at a table by the gate accepted two shillings from them, and gave them pink tickets. The Poet explained that the money went to the hospitals.

The Poet and the Wild Man wandered in the garden. It was very spacious, very peaceful, very still. They met three people, two elderly women, a girl, and an old spaniel dog. There were great grassy spaces, a stream, lily-pools, rare trees. On the farther hillside, under the shelter of a pine wood, a terrace walk ran for a quarter of a mile. Here were clipped yews and box trees, and a majestic border all aflame under an old brick wall, and a spring that bubbled up out of a stone pedestal on the edge of a lily-pool. The Wild Man bent down and drank from the spring.

"By Jove," he said, "how utterly delicious!"

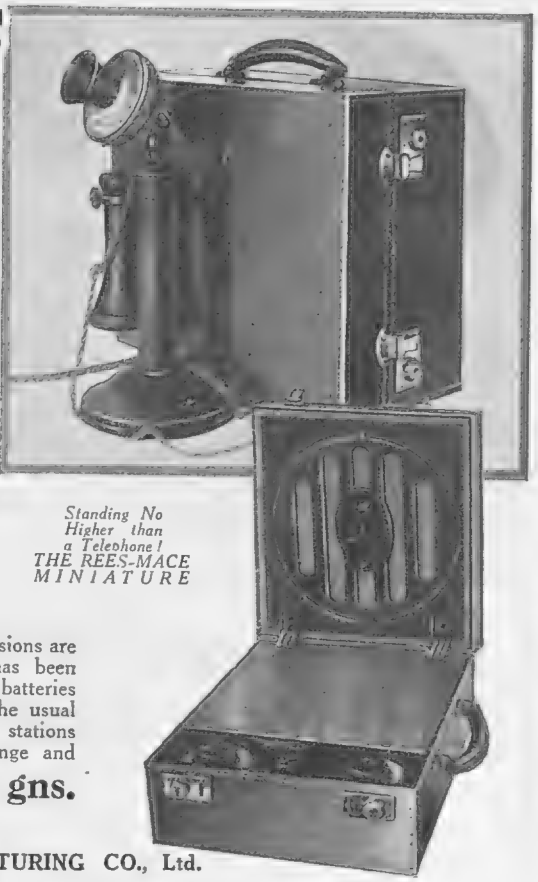
His face looked all smoothed out. He stood and gazed, and his eyes had a light in them.

"You can drink the silence—just like that water. It's like my island by moonlight."

The Poet smiled. He said: "But consider the crass selfishness of all this beauty. A garden of—say—thirty acres, and a park. A one man show. Quite disgusting, don't you think? Quite alien to the spirit of democracy."

The Wild Man's thoughts had reverted to the Pilgrim's Pool. If that was democracy . . . ! He looked along the terrace with its flowers and grass and sunlight and the shadows of its trees. He spoke.

"Thank God for a few dukes."



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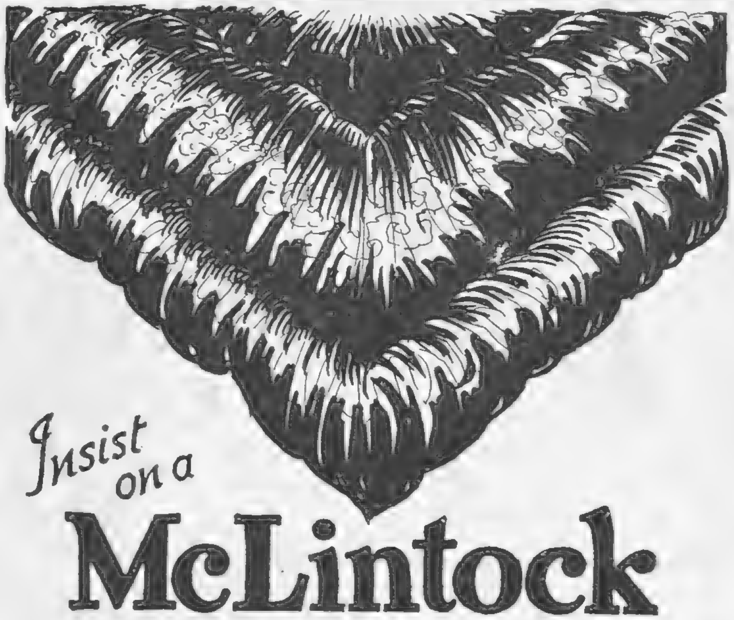

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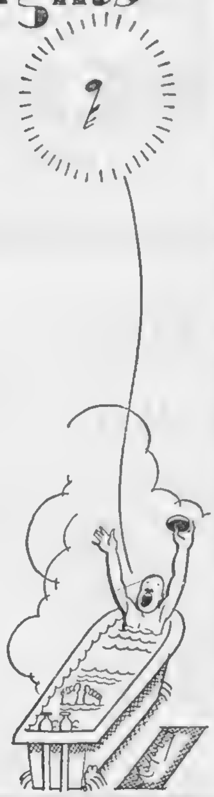

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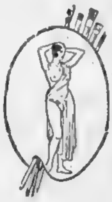

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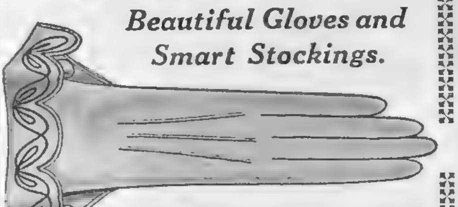
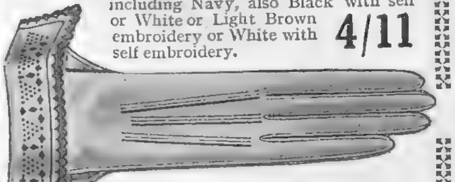
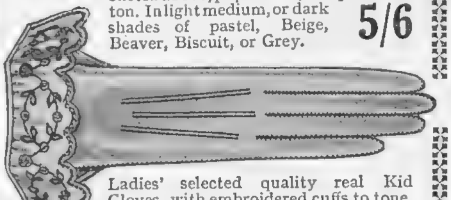


Ladies' very superior quality fine Brussels Glacé "Kid" Gloves, with dainty self-embroidered turn-back cuffs, as sketch above, round seam sewn, one press button. In all colours, including Navy, also Black with self or White or Light Brown embroidery or White with self embroidery. **4/11**



Ladies' very superior quality Washable Suede Gloves, medium weight, pliable skins, neat, turn-back cuff as sketch above, pique sewn, one press button. In light medium, or dark shades of pastel, Beige, Beaver, Biscuit, or Grey. **5/6**



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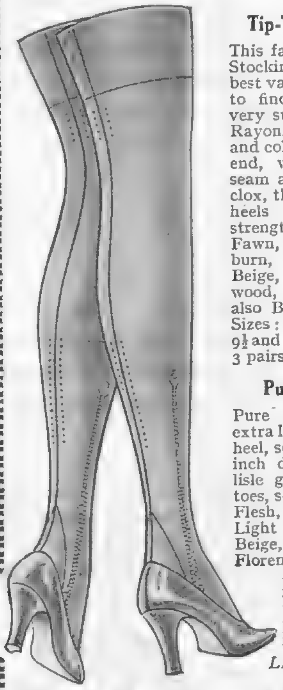

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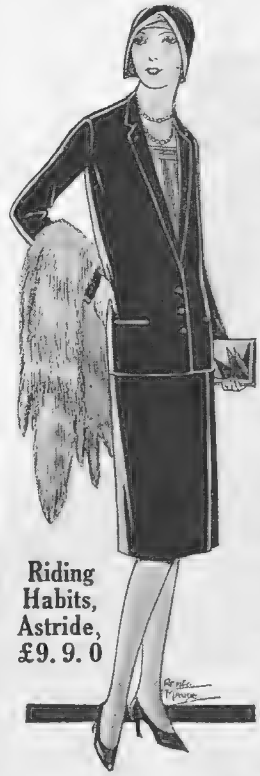

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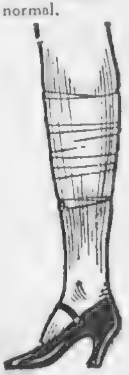

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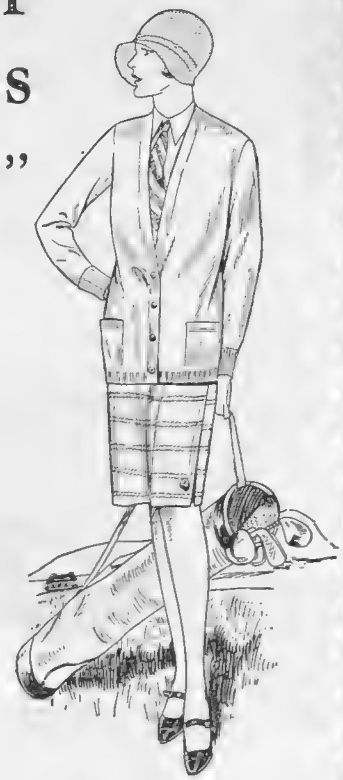

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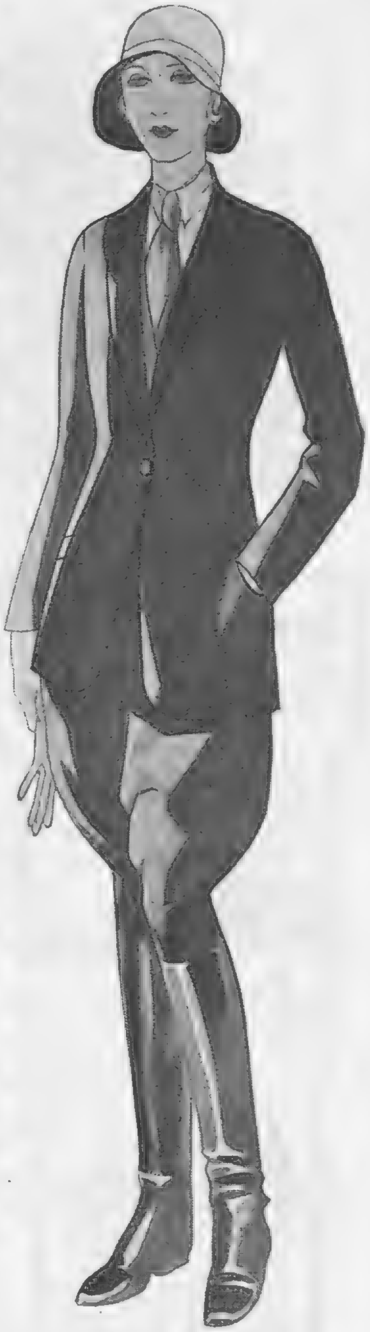

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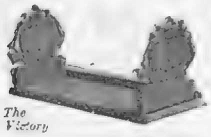

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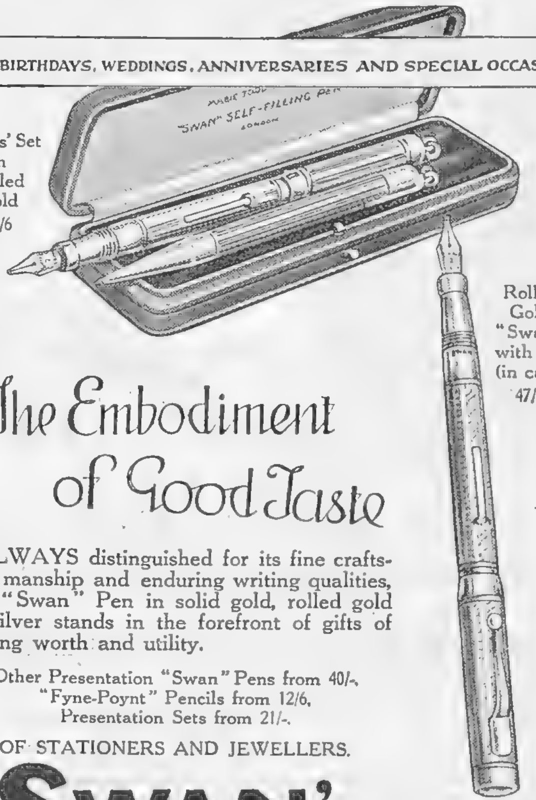

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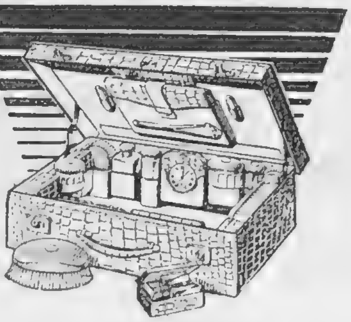

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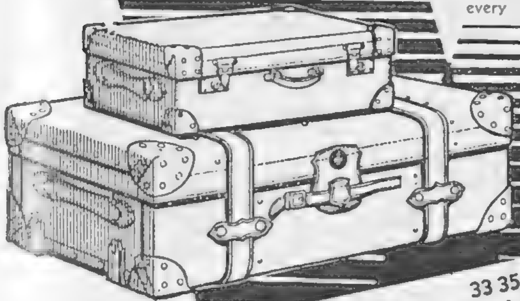

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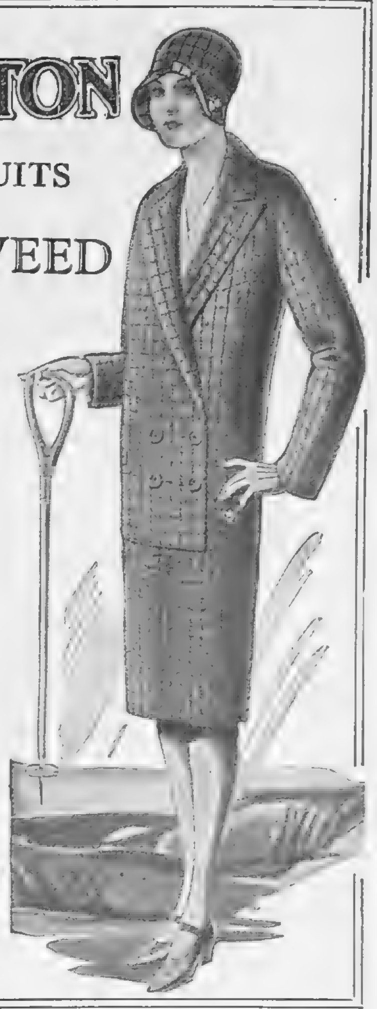

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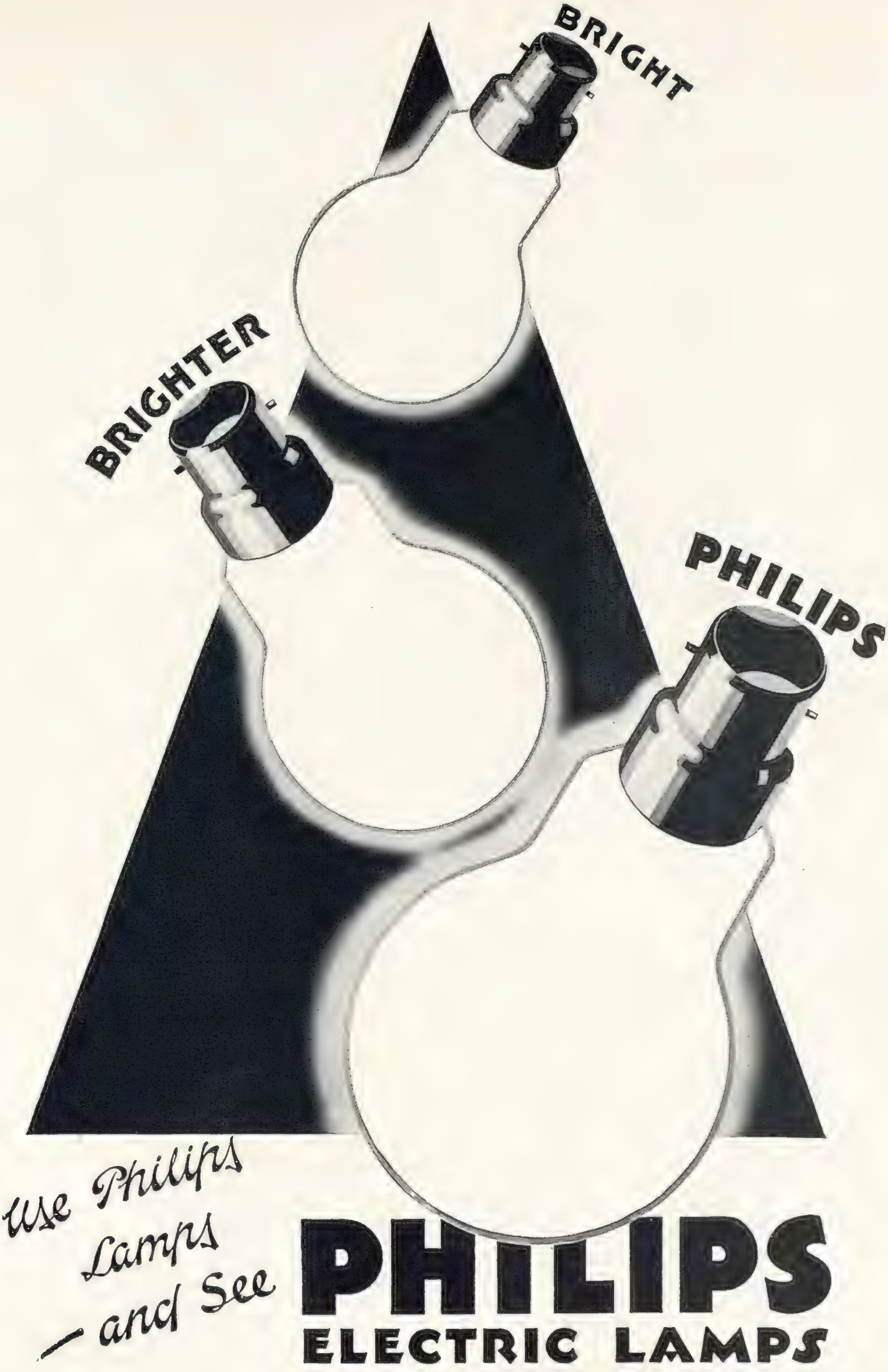
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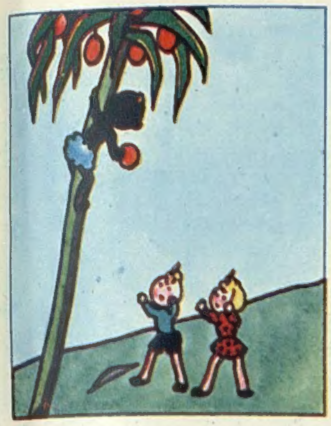
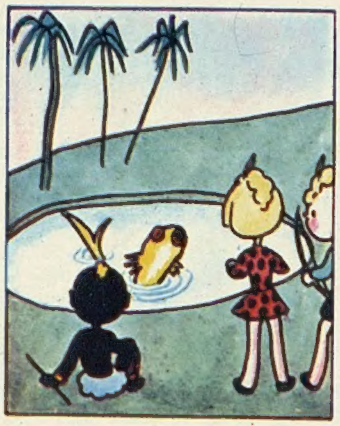
PET, and the POOKO (Continued)

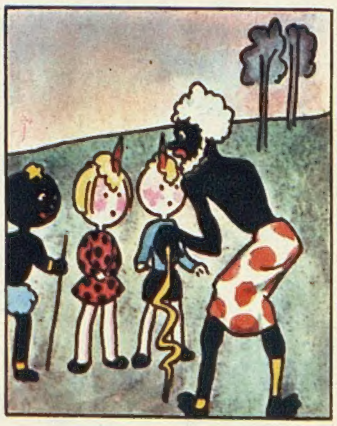
(Another Adventure next month).



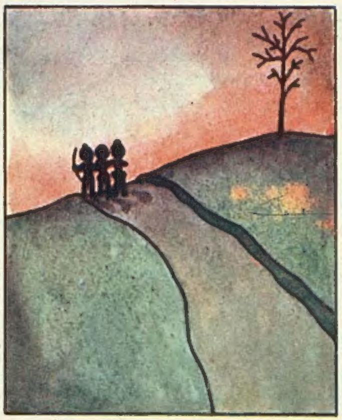
5. Soon they came to an enormously tall tree. Jimbo scrambled up it like a monkey and then threw down a huge wiggo nut for each of them.



6. Having made their meal, they started off again and soon arrived at the fishpool. They sat down by the water listening to the Goobly until sunset.



7. Then the fish's keeper, a queer old man, appeared. "Time for bed!" he croaked. And, thanking the Goobly for his singing, the children started for home.



8. They reached the hilltop just as the sun was setting and, before the last rays had faded from the sky, were fast asleep in bed.

BY SYBIL GRAHAM

ch came bouncing—Nannie's l. But Nannie always walks ie's Shadow laughed. "To- going to climb trees!" And hardly believe it. "Really, shouted, "I'm surprised at ell you just enjoy your-

Johnny and his Shadow chased round and round her tree with glee—until they saw someone else coming. It was the stern policeman's shadow!

"Are you cross with me?" Johnny asked anxiously. But the Policeman's Shadow was not severe at all. Unlike the policeman, he turned head-over-heels, and asked Johnny several absurd riddles.

"Look! I've brought some refreshments with me!" he whispered, and out of his shadowy coat pockets he pulled a shadow pork-pie and a bunch of shadow-bananas. "We'll have supper now?" he said. "I invite you all!"

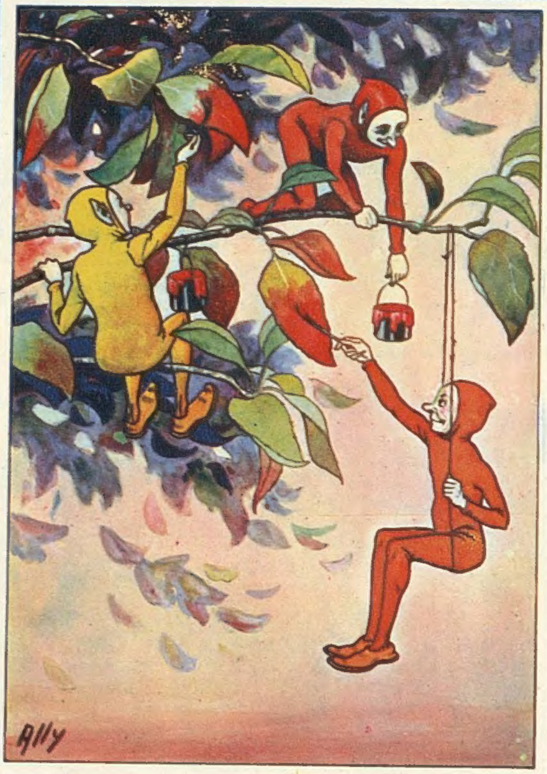
At the mention of supper, Nannie's Shadow bounced down from her tree and joined the company.

The party of four ate their feast together. "Oh, doesn't it taste delicious?" gasped the Shadow Boy, as he finished his slice of pork-pie. The other Shadow People nodded; everybody seemed to enjoy their supper *except Johnny.* He tried the shadow-food, but it had no taste at all, and left him just as hungry as before.

"This is dreadful!" he thought. "Suppose I have to live like this for ever? I shall grow thinner and thinner!" He did not know what to do about it; he felt worried, until at last the sun dawned faintly over the garden.

At the first gleam of sunlight the Shadows fled out of sight! Their freedom was over. Nannie's Shadow hurried back to Nannie; the Policeman's funny Shadow returned to duty; while Johnny looked down and saw his Own Shadow close behind him, silently waiting to go wherever he went!!!

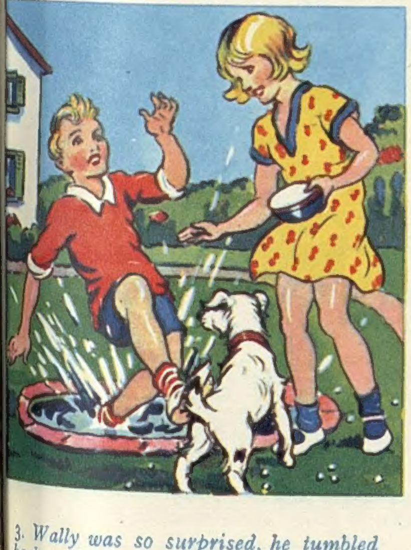
Johnny thanked his Shadow very much, and went *indoors to a proper breakfast!*



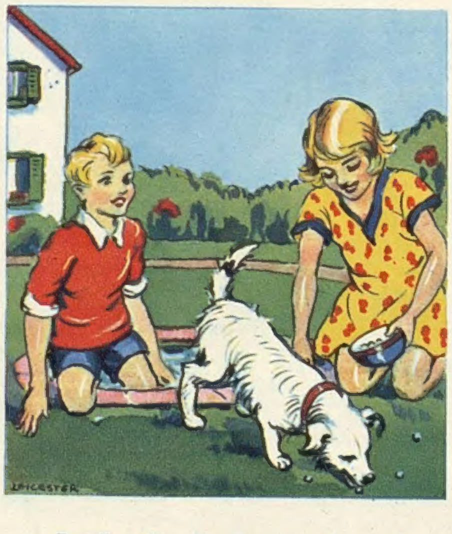
THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

Do you know how the trees get their lovely Autumn colours? These jolly little goblins, who are perched in the branches, come out with their pots and brushes and paint the leaves while everybody is asleep.

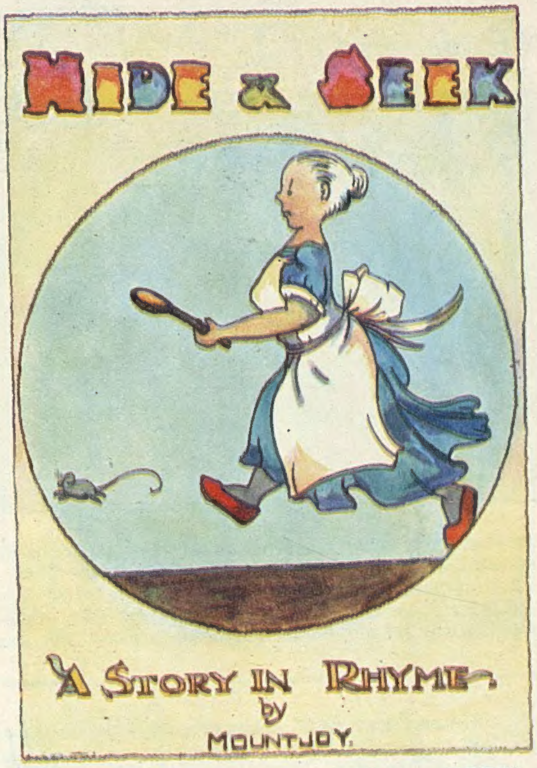
, AND DOODLE DID.



3. *Wally was so surprised, he tumbled backwards into the little pond with such a splash!*



4. *Doodle thought it was fun; he managed to eat seven or eight lumps, before Polly could pick them up again.*



DOROTHY DOORMOUSE lived in a hole at the back of the larder wall. She was really quite a dear little soul, with a nice long tail and all. She always came out for a walk at night, when the house was wrapped in sleep, and her nose would twitch and her eyes grow bright, and her paws go creep, creep, creep.

One morning, though, she thought she would go for a walk outside her house. She ran up a shelf and a voice cried, "Oh! here's a mouse! a mouse! a MOUSE!" A large pink hand came down with a "plop" and Dorothy Doormouse squeaked; she simply flew, no time to stop, and over the floor she streaked.

Out of the kitchen she went like a flash, and into the hall pell-mell, and after her, with a roar and a crash, came cook and the maids as well!

Into the drawing-room she flew and vanished behind a curtain. On came the hunters two by two, and paused by the door, uncertain. "I saw it come in here," said cook; "now, Jane, you've got your broom, just go in there and have a look—I'm sure it's in this room." But Jane hung back. "I don't like mice," said she, with a sickly grin, "and if you all take MY advice, you certainly won't go in!" "I never did!" cried cook with a glare. "A girl what's afraid of MICE! Now you just watch ME go in there, I'll have it out in a trice!"

And in she went with thunderous tread and started to poke about. "You girls remain where you are," she said, "and catch it as it comes out!"

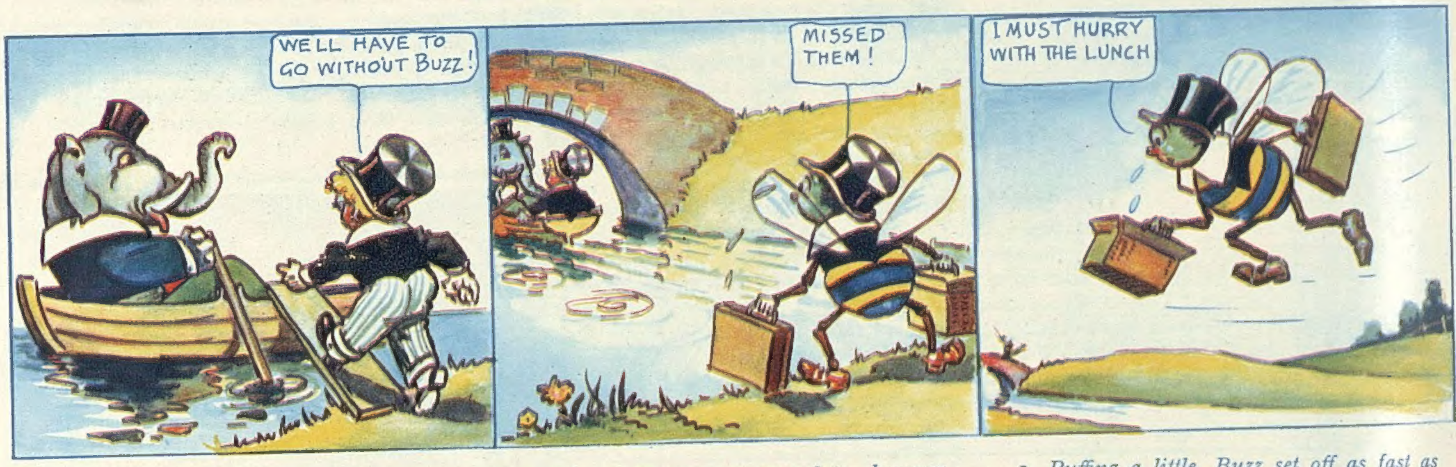
The other maids all stood in a row and shivered outside the door. They didn't want to go in, you know, and search for a mouse on the floor! But Dorothy didn't intend to be caught. Oh, no! Most certainly NOT! And so, as quick as a flash of thought, she jumped in a flower-pot! Two seconds later along came cook, still playing at hide and seek. She peered into Dorothy's cosy nook, and gave a most FRIGHTFUL shriek!

Dorothy waited to hear no more, and the maids, with green complexions, saw her rushing towards the door, and scattered in all directions! Dorothy Doormouse chuckled aloud. "Well, I never did!" said she, "they really are an extraordinary crowd, to be scared of a thing like me!"

All round the boards she softly stole, and way back across the hall. Into the kitchen, and then to her hole at the back of the larder wall.

"What a VERY exciting chase!" she sighed. "And they didn't catch me at all!" She licked her nose till it shone with pride, and curled herself up in a ball.

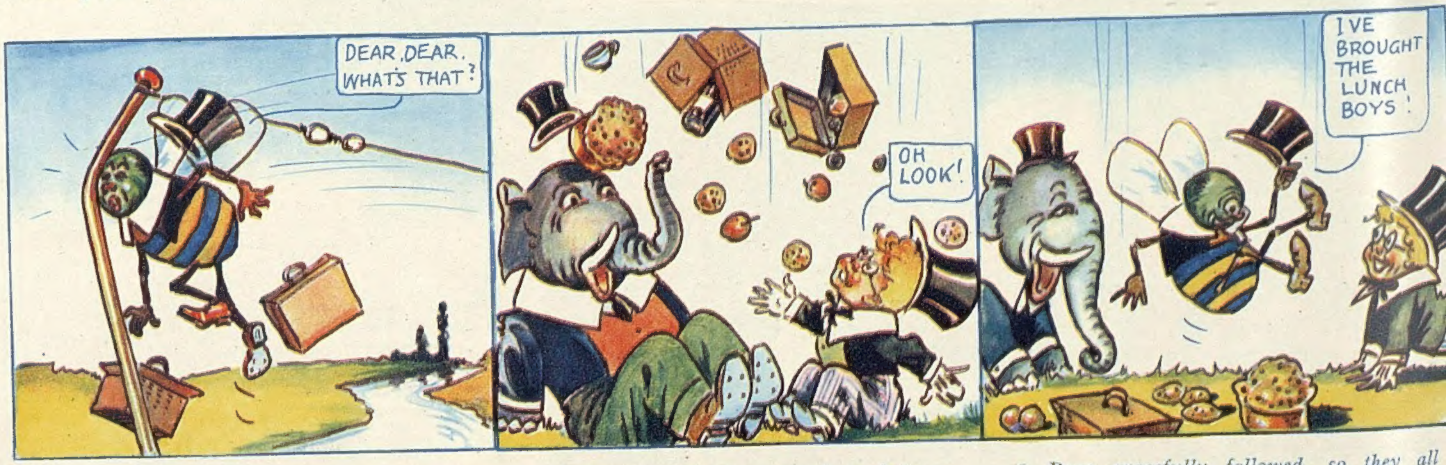
BILLIE, BUZZ, AND 'BO.


WELL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT BUZZ!
MISSED THEM!
I MUST HURRY WITH THE LUNCH

1. *The day for the great trip had arrived, and Jerry and 'Bo the elephant were waiting for Buzz with the lunch basket.*

2. *Master Buzz was very late, however, and just came along in time to see the boys rowing under the bridge without him.*

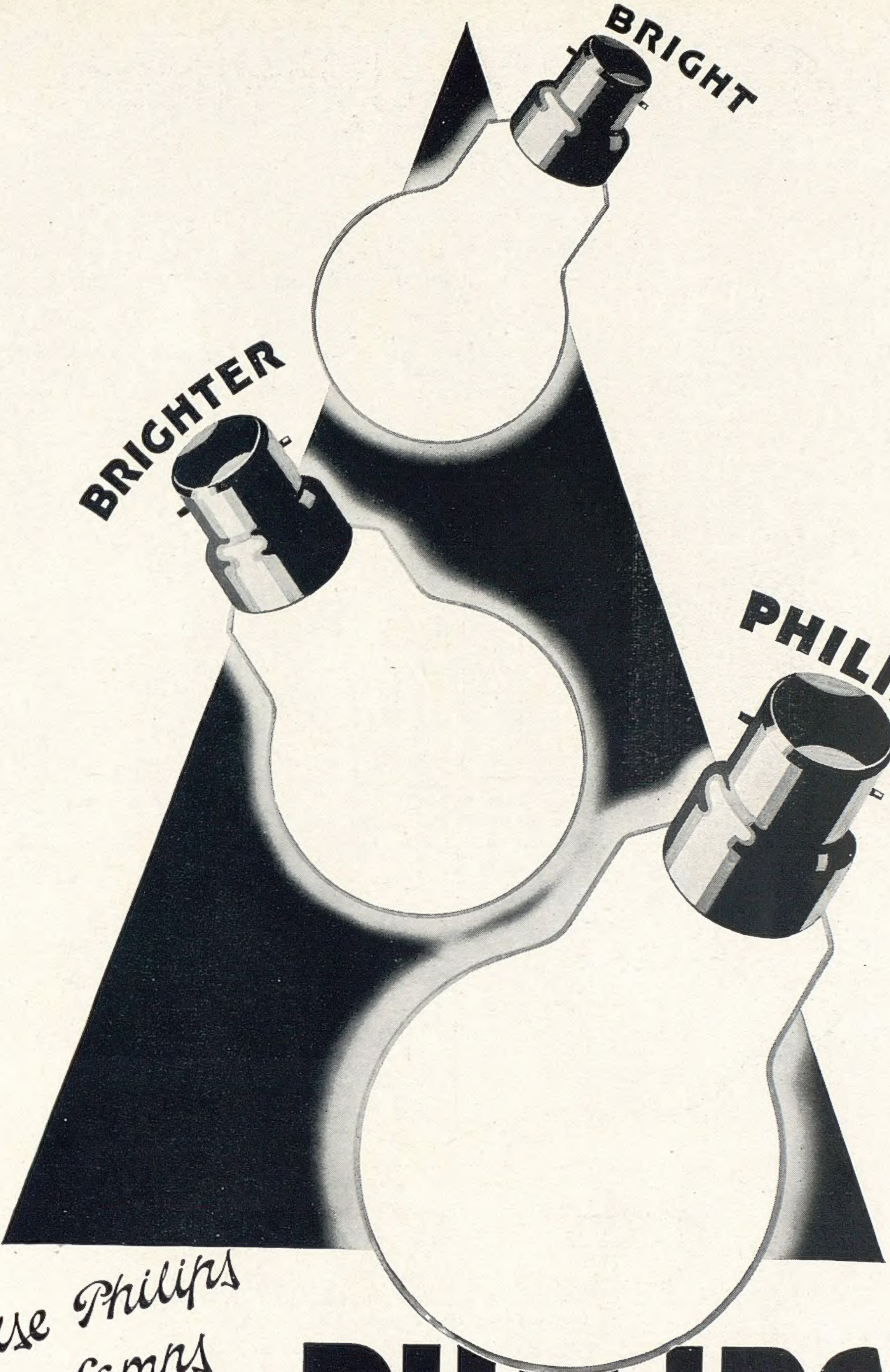
3. *Puffing a little, Buzz set off as fast as his wings would carry him to overtake them, flying away, lunch and all.*


DEAR, DEAR. WHAT'S THAT?
OH LOOK!
IVE BROUGHT THE LUNCH BOYS!

4. *Presently he got a nasty surprise, for one of those big wireless poles got in his way and he stopped suddenly.*

5. *Down came the lunch with a clatter—right where Jerry and 'Bo were sitting. When they had recovered from the shock—*

6. *Buzz gracefully followed, so they all got their lunch together after all—and what a merry meal it was!*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